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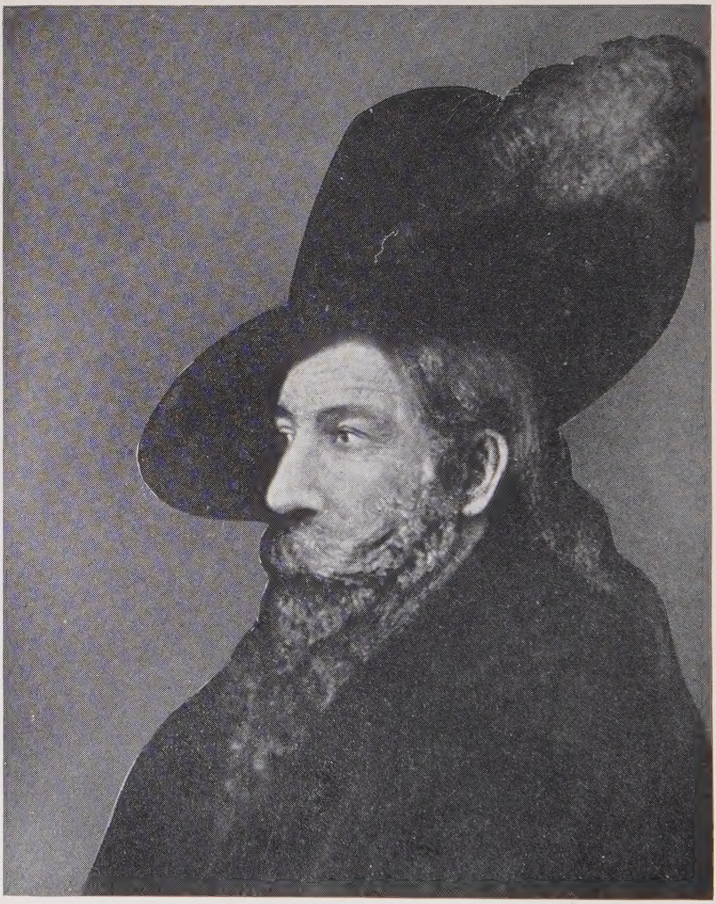

From Bolton, *The Spanish Borderlands*

Juan Bautista de Anza.

ANZA'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITIONS

VOLUME I

AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

BY

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PREFACE

The Seven Years' War gave North America a new map. French rule there was ended. England advanced to the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, and the Canadian prairies. Spain found herself in possession of Louisiana, and frowning at England across the Mississippi. Carlos III, Spain's able sovereign, faced grave problems. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California, clear across the continent, stretched a hostile Indian frontier, as long and as difficult as the Rhine-Danube line which Rome defended against the Germanic peoples in the early Christian era. English frontiersmen pressed against the Louisiana border. Russians threatened Spanish domination on the Pacific Coast.

Here was work enough for any monarch. With characteristic energy, Carlos III adopted vigorous measures. To meet the Indian problem he sent Rubí and O'Conor to arrange a line of presidios extending from Gulf to Gulf. To hold back the English he occupied Louisiana and fortified the line of the Mississippi. To ward off the Russian danger he sent Portolá and Serra to occupy the harbors of San Diego and Monterey.

It was the needs of this Pacific Coast frontier that called forth from comparative obscurity Juan Bautista de Anza. The posts established in New California were symbols of possession, but they were little more. Isolated, and ill supported from a distant sea base, the new province needed overland communication with the settled mainland of Mexico, and a stronger colony to hold the threatened land. Anza responded to the call. The genius and devotion with which he served his country in this time of need made him a distinguished figure. His performance of the

strenuous tasks to which he was assigned revealed him in his true proportions—a man of heroic qualities, tough as oak, and silent as the desert from which he sprang.

Anza's influence was not confined within the boundaries of a single nation. His theatre of action embraced an area vast enough for an empire. His achievement was a significant factor in the long contest of European peoples for the domination of a continent. Among the men who helped to plant European civilization on the shores of the Pacific Ocean Anza occupies an honorable place. First to open a route across the Sierras and first to lead a colony overland to the North Pacific shores, he was the forerunner of Mackenzie, Thompson, Lewis and Clark, Smith, Frémont, the Forty-niners, and all the eager-eyed throng who since have yielded to the urge of Westward Ho. His monument is the Imperial City which stands beside the Golden Gate and looks out across the Western Sea.

First it was necessary to find a way from Sonora to New California. To perform the difficult feat of opening a route Anza was commissioned, and he accomplished it with consummate skill. One public service rendered by the soldier marked him out for another. Just when he had achieved his great success, the need of defending the recently discovered bay of San Francisco was fully realized. As soon as he returned to Mexico, therefore, Anza was appointed to raise a colony and lead it to California over the road he had opened. This task he performed with even greater brilliancy than the former one. He had now completed in outline the work begun by Portolá.

Anza therefore stands forth in the double capacity of explorer and colony leader. In his first expedition he made a definite contribution to Western path finding. For full six hundred miles he was a trail breaker. His journey to and from Monterey covered more than two thousand miles. To go to Mexico City to report his work to the viceroy and

return to his post involved a horseback journey of an additional three thousand miles. He had earned his title of "the hard-riding captain."

As colony leader Anza's achievement was even more notable. With slender equipment he organized and conducted a large company of men, women, and children some sixteen hundred miles, from the Sinaloa mainland to Monterey. When it left its last rendezvous at Tubac his colony comprised two hundred and forty persons. On the first day out from that post a woman paid the extreme price of motherhood. But this was the only death during the whole journey, and to offset the loss three infants were born on the way and all reached their destination safe and sound. This is a remarkable record, never excelled—perhaps never equalled—in all the history of the great pioneer trek of peoples to the Pacific Coast before, during, or after the Gold Rush. Anza's brilliant success can not be attributed to the ease of the journey, for it was made amid varying conditions of drought, cold, snow, and rain. The march of sixteen hundred miles from Culiacán to Monterey, in which only one human being was lost, was so difficult that it cost the lives of nearly a hundred head of stock which died of hardship on the way.

A comparison may be suggestive. Lewis and Clark, thirty years later, made their famous journey from St. Louis over the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. As an exploratory achievement this great feat was comparable to what was accomplished by Anza during his first expedition. But here the parallel ends. If, on their return to Missouri, Lewis and Clark had raised and equipped a colony of two hundred and forty persons, and then led them brilliantly over the same trail to the mouth of the Columbia River to hold the country against some foreign power, the work of these famous men would have been analogous to that performed by Anza during his second California expedition.

But they did not follow their exploration with colony leading. As an explorer Anza stands beside Lewis and Clark. As a colony leader it is difficult to find anyone in Anglo-American annals with whom to compare him.

Anza did not perform these feats without competent aides. A whole galaxy of frontier leaders ride beside him over the pages of the records. Two of his associates, Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Juan Díaz, soon afterward took their places in the list of California's seven missionary martyrs. On the first expedition these two friars accompanied Anza as diarists. Garcés was already famed for his wandering among the tribes, having crossed the Colorado River and reached the Cocopah Mountains. On his return from California he boldly opened a new trail across Arizona to the Jalchedun tribe, above Yuma.

The Kit Carson of the first expedition was Juan Bautista Valdés, a soldier who had already been in California with Portolá. From Mexico City this dare-devil rode fifteen hundred miles to carry the viceroy's orders to Anza. Joining the expedition to San Gabriel, from there on horseback he carried the diaries and dispatches to Mexico, riding for much of this distance alone. Four thousand miles in the saddle was Valdés's contribution to opening a road to California.

On the second expedition Father Pedro Font went as chaplain, diarist, and astronomer. As chronicler he was superb, and the record which he kept of this expedition is unsurpassed in all the long history of exploration in the Western Hemisphere. Garcés also accompanied Anza on this expedition as far as the Yuma junction. Separating from the party there, unaccompanied by any white man he opened a trail to the Mohaves, thence west to Los Angeles and San Joaquin Valley and east to the Hopi Pueblos of northeastern Arizona. Father Eixarch, gentle soul, was left alone at Yuma till Anza's return. He had a unique

experience there, and he wrote for us a detailed and appealing story of the simple beginnings of the Yuma mission—indeed, one of the best of all diaries of a missionary at his daily task.

Then there was the runaway guide, Sebastián Tarabal. This ubiquitous Indian had fled from Mission San Gabriel, crossed the mountains, and reached Sonora shortly before Anza set forth. He arrived just in time to serve as a guide during Anza's first journey. Thereafter he became Man Friday to Father Garcés, and on his second journey accompanied him up and down the Colorado River and thence across the forbidding Mojave Desert to California. "El Peregrino" this wanderer appropriately came to be called. He is a picturesque figure in the story of pioneer days in the Far West.

Both Anza expeditions were made possible by the coöperation of the great Yuma cofot, Salvador Palma. This powerful chief led and held his people and his neighbors in friendship with Anza, generously furnished him supplies, and four times assisted him in the difficult task of crossing the wide Colorado River. Without Palma's aid Anza's work could not have been accomplished, for, as the sequel proved, the Yumas controlled the gateway to California.

Lieutenant Joaquín Moraga played a more enduring rôle. Second in command, he took a distinguished part in conducting the settlers to Monterey. And when Anza left the colony at Monterey it was Moraga who led it to San Francisco, established it there, and for years was its chief and mentor. In California he left a name that still resounds.

Behind all these actors, directing the frontier drama, stood Bucareli, the great Viceroy of Mexico. It was Bucareli who carried out the policies of Carlos III and Gálvez. It was Bucareli who worked most heroically to keep the

distant California posts from being starved out of existence. It was Bucareli who with such devotion planned with Anza and furnished him the means for making his expeditions. It was Bucareli who most anxiously awaited reports of Anza's progress, who was most thrilled by news of his successes, and who so eagerly hurried the tidings from Mexico City across the Atlantic to the anxious king in Madrid. In the founding of California Bucareli looms large.

Anza showed the qualities of a true frontier leader. On the long, hard journeys he handled his stock with judgment and his people with tender care. He inspired his followers with loyalty. When failure stared him in the face, through lack of horses to carry them across the sand dunes, his men volunteered if necessary to follow him on foot to California and even to death itself. Uncomplaining, the men, women, and children of his colony followed him over the still longer trail amid excessive hardships. And when at Monterey they parted from Anza, they wept as if saying good-bye to a beloved father.

Few episodes in early American history are so well documented as these Anza expeditions. In the diaries and correspondence we learn the actualities of path finding and of colony leading. The records of distances and natural features are so accurate and vivid that one can retrace the whole trail, day by day, camp by camp. With this explicit information there is no need of romancing, for the realities were more stirring than fiction. Seen through the eyes of the participants, dependable water holes become matters of life and death. On the very weeds eaten by the pack mules might hang the fate of empire. The equipment which the colonists carried reflects the culture which they transplanted in the wilderness. We learn with intimate detail what clothes they wore, the food they ate, the drinks they drank, the sermons they heard, the tents they lived in, the daily order of march, their troubles with unruly mules,

the instruments they used for taking latitudes. The "new historians" will thrill to learn that Anza's soldiers could not eat frijoles on the trail because they carried no pots in which to cook them.

The diaries afford us a vivid cross section view of conditions at the time, on the whole Pacific Coast for a stretch of sixteen hundred miles. From Culiacán to Horcasitas Anza and his people passed through towns already old. At Horcasitas the travelers entered a wide uninhabited plain. A hundred miles further north lay a string of pueblos in the Magdalena and Santa Cruz valleys. Thereafter, from Tucson to San Francisco Bay, a distance of more than a thousand miles, the only European settlements along the trail were four slender missions and the presidio of Monterey—with a total of probably less than a hundred Europeans or half-castes.

These records mirror the Indian situation in the same sixteen hundred mile stretch. For ethnologists as well as for geographers and historians they constitute a precious fountain, without a competitor for the period. Tribe by tribe the natives pass before us in review. On the Magdalena, Altar, and Santa Cruz rivers, the Upper Pimas were living in missions. Half civilized, they had entered the class of *gente de razón*. On the Gila dwelt unconverted Pimas, Opas, and Cocomaricopas. Between these two groups were the partly Christianized Pápagos. All the foregoing, especially the mission Pimas, were subject to incessant Apache raids. Farther west, on the Colorado, lived the Yumas, Cajuenches, and other agricultural tribes of considerable stability. In the California Sierra and along the trail clear to Suisun Bay, only non-agricultural peoples were encountered. Notable among them all were the canoe builders of the Santa Barbara Channel, and the basket-making Nochis further north. Such records, giving us vivid glimpses of Indian life and customs, are indispen-

sable to ethnologists, at the same time that they help the historian to understand the missionary's problem of managing, feeding, converting, and civilizing his wards.

No small part of the pleasure derived from the study of Anza's California expeditions has come to me through retracing his trails. I think I can say without dissent that no pioneer routes of such great length in any country's history have ever been so thoroughly explored and identified as I have explored and identified these. Anza traveled twice and back from Mexico City to Monterey (once to Suisun Bay), a distance of more than ten thousand miles. Between these points I have retraced exactly or approximately his entire journeys.*

The gathering of the records of the Anza expeditions was a romance. It was typical of twentieth century historical scholarship in this country, which has been characterized by rummaging in foreign archives. Until a few years ago most all that was known of early Pacific Slope history was what H. H. Bancroft had assembled. Bancroft was a wizard for collecting on the old book market and in family garrets. But he had one blind spot. The importance of foreign archives seems never to have dawned upon him. This was most fortunate, for he was thus left free and even forced to comb the market for things which otherwise would have been lost. And besides, he left something still to be done. What would there be for us to do if he had been perfect! The next generation of students began to draw on the treasures contained in foreign archives, especially those of Mexico and Spain. The result has been that for the early period the materials have been multiplied manifold since Bancroft finished his monumental work.

As one of that younger generation of students, I pioneered the exploration of the archives of Mexico. My

* For more details regarding the exploration of Anza's routes, see "Retracing the Trail" in the Preface to Volume III.

work there began in 1902. It was pretty continuous for nearly ten years, and has gone on intermittently until the present. Early in this work, as one of my interests, I began to assemble the diaries and correspondence of the Anza expeditions, with the hope of publishing them soon. Other more urgent tasks crowded in, and only now have I been able to carry out my plan.

But this delay has not been a total loss. In the interim several scholars have made use of my gatherings. Professor Chapman utilized them in his two scholarly works on California history; Zoeth Eldredge had access to my diaries while his *Beginnings of San Francisco* was in preparation; Father Zephyrin Engelhardt has freely used them in his *Missions and Missionaries of California;* Mr. I. B. Richman had the benefit of my work in preparing his *California Under Spain and Mexico.* Nearly or quite all the Mexican archive materials cited in his notes and appendices were gathered by me for his use. They are now in the Ayer Collection, at the Newberry Library. More recently, Dr. F. B. Kniffen has had access to my unpublished translations for his work on the geography of the lower Colorado, and Dr. C. D. Forde for his study of the Yumas.

For the two Anza expeditions thirteen diaries were kept, of which only two have been printed in any language. In addition, Father Garcés wrote a brief account of the first journey which is essentially another diary. Of these fourteen documents twelve are printed here for the first time and one is reprinted.

Besides the thirteen diaries of the Anza expeditions I have included a journal by Father Palóu recording the exploration of San Francisco Bay made by himself and Rivera to look for mission sites. This journey was a link between the two Anza expeditions and Palóu's account belongs with the Anza diaries. The documentary story is completed by including accounts of the founding of San

Francisco by Father Palóu and Lieutenant Moraga, and by adding to the three volumes containing these diaries a whole volume of hitherto unpublished correspondence.

The originals of most of the Anza diaries are in Mexico. But I have drawn on many other repositories. One original diary and several copies are in the archives of Seville. The original of Font's Short Diary is in the Bancroft Library. Of his Complete Diary the original is in the John Carter Brown Library. The correspondence I have found chiefly in the archives of Mexico and Spain.

Before 1909 I had made carefully verified copies of most of the Anza material here published. Since that time I have obtained photostats of most of it, partly through the aid of Professor Scholes, of the Library of Congress staff. For transcripts and reproductions from the archives of Seville I am indebted to Miss Irene Wright, to Dr. Alfred B. Thomas, and to Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Library of Congress. I can never repay the courtesy always shown me by the officials of the archives of Mexico and Spain, of whom I wish to make special mention of Señor Genaro Estrada, Secretary of Foreign Relations, Mexico, and Señor Rafael López, Director of the Archivo General y Público, Mexico.

This work is not a biography of Anza. It deals only with one brief episode of his eventful life. Before going to California he had led an interesting career as a soldier on the Sonora border. After leaving California he was for a decade governor of New Mexico, where he won fame as diplomat, administrator, and Indian fighter. A biography of Anza, therefore, would be a much more comprehensive story than the one which I have attempted here to tell.

The lists of the diaries and correspondence given in the Prefaces to volumes II, III, and V, constitute the essential bibliography of the Anza expeditions. There are very few printed works which contribute anything to the subject.

Most of those of consequence are cited in the footnotes. It has not seemed necessary to repeat them in a formal list.

The six maps especially prepared for this work are the result of actual exploration, combined with the data afforded by the best topographic maps available. The illustrations have been chosen to elucidate rather than to embellish the text. The old and the recent views of South American and Mexican centers reveal the vigor and permanency of Spanish culture in a large part of the Western Hemisphere and the contrast of these centers with the Borderland areas. The views along Anza's trail give meaning to the words of the text regarding deserts, mountains, sand dunes, tribes, tinajas and pozos. They would seem to be as pertinent to an historical work as are pictures of animals in a treatise on zoology, or of ruins in a book on archaeology. For the use of illustrations thanks are due to the Pan American Union, to Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Lumholtz, *New Trails in Mexico,* to the *National Geographic Magazine,* the *Tropic Magazine,* and to all persons whose names are attached to illustrations throughout these volumes.

No work of this magnitude can be written by one person without many kinds of assistance. The introductory volume, the translations, the reconnoissances of Anza's routes, the editorial notes, the maps, and other essentials of the contribution are my own, and for their shortcomings I alone am responsible. But it would take much space to name all the persons to whom I am under obligations. My greatest debt is due to Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman for the financial support which has made it possible to present to the world in suitable form the precious materials here published. It is a pleasure to acknowledge once more the aid that has been given so constantly by the Native Sons of the Golden West. One of my chief personal regrets is that Judge John F. Davis, Past Grand President of that Order,

and an ardent student of California history, did not live to see completed this work in which he took so keen and friendly an interest. Professors Brodeur and Patrick, as members of the Editorial Committee of the University of California, carefully read the manuscript and made valuable suggestions. Miss Helen Carr did all the stenographic work incident to getting the manuscript ready for the printer and assisted with the proof reading. Miss Mary Ross, with tireless vigilance and high competence, has read all the proofs and checked the index. Mr. Joseph W. Flinn, University Printer, patiently and without stint, has given the volumes the benefit of his great skill in the printer's art. Mr. W. H. Edy and Mr. Loy Chamberlain drafted the maps under my supervision. In the translation Mrs. Beatrice Quijada Cornish has helped with an occasional idiom, and Miss Wilhelmina Godward has checked all the Latin passages. Of the numerous persons who have contributed to the success of my explorations I make special mention in the Preface to Volume III. For many kinds of friendly aid I am grateful to all members of the staff of the Bancroft Library.

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THE SETTING FOR THE DRAMA

By courtesy of the *National Geographic Magazine*

The Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires, Argentina, a Spanish colonial capital now grown up.

By courtesy of the Pan American Union

A scene in Quito, Ecuador, another cultural center of the old Spanish Empire.

I

THE EMPIRE

The southern fringe of the United States was once an area lightly sprinkled with Spanish outposts, and criss-crossed with Spanish trails. These Spanish Borderlands have had a picturesque, a romantic, and an important history. They had special significance as parts of the vast Spanish Empire. They are unique as the meeting place of two streams of European civilization. They have been potent factors in the inter-relations between nations.

As parts of the Spanish Empire these borderlands have been sadly misunderstood in this country. They have been regarded as typical of Spanish America, and from this erroneous assumption false inferences have been drawn regarding Spain's part in the making of Western Hemisphere civilization.

It used to be the fashion to teach our children that Spain failed; that the Spaniards did not colonize but merely explored; that they killed off all the Indians; that the Spaniards were mere gold seekers, whereas the English came to America to found homes and build commonwealths,

forgetting that gold seekers have been known to do both of these commendable things.

This antithesis between the Spanish pick and the English hoe is after all somewhat fanciful and has been greatly overworked. A pioneer wrote: "There was no talke, no hope, nor worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold. Such a bru[i]te of gold, as one mad fellow desired to bee buried in the sandes, least they should by their art make gold of his bones." Surprisingly enough, this auriferous wail came not from one of Cortés's gold seeking Spaniards, but from one of John Smith's Virginia home-builders.

A grammar school text recently published by two very distinguished university professors contains the statement, inserted without visible sign of humor, that Spain did not colonize America, but merely tried to hold it to keep other nations out.

The reason for such teaching is not far to seek. It was the inevitable result of writing United States history in isolation, apart from its setting in the history of the entire Western Hemisphere, of which the United States are but a part. It was the logical corollary of restricting the study of American history to the region between the forty-ninth parallel and the Gulf of Mexico, as though that area were an inclusive and exclusive entity, and were synonymous with America.

With a vision limited by the Rio Grande, and noting that Spain's outposts within the area now embraced in the United States were slender, and that these fringes eventually fell into the hands of the Anglo-Americans, writers concluded that Spain did not really colonize, and that, after all, she failed. The fallacy came, of course, from mistaking the tail for the dog, and then leaving the dog out of the picture. The real Spanish America, the dog, lay between the Rio Grande and Buenos Aires. The part of the animal lying north of the Rio Grande was only the tail. Let us first glance at the dog.

America was the gift of Spain and Portugal to Europe. These nations followed the discovery with a brilliant era of exploration on sea and on land. In fifty years the sons of Iberia taught the world the most stupendous geography lesson it has ever had in any half century of recorded history. For this exploratory achievement Spain and Portugal have had their due meed of praise. But here full appreciation generally ends. Few realize that, compared with their work of colonization, these epic explorations were but a minor part of what the two little nations of the Peninsula contributed to the making of the Western Hemisphere.

Surely mere explorers did not build Buenos Aires and Lima. Surely wild-eyed gold seekers

did not found the universities of Mexico and Córdova. The old nursery tale of mere explorers must have been a myth, along with Santa Claus. Spain and Portugal followed exploration by colonization. Only a small fraction of their pioneers in America spent their time running round the map. The vast majority were merchants, planters, ranchers, soldiers, priests, and miners. Settlement by them was so rapid, so extensive, and so effective that two-thirds of America are still Spanish and Portuguese today. The late comers, France, Holland, England, and Russia, found the ground preëmpted, and had to be content with the left-over areas and the disputed borderlands to the north—the remaining one-third.

Spain's colonies expanded by a series of frontiers, each with its own peculiar character, and each making its own contribution to American civilization. The first step in the long and steady process was the occupation of the West Indies. Here was the Mother of America. Here Spain founded tropical plantations, a strategic outpost, a commercial focus, and a base for expansion. Here she first coped with the difficult problem of native labor. Hither she transplanted the elements of her civilization before advancing to the mainland. Havana, Santo Domingo, and San Juan today are symbols of the results. Columbus wrote from Isabella that although his

men sickened and died, the sugar cane that he planted took root. The gigantic sugar interests of Cuba in 1930 are lineal descendants of the forty Spanish sugar mills that were running or being erected there is 1520.

South America was Spain's widest field of activity. From the islands colonization advanced to the Isthmus, thence south to Peru. Here the conquest was followed by permanent settlement. Spanish institutions were set up—government, cities, haciendas, churches, monasteries, and schools. The University of Lima was founded in 1551. It was no great affair in the beginning, perhaps, but neither was Harvard ninety years later, when it graduated its first class of nine pupils of about high school grade. Lima became the metropolis of the Southern Continent.

Then came Peru's mining boom. Potosí, in upper Peru (now Bolivia) became the richest mining center in the world. In 1581 it had a population of 120,000. Its wealth was astounding. This city alone spent $8,000,000 on the celebration of Philip II's accession to the throne (1556). A dead emperor was worth less than a live king. Nevertheless, three years later Potosí spent $140,000 on Charles V's funeral obsequies. Prior to 1593 the Potosí mines had paid the royal fifth on $396,000,000 worth of silver. Nor was this status fleeting. Half a century later Potosí was still prosperous, and in 1642 its citizens had

$42,000,000 in cash and jewels tucked away in the local safe deposits.

Other South American areas tell a similar story. On the northern shoreline, the Spanish Main, as the English called it, trading and pearl fishing stations grew into strong-walled cities. Cartagena became the home of San Pedro Claver, "sublime Apostle of the Negroes," and a forerunner of Wilberforce. Farther south, Bogotá budded as a center of culture which still prides itself on its literary taste and its pure Castilian speech and stock. It is enough to add that in Colombia the celebrated *Varones Ilustres* was written in the 16th century, and that at Bogotá was operated the first astronomical observatory in America. The conquest of Chile inspired and one of its founders wrote *La Araucana,* one of the great epics of all literature of all time. Here the pioneers built Santiago, and made it a Pacific Coast center of industry and culture and the seat of a great university.

The La Plata Basin was somewhat slower to develop, yet there also European civilization got a permanent hold. Early efforts to colonize the mouth of the great river were upset by the pull of Peru. Colonists planted at Buenos Aires were enticed away by the call of Bolivian silver. So Asunción, a thousand miles inland, and not Buenos Aires, became the first metropolis of the La Plata. Irala the founder hastened the process

by encouraging polygamy, setting a generous example by taking unto himself seven daughters of the principal chief—potential oil queens they would now be called. But the broad bosomed river and the waving pampas eventually had their way. Civilization reversed its course, and traveled downstream. Córdova, founded by cowboys, became the seat of a university that has been distinguished ever since the seventeenth century. Buenos Aires, refounded in 1580, came to stay, and to grow with its millions of inhabitants into the Paris of the Western Hemisphere.

The Portuguese had not been idle. The vast littoral of Brazil was carved into feudal baronies called capitaneas. São Paulo, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio de Janeiro became nuclei of European society in the sixteenth century. There, as in Spanish America, plantations, churches, monasteries, schools and colleges were built; there poets, historians, and men of science lived and wrote. There were laid the foundations of what is now the second power in the New World.

To North America the Spanish pioneers were first attracted from the islands by the mainland areas occupied by the sedentary peoples. Mayas and Nahuas were brought under control, Spanish institutions took root, and a strong Spanish colony made this part of America their permanent home. Yes, Spaniards built homes. Alvarado's mansion, dating from 1524, is still a home

of luxury in Coyoacán. Cortés by his will declared himself an American, and ordered that his bones and those of all his family should be returned to America for eternal rest. Here as elsewhere the Spaniards built up more than they tore down. They erected churches, monasteries, and country mansions, on every hand. The University of Mexico was founded in 1551, simultaneously with that of Lima, and ere long its graduates were given post graduate standing, without reduction of "units" or "grade points," in the universities of Europe. Mexico City became the metropolis of European life and culture in all North America, a rank which it retained till the end of the eighteenth century. In the days of the Inquisition and witch burning, not Cotton Mather of Boston, perhaps, but Sigüenza of Mexico City, was the first man of learning in the Western Hemisphere.

When Thomas Gage visited the Aztec capital in the seventeenth century he was impressed by its wealth and refinement and especially by the number of its coaches. In his book he tells us, "It is a byword that at Mexico there are four things fair, that is to say, the women, the apparel, the horses, and the streets. But to this I may add the beauty of some of the Coaches of the Gentry, which do exceed in cost the best of the Court of Madrid and other parts of Christendom, for there they spare no Silver, nor Gold, . . .

nor the best silks from China to enrich them. And to the gallantry of their horses the pride of some doth add the cost of bridles and shoos of silver." He adds, "it was a most credible report that in Mexico in my time there were above fifteen thousand Coaches," many, if not most of them, made in the same city.

Two decades were consumed in bringing Central America and southern Mexico under control. This was not a period of mining, but of agricultural and commercial economy based on the exploitation of native labor. Then great mineral veins were discovered in the central Mexican plateau. Mining rushes followed. "Spanish gold" was mainly silver, and millions of this metal poured into the royal treasury. It was these mines and those of South America that gave Charles V and Philip II their brilliant position in Europe. By the end of the sixteenth century all the great central plateau of Mexico had been colonized at strategic points. It was a mining society, and such it has remained in many of its essential characteristics to this day. There were "strikes," "rushes," and "boom towns," the prototypes of all later ones all the way from Mexico to Alaska. Mining camps became cities; the cities became the nuclei of new provinces, and now they are capitals of states. Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Durango, Saltillo, Mazapil and Monterey, all founded in the 16th century, were

not the work of mere explorers, but of permanent settlers and commonwealth builders, whose descendants still guide the destinies of the communities which these pioneers founded.

By the end of the sixteenth century two-thirds of America had thus been staked out with permanent centers of Spanish and Portuguese life, and this in the face of a mountain and desert geography which would have dismayed a people unused to mountains and deserts at home. This takes no account of areas explored, or of defensive salients that had been thrust out beyond the settled frontiers.[1] The area then marked out for Hispanic America was almost the same as the area that is still Hispanic. What it lacked was added by the slow advance of the northern frontier in the seventeenth century, bringing the line of effective occupation up to the Rio Grande. The map of Hispanic America then was strikingly as it is today.

Beyond the mining frontier, in northern Mexico, settlement edged slowly forward in the decades that followed. In Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Sonora, miners, soldiers, missionaries and cattlemen pushed their outposts just about to the present boundary between the United States and Mexico. That boundary represents roughly the northern line of Spain's effective colonization.

[1] Spanish South America was included in the great administrative unit called the Viceroyalty of Peru; Spanish North America was known as New Spain, or the Viceroyalty of Mexico. In the eighteenth century two new viceroyalties were erected in Spanish South America.

Within all that vast area, from El Paso to Buenos Aires, Hispanic American civilization continued to develop. Cities grew, commerce expanded, new mines were opened, herds multiplied, larger plantations were tilled. By the end of the eighteenth century the Spanish population in America was three or four millions, and the Portuguese a million or more.[1]

And yet we say that Spain failed. But Spain and Portugal lost their colonies, some one reminds us. Yes, and so did England lose the best of hers. And the revolt of the colonies was the very best evidence of the real success of the mother countries in building up American commonwealths. Every worthwhile child, when he reaches majority, sets up for himself, or at least he makes clear his ability to do so if he chooses. Anything else is a family tragedy. England raised up lusty children. Thirteen out of some thirty of them (not precisely the original thirteen), were vigorous enough to separate from the mother country and go it alone. The outcome was the United States. Spain and Portugal planted colonies, scattered over a vastly wider area than England's children. They, too, became lusty. They, too, set up housekeeping for themselves. The outcome is a score of Hispanic American nations today. Washington and his associates merely started the American Revolution: Miranda, Bolí-

[1] This does not take into account the Indian population.

var, San Martín, Hidalgo, Morelos, and Iturbide carried it through. England's loss of her colonies was the real mark of her success as a colonizer. By the same token, Spain's loss of her colonies was the best evidence of her success in transplanting people and civilization. Greater Spain is over here—nearly a score of Spanish American republics—and what a proud old mother Spain should be. Greater Portugal is over here—Brazil—and what a proud little old mother Portugal should be. We even trust that Mother England does not look with disdain on her children over here.[1]

[1] This chapter and the next constitute part of a paper read at the Boulder Historical Conference on Western History held in June, 1929. They are here reprinted, with minor changes, from the proceedings of the Conference, which were published by Willard and Goodykoontz under the title *The Trans-Mississippi West* (University of Colorado, Boulder, 1930).

II

FRINGES OF EMPIRE

So much for the dog, now for the tail. Away up here in the Far North, thousands of miles from the Spanish centers at Mexico City, Guatemala, Bogotá, Santiago, and Buenos Aires, lay the outer fringes of the Spanish Empire—the northern borderlands. Remote they were, indeed, but what a history they have had!

In the early years of the conquest this northern interior was a land of hope, concealing perhaps another Mexico or another Peru. It was a wonderland of romance, filled with figments of the imagination, suggested by misunderstood or jocose tales told by Indians who had a sense of humor, or wished to pass their white visitors along.

On the Atlantic coast, in the vast region called La Florida, there was the Fountain of Youth;[1] Cale, whose warriors wore golden helmets; Chicora, now Carolina, land of the giant

[1] Not alone Spanish fancy ran astray here. Laudonnière, the Frenchman, went Ponce de León one better, for one of his scouts actually saw and conversed with men who had drunk at the Fountain of Youth, and had already comfortably passed their 250th birthday.

King Datha. This monarch was not naturally monstrous, but in his youth he merely had been rubbed with grease and stretched. In his kingdom, too, there was a species of deer which generously fed the inhabitants on milk, thus absolving them from the primal curse of labor. There was the Queen of Cufitachiqui, land of pearls. Somewhere in the South Carolina Piedmont existed fabulous Diamond Mountain, and if you didn't believe it you could ask Sir Francis Drake.

In the West lay Gran Quivira, land whose ruler was lulled to sleep by golden bells, and whose borders were bathed by a stream in which swam fish as big as horses. Near Quivira lay Gran Teguayo and the Kingdom of the Texas. Still farther west were the Seven Cities of Cíbola, whose many storied towns had turquoise studded doors. Somewhere beyond the Colorado were people who lived under water; another tribe who sat in the shade of their own generous-sized ears; and still other people who did not eat their food, but lived on smells. Finally, on the western coast there were islands bearing pearls, and another whose only metal was gold; there lived the Amazon Queen, the California lady with the enormous feet; and, last of these western "monstrosities," as the chronicler called them, a race of bald-headed men. Father Escobar, to whom the Indian wag recounted these wonders of the West, had a lovable human urge to believe in

them. Wrong headed persons might doubt these tales, he said, but he reminded all such that "for any one who will consider the wonders which God constantly does perform in this world, it will be easy to believe that since he is able to create these he may have done so."

Then there were geographical notions, the offspring of a desire to get quickly to India. America tapered down like an inverted radish toward the north, and brought the oceans close together. From the St. Lawrence River, or from Chesapeake Bay, a strait led to a great inland sea, or better, from ocean to ocean. Somewhere west of the upper Rio Grande the desert concealed a lake of gold, fabulous turquoise mines, and the smoke-hued Sierra Azul. And there was the north branch of the Colorado River, a second outlet, which, turning west across Nevada, merrily threaded its way through the high Sierras of California, and meandered to the ocean somewhere near the region where San Francisco Bay eventually found a place on the map.

So long as they remained untested by hard and disappointing experience, all these wonders were stimulants to heroic endeavor. It was to pierce this Northern Mystery and test these tales that epic tours were made by eager eyed adventurers. Under other names, these Borderlands had their Columbus, their Lindbergh, their Admiral Byrd. This was "earth's high holiday." Romance was here.

"He does not guess, the quiet-eyed
As he goes by in his young pride,
Who ride beside! Who ride beside!"

Not alone Lancelot, and Galahad, and Arthur and the Maid, rode beside Lindbergh that day in May three years ago. With him were Narváez, De Soto, Cabrillo and Coronado, too, and many another "who dared his own wild dreams to try" in these Spanish Borderlands.

Like apparitions, Narváez and De Soto flitted through the vast region called La Florida, only to find watery graves. Coronado sought wealth and fame in Gran Quivira, and returned to Mexico a broken man. Cabrillo, trusting his fate to the South Sea waves, was lured to his death by the California Lorelei. These bold adventurers gained little wealth, but their heroic marches were by no means wild-goose chases. They quieted for a time the extravagant tales of great cities in the north and taught Europe an important lesson in American geography. Each line which they left on the map stands for some rumor run to its lair. Twenty years of trial put most of the yarns to rest for the nonce, and the adventurers settled back on the established frontier. The Northern Bubbles had burst.

Sixteenth century Spanish expansion, with minor exceptions, had been mainly economic and missionary in its urge. Settled Indians to ex-

By courtesy of the *Tropic Magazine*

An old fortress at Cartagena, Colombia.

Ballesteá, *Mexico, its Social Evolution*

The Palacio Nacional, Mexico City. Till the 19th century Mexico City was the metropolis of North America.

ploit or convert, tropical plantations, mines, stock ranches, and commerce had been the lodestones pulling to new frontiers. But already another factor had entered into the process—a force which grew increasingly important with the passage of time, until it became the primary motive to further Spanish advance to new areas. This factor was defence. With the exception of New Mexico, Spanish colonization in the northern borderlands was primarily defensive in its origin. In the advance into these regions missionary work was always conspicuous and important. But in the order of urgency missions usually occupied a second place, and were a means to the primary end.

The rest of Europe had always looked with envious eyes on Spanish monopoly in the Western Hemisphere. In South America Spain suffered the persistent inroads of the Portuguese from Brazil. Papal bulls and a treaty established a Line of Demarcation. Brazilian slave hunter's snapped their fingers at both Pope and treaty. They raided Indian villages beyond the line, and led back cordilleras of captives for the sugar plantations. Jesuit missionaries were sent to hold the outraged Spanish border. In reply the Brazilians stormed missions and carried off neophytes. Behind the Mameluke slavers Portuguese settlers followed. Spain's frontiers gradually yielded. The Line of Demarcation was sadly

bent, until it came to resemble a bow, with the old papal line as the string. And so it stands today.

On her northernmost borders Spain suffered similar onslaughts of French, Dutch, English, and Russians, not all at once, but in successive waves. Most of her expansive energy north of the Gulf and the Rio Grande was expended to meet these incursions. One by one, as occasion required, defensive salients were thrust out, like men moved forward on the board to counter the plays of an opponent.

The first danger-point was the Caribbean. Economic in origin, Spain's outpost here became more and more defensive as time went on. French, English, and Dutch pirates raided treasure fleets and sacked towns. Spain replied by building walls around her coast cities, and policing the Caribbean with a naval fleet—the Armada de Barlovento.

Fifty years of prospecting and rainbow chasing in La Florida (the Atlantic mainland) proved profitless to promoters and painful to many broken heads. Philip had just decided to leave the region to hostile Creeks and hellish hurricanes, when French intrusion forced his hand. Ribaut occupied Port Royal and Laudonnière settled near the site of Jacksonville. Famed Menéndez now came, with a will strong enough to destroy the French and a force adequate to defend the threatened coast. The awful slaughter at the French fort has echoed to the twentieth

century. But the Peninsula was permanently occupied, outposts of defence were thrust up the Guale coast to Port Royal, and momentarily even to Chesapeake Bay.

The New Mexico salient was only partially defensive in origin, but it was foreign danger that finally nerved Spain to take the deep plunge into the distant wilderness. Coronado found Cíbola disappointing. What to Friar Marcos appeared a jeweled city, looked through the soldier's gold-tinged spectacles like a crowded little village "crumpled all up together." Cíbola yielded no gold, the conqueror had a young bride at home, so to Mexico he returned. But time and distance encouraged new flights of fancy. From the resemblance of the Pueblos to the Aztec dwellings the region came to be called New Mexico. It was after all the "Otro México" which so many had sought. There were settled Indians to convert, and foreign danger lurked in the background. Beyond the Pueblos lay the Strait of Anian, whose western extremity the pirate Drake was said to have found. New Mexico therefore offered an opportunity to spread the Faith, exploit Indian labor, and protect the Empire. Ten years were spent in indecision. Then the defeat of the Armada gave Spain the final impulse, and New Mexico was colonized.

Now, like an athlete, gathering force for a mighty spring, the frontier of settlement leaped eight hundred miles into the wilderness, from

southern Chihuahua to the upper Rio Grande. Thither Oñate led his colony with paternal care. Eighty wagons creaked their lumbering way across the grim, wide desert, and seven thousand head of stock kicked up the dust over a trail miles in width. In the narrow but well watered Rio Grande valley the colonists settled among the Pueblo Indians. Friars built missions, soldiers warded off attacks of relentless Apaches, and civilians founded a semi-pastoral society. For two hundred and fifty years Santa Fé stood like a sentinel on the very rim of European civilization.

Another foreign head to crack popped up on the Texas horizon. Eager Franciscans, gazing across the Rio Grande at the great "Kingdom of the Texas," had urged the king on. But he had no funds. Why must Spain be hurried? She was on the way; give her time and she would arrive. Ten thousand miles of actual settlements already gave her quite enough care. Then La Salle's colony intruded. Carlos now roused himself, found money in another pocket, and hurried soldiers and missionaries to the border to hold the threatened land. Massanet, devout friar, and De León, seasoned Indian fighter, joined hands in defence of the realm.

The French danger momentarily subsided, and Texas was abandoned, only to be reoccupied when France founded Louisiana and split the

Spanish borderlands in two. Now a stronger colony was sent to eastern Piney Woods. Los Adaes became the outpost against the French at Natchitoches. San Antonio, planted as a half way base, proved to be a superb missionary center, and no less than nine missions sooner or later dotted the banks of the one little San Antonio River.

For half a century Los Adaes guarded the French border, then Louisiana was ceded to Spain. There was no French danger now. "Todos somos Españoles," De Mézières told the Indians. "We are now all Spaniards." Forthwith, soldiers and missionaries, by government fiat, abandoned the border, though a few colonists held on. San Antonio, Nacogdoches, and lesser settlements had taken root and they continued to survive. These defensive outposts had successfully held Texas for Spain against France, and they made Jefferson's later claim to Texas as a part of Louisiana historically unsound.

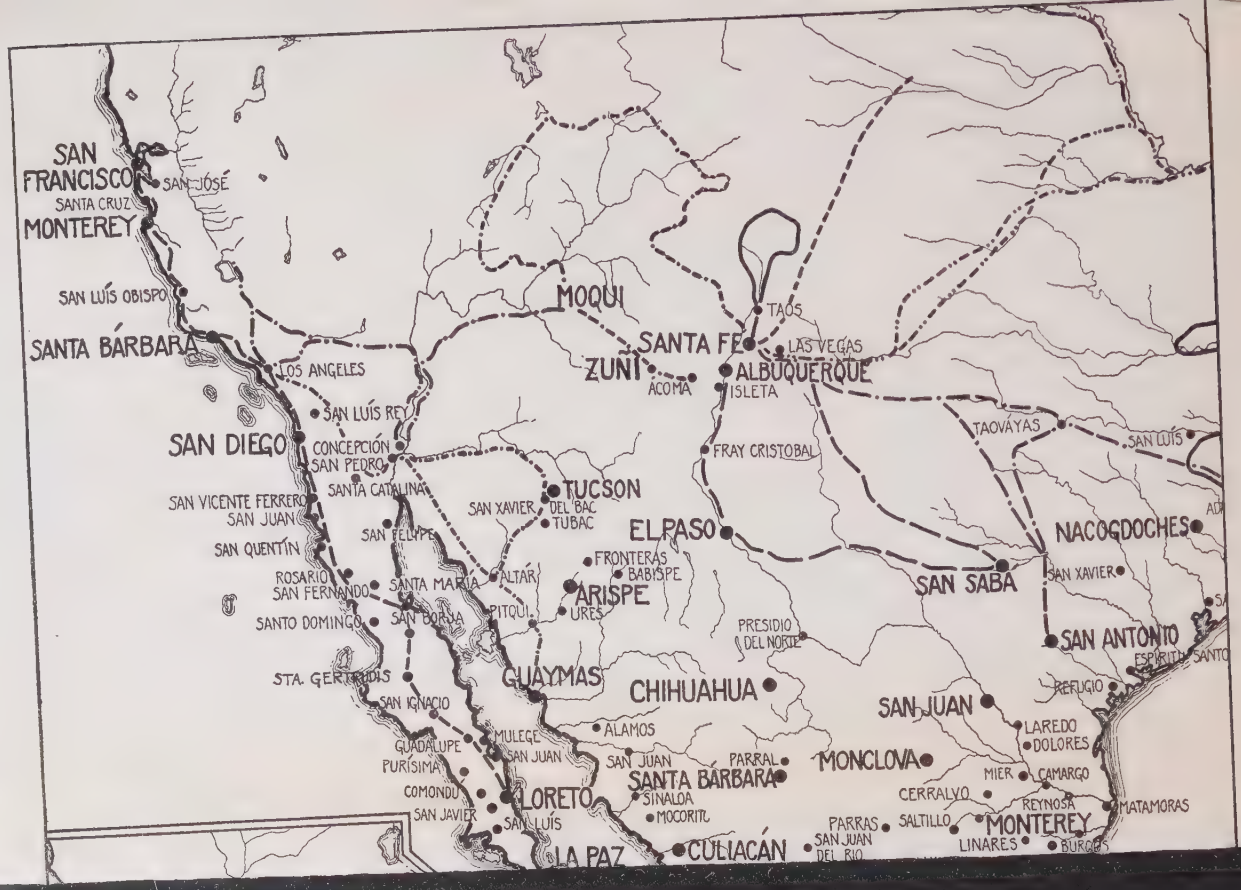
The Louisiana cession hurled Spain from the frying pan into the fire. A small ill on the Red River was swapped for a mortal danger on the Mississippi. France had long held the Great Valley, but now the Lily came down before the Union Jack. With Canada the eastern half of the basin went to Britain, but the western half was ceded to Spain to save it from a similar fate.

To Carlos III, the energetic Spanish king, the gift looked like a white elephant. What could Spain do with it? With settlements extending from Santa Fé to Buenos Aires she was already land poor. But argument had no weight in the case. Louisiana, like another baby, had arrived and must be cared for. Spain must occupy the province or the oncoming English would take it. They had invaded Georgia and made their title good by force. In the late war they had taken Florida too. Now their buckskin shirted pioneers were pushing over the Alleghanies, and even crossing the Father of Waters. Soon they would enter Texas, and endanger the heart of Mexico. So, reluctantly, Carlos III took hold of the vast region called Louisiana, before too many Gringoes should arrive. The French inhabitants, mourning for the Lily, started a revolution, but Don Alejandro O'Reilly gave his firing squad a little target practice and Spain was in the saddle.

Louisiana was not Carlos III's only problem of frontier defence. Simultaneously another arose on the Pacific Coast.[1]

[1] Sketches of Spain's northern border provinces are contained in Herbert E. Bolton, *The Spanish Borderlands* (New Haven, 1921); Woodbury Lowery, *Spanish Settlement Within the Present Limits of the United States* (2 vols., New York, 1901, 1905); Hubert Howe Bancroft, *North Mexican States and Texas,* vol. I (San Francisco, 1884); and Herbert I. Priestley, *The Coming of the White Man* (New York, 1929). The verse on page 16 is from Stella Kobrin's "Who Ride?" (*Literary Digest,* July 2, 1927).

OPENING A LAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA


SAN FRANCISCO
SAN JOSÉ
SANTA CRUZ
MONTEREY
SAN LUÍS OBISPO
SANTA BÁRBARA
LOS ANGELES
SAN LUÍS REY
SAN DIEGO
CONCEPCIÓN
SAN PEDRO
SANTA CATALINA
SAN VICENTE FERRERO
SAN JUAN
SAN QUENTÍN
SAN FELIPE
ROSARIO
SAN FERNANDO
SANTA MARIA
SANTO DOMINGO
SAN BORJA
STA. GERTRUDIS
SAN IGNACIO
GUADALUPE
PURÍSIMA
COMONDU
SAN JAVIER
MULEGE
SAN JUAN
LORETO
SAN LUÍS
LA PAZ
MOQUI
ZUNI
ACOMA
TAOS
SANTA FE
LAS VEGAS
ALBUQUERQUE
ISLETA
FRAY CRISTOBAL
TAOVAYAS
SAN LUÍS
TUCSON
SAN XAVIER
DEL BAC
TUBAC
ELPASO
FRONTERAS
BABISPE
ALTAR
ARISPE
PITQUI
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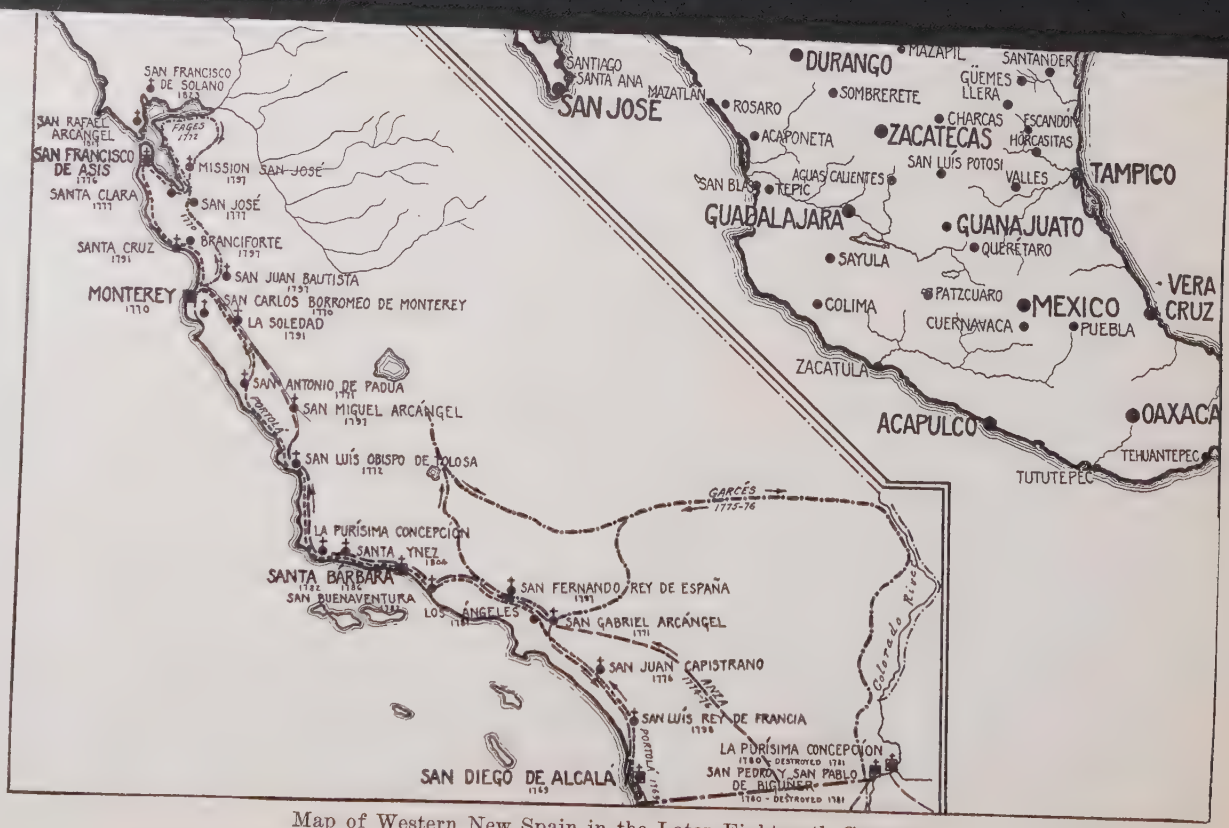
PRESIDIO DEL NORTE
NACOGDOCHES
SAN XAVIER
SAN SABA
SAN ANTONIO
ESPIRITU SANTO
REFUGIO
GUAYMAS
CHIHUAHUA
ALAMOS
SAN JUAN
LAREDO
DOLORES
SAN JUAN
PARRAL
MONCLOVA
SANTA BÁRBARA
SINALOA
MOCORITO
MIER
CAMARGO
CERRALVO
REYNOSA
MATAMORAS
PARRAS
SALTILLO
MONTERREY
SAN JUAN DEL RIO
LINARES
BURGOS
CULIACÁN



Map of Western New Spain in the Later Eighteenth Century.
(From BOLTON, *Palóu's New California.*)

III

NEW CALIFORNIA

Alta California was in danger. Centuries before this time Spanish sailors had seen these northern shores. Cabrillo had made known the long, crooked coastline. Cermeño had lost his cargo of beeswax and fine porcelain at Point Reyes. Vizcaíno had chased elk in Carmel Valley, and over-advertised the "fine harbor of Monterey." For decades Spanish pilots on southbound Manila galleons had caught occasional glimpses of feathered pine ridges near Cape Mendocino, or of the overhanging walls of Sierra de Santa Lucía where it juts to the sea.

Since the days of Cortés Spanish settlements had crept steadily up the Mexican mainland into Sinaloa and Sonora. Baja California, the long, barren Peninsula, had been colonized in the seventeenth century. More than once kings and viceroys had talked and written of advancing the frontiers of settlement to the more inviting northwestern lands. Zealous friars painted in glowing colors the missionary field awaiting them in the populous towns along the Santa Barbara Channel. If only the king would help, what a

harvest they would reap! But the king was always busy with more pressing projects elsewhere, and California's fertile lands were not yet needed. There were other regions equally rich nearer to the centers of Spanish population in Mexico. And so California waited until an emergency arose.

That emergency came when Russia threatened to extend her settlements from Alaska down the Pacific Coast. Rumors were heard in Madrid that some new Bering was to be sent on a more southward cruise with sinister designs. This spelled danger. Carlos III was not a king who temporized, and he decided to colonize Alta California.

To carry the project through he had ready to hand a man as energetic as himself. Square-jawed José de Gálvez had recently come to Mexico as inspector-general to overhaul the administration of all New Spain. Just when the shadow of Russia began to darken the northern horizon, Gálvez was on his way to Baja California to set things to rights in that remote corner of the Spanish empire. To Gálvez, therefore, fell the task of running up the flag of Spain on the threatened shore.

Gálvez also found able agents. Just ahead of him went Gaspar de Portolá, first governor of California, bound for his new capital at Loreto. Just ahead of him, too, went Father Junípero

Serra and his famous band of Franciscans, to take the place of the Jesuits who were leaving the Peninsula of California. At Loreto, likewise, there was Captain Fernando de Rivera, veteran commander of the provincial troops.

With a vigor that was new to the border Gálvez organized a colony. Its immediate purpose was to occupy and hold the harbor of Monterey, the chief strategic point on the coast then known, for the Golden Gate and the incomparable bay behind it had not yet been discovered. Between the Peninsula settlements and Monterey, San Diego was to be an intermediate base. The plan provided for missionaries to convert and civilize the heathen, and soldier settlers to guard the king's domains, at the same time that they aided the friars in their difficult task. San Blas, on the coast of Mexico, was made a sea base for supporting the new and distant outposts.

The energy with which Gálvez worked caused his more easy-going associates to look on with open-eyed wonder. Sometimes his zeal reached the fury of dementia and inspired his subordinates with terror. The inspector-general organnized a two-fold expedition. Titular head of it all was Portolá. Vila and Pérez, commanding the *San Antonio* and the *San Carlos,* carried part of the colonists and supplies by water. Pedro Fages went by sea with his company of Cataluña volunteers; Rivera and Portolá conducted the

rest overland up the Peninsula in two divisions. At the head of the missionary enterprise went Junípero Serra, a man remarkable among all pioneers in American history.

The first objective of the expedition was San Diego Bay. The sea party was first to arrive. The *San Antonio* reached the harbor in fair condition after a voyage of fifty-four days. When the *San Carlos* anchored she had been at sea a hundred and ten days and was in terrible shape. Nearly everybody on board had scurvy, and the disease spread to those who had come on the *San Antonio*. Within a few days thirteen soldier passengers died and of the combined crews of the vessels only twelve were left alive.

The land parties fared better. Rivera's division, with Father Juan Crespi as diarist, went ahead and opened the way; Portolá and Serra followed on their trail. The march was long and difficult, and hostile Indians threatened, but by July 1 both divisions had safely arrived.

Plans had now to be changed. It had been the intention, if all had gone well, to send both vessels on to Monterey, there to be joined by a land force. But this was now impossible. Instead, the *San Antonio* was sent back to San Blas to report the disaster and get a crew for the marooned *San Carlos*. On the way south nine sailors died of scurvy and were cast into the sea, leaving the vessel almost helpless.

San Diego was only a half way station; the real goal was Vizcaíno's "fine harbor" of Monterey. Here the banner of Spain must wave as a warning to prowling strangers. If the vessels could not make the voyage, the land force must go alone. So, leaving Serra and some soldiers to continue the work and care for the sick at San Diego, Portolá with most of the men set forth overland to open a road to Monterey and plant a garrison there. Father Crespi again went as diarist and recorded the California Anabasis.

Portolá's journey was an event in discovery. For six hundred miles the wayfarers lifted the veil of mystery that lay over their path, for hitherto no European had ever traversed these shores. Portolá and his men were pioneers, leading the van of civilization. The wide valleys, the brown hills, the bright flowers, the strange peoples along the trail were now first beheld by the eyes of white men coming by land.

Most of the way the route lay along the coast, about as the railroad runs today. As the cavalcade marched north, naked Indians marvelled at the sight—strange men clothed in odd garments riding queer beasts, and carrying sticks that made a terrifying noise. Generally the natives were friendly, and came forth with little gifts; some, more timid, fled with their children to hide in the brush, or to take refuge at safe distance on the top of a hill.

Portolá's pace was slow, for the pack mules carried heavy loads and lagged behind. It took time for the scouts to go ahead to find the best trails and return to guide the caravan. A distance now covered by airplane in four hours cost these pathfinders ninety days. But it was an adventure, and when they wrote to friends at home they had a tale to tell. As they jogged along they gave to stream and camp site names that are still on the map. Indeed, Crespi's diary is even yet a veritable guidebook of the highway from San Diego to San Francisco. Most of the names given by the friar were bestowed in honor of saints; the soldiers, less pious, often dubbed sites for incidents that happened on the way.

On the first of October Portolá reached the beach at Monterey Bay and there made camp. Vizcaíno's landmarks were easily recognized. There to the south was the Point of Pines; yonder to the northwest was Point Año Nuevo; and here before them was the bay. But where was Vizcaíno's fine harbor? Had it been filled up with sand, or was there some mistake? Mystified, Portolá continued along the coast. Several of his men were ill with scurvy, but still they pushed on, carried on litters between mules traveling tandem. On up the coast they struggled, till they stumbled on the Golden Gate and the great bay behind it. Looking northward from Montara Mountain they recognized Point

Reyes. They had passed their goal and must go back. Retracing their steps they once more visited Monterey Bay, but they were still in doubt, for they could see no fine harbor. What a lot of trouble Vizcaíno had made by boosting! Continuing their retreat, living on smelly mule meat as they went, on January 24, after an absence of half a year, they straggled wearily into San Diego.

What Portolá heard there was none too cheering. Near the bay Serra and the men had founded a slender mission, and the soldiers had built a little stockade. But the Indians had been hostile and made an attack. The scurvy had continued its ravages and nineteen more persons had died before Portolá returned. In all the six months not an Indian had been baptized, and the *San Antonio* had not returned with supplies.

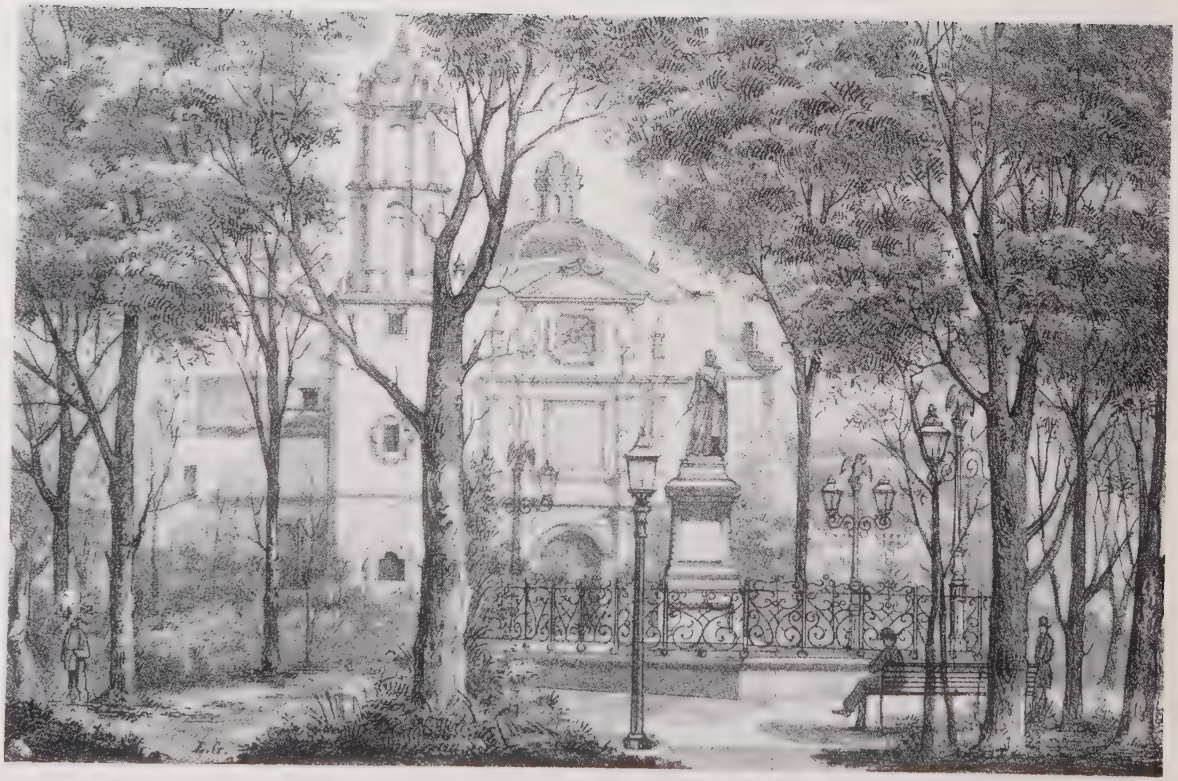
Here was a crisis. Portolá hurried Rivera down the Peninsula for help; then the little colony waited. Days passed with no relief. Rations grew shorter and men hungrier. Finally, Portolá concluded that unless supplies came by a certain date the colony must give up. Father Serra offered a novena. To the joy of everyone, on March 19—the very last day before the time set for the retreat—the *San Antonio* hove in sight well loaded with provisions. There was feasting now in San Diego.

The barometric spirits of the pioneers quickly revived. With the new aid Portolá retraced his steps to Monterey Bay, of whose identity he this time had no doubt. A week later Serra arrived by sea in the *San Antonio,* and on June 3, 1770, a mission and a presidio were formally founded on Vizcaíno's fine harbor. New California was born.[1]

[1] The best general works on the beginnings of Alta California are those of Bancroft, Chapman, Engelhardt, and Hittell. Richman and Denis have written good shorter sketches. Contemporary accounts are Fr. Francisco Palóu's *Noticias de la Nueva California* (4 vols., San Francisco, 1874), and his *Relación de la Vida y Apostólicos Tareas del Venerable Padre Fray Junípero Serra* (Mexico, 1787). Details are given in the diaries of the early expeditions. Herbert I. Priestley's *José de Gálvez* (Berkeley, 1916) treats administrative reforms in New Spain under Charles III. Several of the diaries of the Portolá expedition, edited by Frederick J. Teggart and others, are printed in the *Publications* of the Academy of Pacific Coast History. Henry R. Wagner's *Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America in the Sixteenth Century* (San Francisco, 1929) is a monumental work. Part of the same ground is covered by Herbert E. Bolton's *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest* (New York, 1916). Social life in early California is admirably treated by Nellie Van de Grift Sánchez in her *Spanish Arcadia* (Los Angeles, 1929).

Cumplido, *La Ilustración Mexicana*

The Palacio Nacional, Mexico, in the 18th century.



Rivera Cambas, *Mexico Pintoresco*

Church of the College of San Fernando, Mexico City. From here Serra and his companions were sent to California.

IV

EXPANSION

Monterey and San Diego were mere beginnings. With each step the need and the opportunity loomed larger. Even scurvy sick soldiers felt the charm of the land. The missionary field opened out beyond the wildest dreams of the friars. Between San Diego and Monterey a score of inviting spots claimed attention. The Santa Barbara Channel alone had a population of several thousand intelligent Indians, famous canoe builders and skilled workers in stone. Thus far only three missions had been authorized for all these people. San Diego and San Carlos had already been founded; San Buenaventura was yet lacking. But Viceroy Croix was so pleased with Portolá's report that five more were immediately ordered and to administer them ten more friars were sent in the *San Antonio*.[1]

Serra's zeal expanded with the enlarging prospects, and Commander Fages was a riot of energy. Serra went with friars, soldiers, workmen and pack train to the heart of Sierra de

[1] They arrived at Monterey in May, 1771.

Santa Lucía. Swinging a bell to a stout oak tree, he clanged and shouted his gospel message to all heathen ears that might hear. "Oh ye Gentiles! Come, come to the holy Church! Come! Come to receive the faith of Jesus Christ," he cried in his exuberance.

Soon the rugged mountain walls echoed with the sound of axes and the singing of men at work. Log chapel, dwellings, outbuildings, and stockade took shape, and Mission San Antonio began its colorful career. This task finished, Serra returned to Monterey, where he spent the rest of the autumn moving Mission San Carlos over the pine-covered ridge to Carmel Bay, where, with Father Crespi, he took up his permanent California abode.

Almost simultaneously with San Antonio, another mission was founded in the south. Fages and four friars, going by water, reached San Diego in July. From there Fathers Somera and Cambón set forth with soldiers, workmen, and pack train. The Santa Ana River (Rio de los Temblores) had been designated as the site for the mission, but the friars, not pleased with the location, continued north. Under the shadow of the towering mountain range they found the spot of their heart's desire, and there, on September 8, 1771, Mission San Gabriel was begun, the germ cell of the now great city of Los Angeles. The canoe builders of the Channel had still to

wait. Indian troubles at San Gabriel required a larger guard there, making it impossible to spare soldiers to found another establishment.

As yet no mission had been named in honor of the patron saint of the Franciscans. Gálvez had proposed a mission for St. Francis on San Francisco Bay, by which he meant Drake's Bay, under Point Reyes. Then Portolá discovered the Golden Gate and the vast bay behind it. Assuming that the new found water was connected with the bay at Point Reyes, it was called the Estuary of the Bay of San Francisco. The Estuary was in the way, and for several years the problem was to get around it to Point Reyes.

Ortega had turned the southern end of the Estuary in 1769. A year later the energetic Fages skirted the Contra Costa to a point where he could look out through the Golden Gate toward the setting sun. Now, with the ten new friars came the viceroy's express orders to found a mission near Point Reyes. As soon as the weather cleared in the spring, Fages and Crespi set forth to find a way thither by land. Following Fages's former trail to the Estuary, they traced its eastern shore. From the Oakland plains they mapped the Golden Gate. Continuing north and east they skirted San Pablo Bay, Carquinez Strait, and Suisun Bay. From the summit of Willow Pass they discovered the Sacramento and the San Joaquin valleys, and far

in the distance descried the Sierras. A channel which they saw entering Suisun Bay from the east they named Rio Grande de San Francisco—"which it seems must be the largest that has been discovered in New Spain." Finding it impossible to get across or around the sea of waters, they returned to Monterey. Serra informed the viceroy that Crespi and Fages had failed to reach San Francisco Bay, and asked for instructions. Now for four years a mission and a presidio for this famed harbor were special objects of Bucareli's care. For all that time they stood on the waiting list with San Buenaventura.

Lack of soldiers and a troublesome bay were not the only handicaps to expansion. New California had more than one starving time. Shortage of supplies again pressed the pioneers, for the annual supply ship was delayed. Answering an appeal, as soon as Crespi returned from his expedition he hurried south with a pack train of provisions to feed hungry mouths at San Gabriel and San Diego. But this was merely robbing Peter to pay Paul, for the generosity created a shortage in the north. To ward off starvation there, Fages in May took part of his soldiers to Cañada de los Osos, in the land of Buchón, the famous chief with a goitre on his neck, there to live on bear meat, and to send a supply of it to the colonists left behind. For three months the soldiers were thus employed

and the colony thereby kept alive. And what a bag of yarns these hunters gathered to tell to their wide-eyed grandchildren!

In the summer the faithful if tardy supply ships reached San Diego, but storms prevented them from ascending to Monterey, so Fages hurried south to bring up provisions on pack trains. Serra rode with him, and on the way they founded Mission San Luís Obispo at Cañada de los Osos, where Fages and his men had hunted bears, and where Buchón's people had been so friendly. The Indian maidens on the Channel had proved shy. But these at Los Osos quite lost their hearts to the soldiers, and there was more than one wedding. One ambitious soldier, more aspiring than the rest, espoused one of the wives of the now deceased Chief Buchón. She might be called the California Pocahontas.

From San Diego Fages returned to Monterey by an inland route. Once more a pathfinder, on this journey he opened a trail through Imperial, Antelope, and San Joaquin valleys to San Luís Obispo. Serra went by water to Mexico, where with his magic personality he wrought miracles.[1]

[1] The details of missionary beginnings in New California are given in the works of Bancroft, Engelhardt, and Palóu. Extensive manuscript correspondence is cited in the notes to Fray Francisco Palóu, *Historical Memoirs of New California* (edited by Herbert E. Bolton, 4 vols. Berkeley, 1926).

V

THE NEED OF TRANSPORTATION

Much had been accomplished in three years. New California now consisted of seven establishments, stretched over a five hundred mile salient. Explorers like Fages had widened the geographical horizon and extended acquaintance with the natives. But there was more to do. The two presidios were scarcely more than signs of occupation. The five missions were built mainly of logs with tule roofs and surrounded by wooden stockades. The province, after all, was a fragile outpost. Indeed, it might even have to be abandoned. If the Russians should really come down the coast they could snuff out either Monterey or San Diego with half a dozen well placed cannon shots. The Indians in the south and on the Santa Barbara Channel were becoming increasingly hostile. Several missions already authorized could not be founded for lack of adequate guards.

Subsistence, especially, was precarious. Two starving times had been experienced within two years, and each time there was talk of abandoning the province. The first time it was saved

by the eleventh hour arrival of the *San Antonio.* Two years later Monterey was enabled to hold out only by means of Fages's bear hunt.

For the present most of the provisions and all manufactured articles must come from the outside. This may seem strange, but it is to be remembered that the California coast Indians had no agriculture. Pilgrims at Plymouth were able to obtain maize by barter or grave robbing, but the California tombs yielded no such treasure. Eventually the missions would raise their own food stuffs, but not yet. California manufactures, too, were still in the future. Tools, mission bells, door hinges, kettles—nearly every conceivable artifact, must be imported. Old California had contributed liberally at first. But the Peninsula itself was a desert land and its capacity was limited. Nearly everything must be brought, then, from Mexico, or even from Spain.

This meant costly transportation. Today we cannot realize what human effort it required to land a ton of provisions on the distant California shores. Gálvez had opened the port of San Blas on the west coast of Mexico as a center for gathering and forwarding supplies to the new establishments. At the outset three small transports were equipped. One of these, the *San José,* was lost at sea on its very first voyage. The *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio* proved

seaworthy, and faithfully they plied their way back and forth for many years. Soon afterward another transport was provided. These little vessels were the very lifeblood of the province, carrying nourishment from the center of food supplies to the hungry growth cells on the distant periphery of civilization.

But the San Blas establishment was inadequate. The voyage was long and expensive. In the Portolá expedition it took one vessel fifty-four days to reach San Diego and the other one a hundred and ten. It took the *San Antonio* nine months to go from San Diego and return thither with her second cargo (1769–1770). The northbound voyage was most difficult, because of the headwinds, against which the little ships could scarcely beat their way. Frequently they were driven far seaward. The *San Carlos* in 1772 spent seven months in going from San Blas to Loreto, less than half-way up the Gulf, being blown nearly to Panamá in the attempt. The voyage across the Gulf of California was scarcely less precarious than that on the high sea, and many a launch was wrecked with its cargo in the short voyage from the Sonora coast to the Peninsula.

Under these circumstances the San Blas establishment and the Gulf service from Sonora combined were over-taxed. More ships, more pilots, more sailors, and larger vessels were needed even to supply New California with the

necessary provisions, mission equipment, and manufactures. But soldiers, laborers, colonists, and stock were also needed, and for these the transport service was even less adequate.

This was true even to maintain the *status quo* in New California. But such was not the intention. Forward was now the watchword. In 1772 the government decided to give the Peninsula over to the Dominican friars, and turn the whole force of the Franciscan College of San Fernando—Serra's college—into New California. Such an expansion program called for a corresponding increase of resources. Just at this time the importance of protecting the new San Francisco Bay was fully realized, and the viceroy issued orders that it be occupied by a presidio and two missions. Finally, it was time to reconnoiter the North Pacific, to look for Russians or Englishmen. New California, then, must be not only maintained but strengthened.

It was to discuss with the viceroy such needs as these that Serra in the fall of 1772 decided to go to Mexico. And there was another reason—his desire to be rid of Fages. Both strong men, Serra and Fages clashed over authority. Their relations had often been strained. Fages presumed to control the mission guards, and yet failed to regulate their habits, thus causing trouble for the friars. Such at least was the charge. On their way south the two chiefs came

to open rupture over Mission San Buenaventura. So Serra went to Mexico to seek a remedy at the viceroy's court. Arriving there he presented to Bucareli a long memorial, not alone urging the removal of Fages, but appealing also for help for his province—more laborers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, more mission equipment, more families of Christianized Indians from the old provinces, a colony of soldier settlers, and, especially, better facilities for communication.

In short, the crying need of New California was better transportation. Seasick friars and scurvy stricken sailors regarded the California voyage with horror. The Gulf launches, the mule trains up the Peninsula, and the little San Blas ships, were wholly inadequate. As an official wrote—*No sirvieron.*[1]

[1] The need of better means of transportation is best treated by Charles E. Chapman in his *Founding of Spanish California*, chapter V (New York, 1916).

VI

ANZA'S PROPOSAL

Under these circumstances it is not strange that many persons simultaneously should think of a land route from Sonora to California, over which colonists, stock, and supplies might go directly from their place of origin without either a gulf or an ocean voyage.

It would be rather difficult—and quite as pointless—to say who first suggested such a plan. It was casually discussed before Gálvez left the frontier to return to Spain, there to become Minister of the Indies. The thing that brought it to a focus was a letter addressed to the viceroy by Juan Bautista de Anza, captain of the presidio of Tubac, then an important frontier garrison of Sonora, now a small place in Arizona.

Anza was of good stock. For thirty years his grandfather had served on the Sonora border. For another thirty years his father had fought Indians on the same frontier and had been killed in battle with Apaches. Juan Bautista the grandson ran true to family tradition. Born on the Arizona border, he became one of its best representatives. He was a frontiersman by inheritance. Tales of Indian raids mingled with his childish prattle. When still a youth he took up his father's calling of arms. In early man-

hood he learned the smell of powder and the creeping chill of the war whoop. When his father was killed by Apaches he carried on the ancestral task of guarding the Sonora frontier. While Portolá was leading his expedition to Monterey, Anza was engaged with Gálvez and Elizondo in suppressing an uprising of Pimas and Seris in Sonora, an enterprise in which Anza won fame for his personal prowess. In a hand-to-hand fight he killed a famous chief. He was now in his prime—thirty-seven years old.

The idea of a land route to New California came to Anza through tales brought him by Indians. In 1769, the year of Portolá's expedition, the Yumas, who lived on the Colorado River, heard of white men to the westward going up and down the coast. This was too unusual a story to keep. From the Yumas it reached the Pimas and they in turn carried it to Anza at Tubac.

Here was a matter that touched both the royal service and family tradition. Anza's father had dreamed of exploration in the north, but Fate had intervened. He had made a proposal whose echoes were still heard. Here was a chance for the son to carry on the father's work at the same time that he served his Majesty. Anza's reasoning was simple and direct. If news passed from New California to Sonora, why could not a road be opened across the same spaces? So he reported the tale to his superiors—to the gov-

ernor of Sonora, to Elizondo, commander in the Sonora campaign, and to Gálvez, the strenuous Visitor. To Gálvez he offered to undertake to open a road from Sonora to Monterey. Gálvez favored the idea and mentioned it to Viceroy Croix, but the time was not yet ripe. New problems of defense and another starving time in New California were necessary to give the proposal a hearing, and another viceroy to put it into effect.

But the idea grew in Anza's mind, and as it grew it took firmer root. It was watered and fertilized by the zeal and knowledge furnished by his new neighbor, the intrepid Francisco Garcés, missionary at San Xavier del Bac, thirty miles to the north of Tubac. This hardy friar had come to his post just when Serra entered Old California. The occasion was the same in both cases—the replacement of Jesuits by Franciscans. Serra and Garcés came from sister missionary colleges, one from San Fernando in Mexico City, the other from Santa Cruz at Querétaro. Laboring on opposite sides of the Gulf, they strove to join hands across the Colorado.

In no time Fray Francisco became the idol of the Pimas, and they were soon affectionately calling him "Old Man"—he was not yet thirty. Forthwith Garcés began to visit the tribes to the west and north. "Moved by a higher impulse," Governor Sastre wrote, "with no other provisions

than a little pinole, a little chocolate, and a few strips of jerked beef, and with no other escort than his guardian angel," he made three journeys inland. Twice he visited the Pimas on the Gila River. Next he followed Kino's old trail to the Yuma junction,[1] crossed the Colorado near its mouth, thinking it was the Gila, and skirted the Cocopah Range to its terminus at Signal Mountain, near the present Calexico. On the way Indians told him of white men to the west, and showed some knowledge of the compass and the burning glass—things of which they must have learned through Spaniards on the coast. Looking northwest, Garcés saw two gaps in the sierras, and concluded that it would not be difficult to thread them to New California. This heroic, lonely, three months' journey over deserts, lagoons, mud flats, and sand dunes was a link in the chain of forward moving events. The friar, a born explorer, like Anza had dreams of learning what was *mas alla.* For the next decade he was a dynamic factor in frontier expansion, and his career was closely intertwined with Anza's.

Don Juan saw Garcés after the friar's return, and what he learned gave his own project new

[1] Before Garcés started, Anza had told him of his idea of opening a land route to California. We learn this from a letter written by Garcés himself. He wrote to his superior: "In view of the interest aroused in Mexico over the occupation of Monterrey, and for the service of God and our king, Captain Ansa has told me that he wishes to penetrate that region through these parts. And the plan is not repugnant to me, nor does it seem to me very difficult" (Garcés to Buena y Alcalde, San Xavier, February 20, 1771. MS).

impulse. The two frontiersmen became boon companions. Neighbors, from this moment they worked hand in hand to one purpose. Anza pondered the news. Garcés, traveling alone, had crossed the desert west of the Yumas, and had found it narrower than was supposed. Beyond the desert he had seen a great blue sierra, no doubt the very range skirted by Portolá on the other side. This knocked some old notions in the head. It had been assumed that the country beyond the Colorado was all desert, and therefore devoid of water. But Garcés had seen the blue sierra close at hand. To Anza, an experienced desert man, mountains meant water. He was now convinced that both the distance to Monterey and the difficulties of the trail had been exaggerated. The journey thither could be made—and he would make it.

It was now that Anza penned his fateful letter to the viceroy. The original is still preserved with tender care in the archives at Mexico City. It was written at Tubac and bears the date May 2, 1772. By coincidence this was just about the time when Fages went on his bear hunt to keep Monterey from being starved out of existence. It was as if New California were crying out for help from her older neighbor.

The historic document breathes the ardent spirit of him who wrote it more than a century and a half ago. Straightforward, Anza went

quickly to the point. His constant aim, the soldier wrote, was to serve his Majesty and enlarge the royal domains. He reviewed the events set forth above, the tales brought by the Indians, and the explorations of Father Garcés, and he proposed anew to open a road from Sonora to the Sea. If such an undertaking had always been considered difficult it was without due foundation, for no one had ever given it a serious trial. Indeed, the data now at hand indicated that it could be done at small cost. True, the effort would be considerable, but this he was willing to contribute.

Now appears the teamwork of soldier and friar. Anza asked that if the petition were granted, Father Garcés be allowed to join the expedition. He requested, also, permission to take from his own company at Tubac twenty or twenty-five men. These fellows, he knew, would follow him to the last ditch. October, he thought, would be the best time to start, considering the prime essentials of water, pasturage, and weather.[1]

[1] Anza to Pineda, Tubac, August 20, 1769; Anza to Bucareli, Tubac, May 2, 1772. (Unless otherwise indicated, all correspondence cited is printed in *Anza's California Expeditions,* Volume V, where it is arranged in an order so nearly chronological that page references are not necessary here). A great fund of information is in Charles E. Chapman, *The Founding of Spanish California,* chapters 5, 6, and 7. Zoeth Eldredge, in his *Beginnings of San Francisco,* (2 vols., San Francisco, 1912), gives an excellent brief sketch of the two Anza expeditions.

Rivera Cambas, *Mexico Pintoresco*

The old mission at Loreto, California's first capital.

VII

DELIBERATIONS IN MEXICO AND MADRID

A courier braved the summer heat of Sinaloa, and in due time Anza's letter with a destiny reached Mexico City. There it fell into the hands of one of the ablest of all the corps of remarkable officials who served New Spain in the later eighteenth century, Antonio Bucareli, the new viceroy. This nobleman's complete title would fill a long paragraph, but with twentieth century haste we shall call him Bucareli.

The care with which the viceroy considered Anza's proposal, and the methodical routine by which he gathered and weighed information, is an example of the thoroughness of Spain's methods of managing her colonies—a thoroughness, it is true, that sometimes was opposed to vigorous action. Carefully Bucareli inquired of everybody on the frontier who might furnish him light. With equal pains he consulted his official advisers in Mexico, the fiscal of the Royal Audiencia, the Auditor de Guerra, and the Council of War and Exchequer. Eagerly he conferred with anyone possessed of information who happened to be in the capital. Faithfully and without stint of labor he wrote detailed reports to the

king. His Majesty Carlos III, far across the Atlantic, likewise consulted his advisers and any expert witness who chanced to be in Madrid. The king's chief reliance there were Arriaga, Minister of the Indies, the Council of the Indies, and Gálvez, fresh from the California-Sonora frontier. The process was thorough, but in that period of slow-going mails it was time consuming. Saddle horses and sailing vessels were neither radio, airplanes, nor zeppelins.

Already three months had passed when in August Bucareli referred Anza's proposal to Miguel Costansó, the brilliant young engineer who had been with Portolá in New California, where he had designed presidios and drawn beautiful maps. Having left California with Portolá he was now in Mexico City.

Ten days later Costansó replied with characteristic clearness. His views in the case summed up the whole situation. Judging from longitudes, Costansó concluded that by air line it was a hundred and eighty leagues from Tubac to San Diego. His estimate was not far from correct. No doubt the white men told of by the Yuma Indians were the Spaniards of New California, Portolá's people. It was no cause for surprise that news should travel thus, for while in California he had seen goods from New Mexico that had been brought by intermediaries, Indians, of course. Surely, news could travel as easily as merchandise.

The proposed journey Costansó considered feasible. The mountains doubtless were rough, but he on the west side, like Garcés on the east, had noticed openings through them; and since the Indians crossed them, Spaniards should be able to do likewise. Spanish pride must not yield to the courage of naked savages.

Of the utility of the exploration Costansó had no shadow of a doubt. The new settlements planted by Portolá at such cost were at stake. The barren Peninsula could give no aid. The Gulf was treacherous, and the land route from Loreto to San Diego long and arduous. The sea voyage from San Blas was difficult, and the vessels too small to carry the families of the colonists. As a consequence the New California soldiers were condemned to "perpetual and involuntary celibacy." Costansó evidently overlooked Serra's alternative, by which soldiers were to be coaxed by premiums to espouse dusky Indian maidens at the missions.

Anza's proposal offered a solution. "Sonora, on the contrary," continued Costansó, "is a land where all kinds of grain and crops are harvested. The distance from . . . Tubac is not excessive . . . and once the route proposed by Captain Anza is opened, it will facilitate the transportation of supplies to San Diego and Monterey, and families can go to settle in those new establishments." Costansó made one practical suggestion. It was that in case the expedition should be undertaken,

two of Portolá's soldiers should accompany Anza to serve as guides after reaching the coast.

Next in line Areche, the royal fiscal, gave his opinion. He was prolix where Costansó was concise. But his position was not left in doubt, for in his very first sentence he approved Anza's proposal. He added little to Costansó's arguments, but he gave them new emphasis. The advantages of the plan were obvious, he said. If it succeeded California would be better sustained, Sonora would have a market for her crops, and the great cost of the sea voyages would be reduced. Bucareli need not hesitate on the ground of expense, for Anza had asked for only the time of his men, offering to bear the rest of the cost himself. Of Anza's fitness he had no doubt. "The plan of this captain is laudable, and his spirit corresponds to the proof given in this proposal of his honorable and lively desire to make himself more useful to the state and to your Excellency's administration."

Agreeable to everything, Areche recommended that the proposal be accepted. In that case he urged that the two California soldiers be sent to Tubac, that the superior of the Sonora missions be asked to release Father Garcés for the journey, and that Anza be emphatically instructed to make friends with the Indians on the way. Finally, Anza should be told that if his expedition succeeded he would be recommended

to his Majesty for a suitable reward. In Costansó and Areche Anza clearly had two friends.

These two hurdles taken, a higher one followed. Anza's proposal now went before a Council of War and Royal Exchequer. It met in the *palacio,* the great edifice facing the main plaza of Mexico. The viceroy and his advisers were an imitation royal court. Thirty-six lines are required to print the titles representing the dignities of the twelve men composing the assembly. At the head of the table sat Bucareli. His titles alone fill seven lines, and even then an *et cetera* is necessary to cover the left overs. The lesser dignitaries occupied places according to their rank. Perhaps the frontier captain had not imagined that his name would be heard in so august an assemblage. If he had been present he might have been abashed by the splendor of the setting, the wigs and titles, the shimmer of silk stockings, the glisten of buckles and buttons. But I doubt it, for he, too, had an air about him.

The session opened with a review of Anza's project and of the opinions of Costansó and Areche. Someone remembered the similar proposal made by Anza's father, and this was rehearsed. Discussion followed, just how prolonged or how animated the minutes do not state. If there were any dissensions they were not recorded. Everybody was favorable to the plan and it was voted to thank Anza "for the zeal,

love and devotion which he manifests for the royal service."

All was well so far, but there were practical matters on which more light was needed. There must be no hasty action; no wild goose chase must be authorized. So it was decided to put some questions to Anza and Garcés and likewise to Matheo Sastre, governor of Sonora.

Couriers galloped north with the dispatches. Weary post riders and footsore horses did their bit toward holding New California for King Carlos. But they could not ride fast enough to suit the eager captain and the zealous friar who waited on the northern border. The messages which they bore contained several specific inquiries. Was the expedition practicable? Would the Indians oppose it? Would they be disturbed by it? Would it interfere with the work of the Dominicans? Once opened, would it be difficult or expensive to maintain communication? Anza was instructed to pick the brains of the old timers on the border for useful information. Garcés was urged to send his last diary, for which Bucareli had several times asked, and which "appears to be one of the documents most necessary for the decision."

When Sastre replied to Bucareli (January 21, 1773) he wobbled, and raised a doubt by proposing a substitute. He would not oppose Anza's plan, but there were some "buts" to consider. If the expedition were made, Anza should go

without soldiers, and accompanied only by Garcés. The sight of uniforms might frighten the natives. Was it not more important to open a road from New Mexico to Monterey? From his letter one suspects that Sastre was looking for a grindstone.

Nearly three months elapsed before Anza received Bucareli's letter, and when it reached him (January 22, 1773) he was at distant camp San Bernardino[1] on the Apache frontier, where he was in command. He promptly wrote to Sastre for a furlough, but another month passed into Eternity. Late in February, after a long hard ride, he reached Tubac. Straightway he sent for his fellow promoter, and without delay Garcés covered the leagues that lay between his mission and the Captain's post. Like a pair of youths they now laid their plans for a great adventure. They talked things over, gathered what information they could, and then each replied to Bucareli. What they said dovetailed neatly. The teamwork was beautiful.

Anza reported that the old settlers had little reliable information to offer. Those who had accompanied the Jesuits on their expeditions had only confused notions of where they had been. "Roads, village sites, tribes, and even their names . . . suffer great contradictions." The reports of Garcés he considered much more reliable. Far

[1] Now a famous ranch, sitting astride the boundary of Sonora and Arizona.

from hindering the Dominicans, his proposed expedition should help them. It ought not to alienate the natives, but rather should strengthen their friendship through trade, beside being a means of ending intertribal war. As to their opposing the expedition he had no fear, for their poor courage was well known. Expense for keeping communication open would not be great, because some of the old presidios could be moved to the new line. Let the soldiers be placed where they would earn their pay. Of course there would be objectors, "especially in case the opponents are not the proponents." Anza had not lived with human beings in vain.

Finally, if the plan were approved Anza requested three things: that in the enterprise he be responsible directly to the viceroy; that the governor of Sonora be ordered to furnish necessary supplies (Anza himself would provide little gifts for the Indians); and lastly, that on his return from New California he be permitted to go to the capital, there to report directly to Bucareli in person. These demands show us that Anza was a man sure of himself, and that he did not mean to let some official superior spoil his work or steal his reward.

With labored quill and crotchety strokes Father Garcés made reply to the viceroy. The friar was a much better scout and missionary than rhetorician or penman. Writing for him was a weariness to the flesh. He had sound ideas,

but his rambling sentences can be summarized in much briefer space than he gave them. Anza's proposal, he said, merited the greatest praise. Its execution would be equally beneficial to the Californias, to the Pimería, and to New Mexico. That a land route was feasible he was convinced by the marine things which he had seen among the Colorado River Indians. And Anza was the man to open it—a chosen staff,indeed, "patient, generous, well liked by the Indians, honorable in the service, and of an upright life," and possessed besides of "a great fund of discretion to meet any unforeseen emergency." Moreover, such an enterprise might expect "very special aid from Divine Providence." So buttressed, how could it fail?

Garcés, too, had some practical suggestions. He was not wedded to the trail which he himself had partially opened. Indeed, the best land route to Monterey would cross the Colorado far above the Yuma junction and strike directly for the goal. Presents should be taken along for the Indians. Especially would it "be well to carry plenty of tobacco, because they are very fond of it." In order not to frighten the natives, they should be notified in advance, being told merely that Anza was coming as a messenger from the king. If necessary, Garcés himself would gladly go ahead with the message. One suspects that nothing would have suited him better than such a lonely jaunt. Anza's orders should come sealed,

he said, "because in lands so remote nothing of value is gained by permitting reports by interested parties." Garcés and Anza were evidently agreed that somebody should keep his hands off. Finally, he was at last sending his diaries, copied by an amanuensis, because of the wretched quality of his own handwriting.

One by one these reports reached the capital, where they were referred to Areche. Rather disappointed by their contents, he concluded that they contributed "nothing toward what the council wished to know." What more did he want, one might inquire? However, on his advice the new documents were added to the old file, and the whole matter was referred to another council of war and royal exchequer, to be held on September 9 (1773).

In the meantime a powerful voice was raised at Court in favor of Anza's proposal. It was one that always commanded a hearing and in this case it seems to have been decisive. It was the voice of Junípero Serra, who was now in the capital. The little president had reached Mexico City in February, and had appeared before Bucareli with his appeals for New California. He showed himself a man of force, who knew what he was talking about. In the course of his conference he learned of Anza's proposal, and in the fifth paragraph of his famous Memorial (March 13, 1773) he recommended that it be approved,

since thereby "the conquest might notably be increased and souls won for heaven."

Bucareli was not dissuaded by the cooling of Areche's ardor. He was now looking beyond Monterey to the exploration of the whole coast toward the Alaska Russians. But, before calling the council again he summoned the friar president before him and questioned him once more. Serra was still emphatically for Anza's project. It was not only possible but useful, he said. It need not be considered as an end in itself, but as a preliminary to other explorations. Here he shrewdly read the viceroy's mind. Bucareli was just at this moment preparing to send a sea expedition to the North Pacific. Anza's soldiers, once at Monterey, said Serra, could be sent to explore San Francisco Bay (meaning Drake's Bay) and beyond, in conjunction with the sea party.

And so, says Bucareli, "Since the president of the missions knows the country, for he was one of those who effected the occupation . . . and since his suggestion may forward the desire of his Majesty that efforts be made to investigate the new explorations of the Russians, I assembled the council of war and royal exchequer." Evidently Serra's word had turned the scale.

The new council convened on September 9. The procedure was the same as before. No mention is made in the minutes of any reference to

Serra's opinion. The new data sent in by Sastre, Anza, and Garcés probably helped to dispel some doubts. But it would seem that after his talk with Serra the viceroy had made up his mind, and that the decision really did not rest on the deliberations of the junta de guerra.

Whatever may have been the decisive reason, the council resolved (1) that the opening of a road to San Diego and Monterey by way of the Gila and Colorado rivers was desirable; (2) that for this purpose Anza should take from his presidio twenty volunteer soldiers satisfactory to himself; (3) that they should conduct themselves with all friendliness and moderation toward the natives along the way, Anza being strictly charged on this point; (4) that they should make no use of arms except for self-defence; (5) that to replace the soldiers during their absence an equal number should be recruited on royal pay to guard the frontier; (6) that Garcés should go with Anza, accompanied by another friar "satisfactory to him and of good conduct;" (7) that with Garcés Anza should "take counsel for the success of the expedition" in cases which might arise; (8) that Anza should make no settlement on the way or in California, but merely explore a route; (9) that he should direct his march to Monterey and from there report in great detail; (10) that orders for the expedition should be sent directly to Anza and not through an intermediary; (11) that Anza should report directly

to the viceroy; (12) that on his return he should repair to Mexico to confer with Bucareli in person; (13) that the comandante inspector and the governor of Sonora should be ordered to give Anza all necessary aid; (14) and that a copy of these proceedings should be sent to Anza.

Slow in formation, these decisions were promptly put into effect. Within ten days couriers were riding north with new dispatches. Bucareli informed Anza how agreeable the proposed service would be to the king, and he instructed Rivera, Fages's successor at Monterey, to coöperate with Anza. Such were the measures, Bucareli reported to the king, which seemed wisest until he could assemble the sea expedition to "investigate, aided or alone, the explorations announced by the Russians." New California, after all, had been called into existence as a bulwark against those threatening neighbors, and they must still be watched.

In Spain Anza's proposal met favor. Gálvez, the Father of Alta California, was behind it, and that fact alone would have been decisive. He was now in Madrid, where he put in a helping oar. He had favored the plan before he left Mexico and he favored it now. Monterey and San Francisco, he told Arriaga, "ought to be made secure at any cost." The very next day, March 8, 1774, Carlos gave his approval.

This royal approbation was doubtless most gratifying to both Bucareli and to Anza. But it

is interesting to note that when it was given Anza was well on his way to California. Spanish incompetence? No, human incompetence! Distance, horseback mails, storms at sea, mountains, deserts! Moreover, royal approval was not needed and Anza did not wait for it. The decision lay within the province of the viceroy.[1]

[1] Costansó to Bucareli, Mexico, September 5, 1772; Areche to Bucareli, Mexico, October 12, 1772; Bucareli, decree, Mexico, October 13, 1772; Council of War and Royal Exchequer, Mexico, October 17, 1772; Sastre to Bucareli, Horcasitas, October 19, 1772; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, October 27, 1772; Bucareli to Sastre, Mexico, January 13, 1773; Sastre to Bucareli, Horcasitas, January 21, 1773; Anza to Bucareli, San Bernardino, January 22, 1773; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, January 27, 1773; Cartagena to Bucareli, Querétaro, January 29, 1773; Anza to Bucareli, Tubac, March 7, 1773; Garcés to Bucareli, Tubac, March 8, 1773; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, April 26, 1773; Arriaga to Bucareli, Mexico, May 12, 1773; Areche to Bucareli, August 14, 1773; Bucareli, decree, Mexico, September 1, 1773; Council of War and Royal Exchequer, Mexico, September 9, 1773; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, September 26, 1773; Gálvez to Arriaga, Madrid, March 8, 1774; Arriaga to Bucareli, El Pardo, March 9, 1774.

VIII

GETTING READY

The man who carried Anza's instructions from Mexico City to Tubac was Juan Bautista Valdés—the Kit Carson of the Anza expedition, he might be called.[1] It will be remembered that Costansó recommended that two California soldiers be detailed to go with Anza. Instead of two, one was sent, this one being Valdés. He must have ridden faster than some of the mail carriers, for it was late in September when the dispatches were written, and yet by November 6 both Anza and Garcés had received their orders and made their plans.

When on that date they wrote to Bucareli, they intended to set forth on their adventure on December 15, "pledged to employ all their strength" to accomplish their laudable enterprise. The friar chosen to go as Garcés's companion was Fray Juan Díaz, missionary at Caborca, a man of literary attainments who could supply Garcés's lack in this respect—no one could surpass him in courage and frontiersman's gifts. Anza busied himself gathering horses, mules, and supplies. Uniforms were fur-

[1] He wrote his name Baldés, but Valdés is the more usual modern form.

bished, pack saddles repaired, and old muskets cleaned. Garcés was as busy as the rest. The plan was to assemble the expedition at his mission of San Xavier del Bac, and go by way of the Gila Pimas. He communicated with these people. In turn they sent a delegation to Bac to see their "Old Man," and arranged to meet the expedition at the Gila River.

But the Apaches had to be reckoned with. From a safe distance these vigilantes had watched Anza assembling mounts and cattle. Horse meat was to them a favorite food. What Anza sowed was theirs to reap. They probably chuckled at the feast he was spreading for their delectation. Just on the eve of the time set by Anza for starting, these crafty fellows swooped down one night on the *caballada*. When count was made Anza was short a hundred and thirty head, including many choice animals set aside especially for the California journey. This blow fell on December 2d, two weeks before the day set for starting.

Plans now had to be changed. The best chance to replace the lost animals was in the settlements of Altar Valley, to the southwest of Tubac. So Anza decided to face about and go by way of Caborca, and Garcés sent a message to his Pima friends telling them not to wait for him. It was a roundabout way which Anza had chosen, but it had certain advantages. If he tarried at Tubac to have new horses brought him, the Apaches

Photo by Bolton

Tubutama, with Sierra de Santa Teresa in the distance. Here Father Font wrote from his notes his Complete Diary of Anza's second expedition. Here, too, Fathers Díaz and Garcés were buried.

Photo by Bolton

The old mission church at Oquitoa.

Photo by Bolton

The pueblo of Oquitoa.

might steal all he had left, and the new relay as well. If he went by way of the Gila Pimas, the same crafty Apaches would be almost sure to lie in wait for him, for this way led right past their haunts. The coast route, on the other hand, was free from Apache depredations. Moreover, it should be explored because it promised to be the best road for permanent traffic between Sonora and California.

Anza's luck was not all bad. Shortly after the Apache raid Fortune sent him a guide, who had just come over the coast trail from Yuma to Altar. Sebastián Tarabal, this welcome wanderer, was a Lower California mission Indian, one of several sent to New California to help Christianize and civilize the heathen. For a time he assisted the friars at mission San Gabriel. Becoming weary of the routine there he decided to run away. With his wife and a relative he fled southeastward, ascended San Jacinto Valley, crossed the mountains, descended Coyote Canyon, threaded Borrego Valley, and continued straight across the desert for the Yumas.

A tenderfoot white man might try such a thing, but an Indian should have known better. Reaching the great sand dunes, Sebastián and his companions got lost. Such were the hardships and the suffering from lack of water that the wife and the relative died. Sebastián, hardier or more fortunate, managed to reach the Yuma

settlements. Recuperated, he set forth once more, guided to Sonora by the Yuma cofot or head chief, Olleyquotequiebe ("Wheezer"—he probably had asthma), known to the Spaniards as Palma. Sebastián dubbed him Salvador, for to him he had been, indeed, a saviour. Salvador Palma was now the cofot's usual cognomen. Perhaps Palma, knowing that Sebastián was a fugitive, took him to Sonora hoping for a reward. Perhaps, knowing of Anza's plans, he foresaw the refugee's usefulness. Be this as it may, at Altar Sebastián met Anza. As a runaway he probably expected a beating. Instead, he was welcomed by the captain and mustered into his service. For more than two years now this wanderer—El Peregrino he was called—played a conspicuous part in pathfinding. At the outset, at least, Anza considered him a godsend.

Preparations at last came to a head. On January 6, three weeks behind schedule, Garcés rode the thirty miles from his mission to Tubac, where everything was astir with the bustle of preparations for the great adventure. Next day was spent there in giving the final touches. A year and a half had passed since Anza wrote his fateful letter to the viceroy, and four months since the project was approved in Mexico.

When all was ready it was an interesting caravan that Anza assembled at the little settlement of Tubac. There were Anza, Garcés, and

Díaz; Valdés the California guide and courier; twenty volunteer soldiers from the Tubac presidio, including Corporal Sánchez; Sebastián Tarabal, the runaway mission Indian; an interpreter of the Pima tongue, who remains nameless throughout the expedition, taken because it was thought that the interior languages were Piman; a carpenter, five muleteers, and two of Anza's personal servants. The pack train consisted of thirty-five mule loads of provisions, ammunition, and other baggage. Heeding Garcés's advice, a liberal supply of tobacco for the Indians was included. Sixty-five cattle were driven on foot for food along the route. Anza planned to take a hundred and forty saddle animals, obtaining part of them on the way, but the quota was never completed. One of the soldiers with a taste for music carried his violin to banish loneliness while in camp.[1]

[1] Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, February 24, 1774. No. 1279. The diaries of this expedition are printed in *Anza's California Expeditions,* Vol. II. See the diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, opening paragraphs.

IX

IN KINO'S FOOTSTEPS

January 8, 1774, was a red-letter day for Anza and Garcés. Their dream was now about to be realized. In the morning Mass was sung with all the ceremony the rude outpost would permit, to invoke divine aid in the expedition, and the Blessed Trinity and Holy Mary were chosen as its patrons. At one in the afternoon the bugle blew, farewell tears were shed, handkerchiefs were waved by women and children, and the historic journey began.

The first day's march was a short one, a league to the north, made necessary to get around the end of Tumacácori Range, which looms high just west of Tubac. Camp was made near El Vado, the ford where the stream was crossed on the way to San Xavier del Bac. Close by, to the eastward, rose lofty Santa Rita Mountains. In cheerful augury, we may imagine, the setting sun painted their lower slopes with brilliant orange hue, making artistic contrast with their snow-covered heights.

Swinging southwestward now, Anza continued in that general direction for a hundred and

twenty-five miles, till he reached Caborca. To this point his path was a well traveled camino real, in some parts better known than now. All the way his march was over historic ground. Arivaca, where he camped on the 9th, was alive with vivid memories. Once the well watered valley had been the scene of flourishing stock ranches, but pastoral life had been cut short by a Pima war; blood ran in the arroyos, ranchers were slain, stock slaughtered, and the valley abandoned. With poetic justice Vengeance chose the scene of its triumph, for here, a few months later, on the identical spot, two thousand Pima braves were cut to pieces by Spanish soldiers—so the story goes.

Anza now climbed the rough slopes of Sierra de Pajaritos. This low range now separates the United States from Mexico, but then it all was included in Sonora. For two days snow and rain fell—for it was January—and the men shivered around the campfires at Agua Escondida. But Anza was warmed by glowing memory, for just off his trail to the east was Arizonac, site of the celebrated Bolas de Plata mine, where his father had won great fame, and, incidentally, the place which later gave its name to the American state now just across the line.

From his camp Anza looked down upon Altar Valley, a region with a history still older than that of Arivaca; a valley reminiscent of the

seventeenth century deeds of Father Kino and his companion Jesuits, and liberally dotted with missions already old when Anza passed. Three-quarters of a century they had labored among the Upper Pimas; half a score of missions built by them had grown into permanent little settlements. Then suddenly an order came from across the Atlantic saying the Jesuits must go. Neophytes wept and missionaries sighed, but to no avail. The order was final. As they hurried away the fathers regretfully looked back and with resignation obeyed the king. To take their places came Franciscans from Querétaro, who now for six years had been in charge of missions all up and down the valley. Two of this famous band, Fathers Garcés and Díaz, were now with Anza.

The weather cleared, the glorious winter sun of Sonora shone forth, and Anza broke camp at Agua Escondida. As he descended the southern slopes of the sierra a charming panorama met his gaze. To the southeast rose the low ranges over which Father Kino had climbed on his many missionary jaunts into Altar Valley. Beyond them hid the ruins of Kino's own mission of Dolores. Less distant was Magdalena, where, beneath the church altar, his bones had been resting already more than six decades. In the near foreground loomed hat-shaped Sombreretillo Mountain. Shadowy ranges were outlined

in the farther distance. In front lay the rolling plateau, cactus and mesquite covered, through which the Altar River made its way, sometimes above ground, sometimes below, to the sands of the California Sea.

As they rode down the valley through the old mission towns, the two friars embraced their Franciscan brethren, some of whom had been old schoolmates in Spain or fellow collegians at Querétaro. Anza knew the valley to its smallest arroyo, for he had recently helped to quell an uprising there whose wounds were still fresh. For each little town the passing of the cavalcade furnished a diversion. Inhabitants thronged the street to stare at the procession. Children shouted, mongrel dogs barked, and burros brayed. The populace gave noisy *vivas,* acquaintances exchanged smiles and verbal greetings. It was a special event for those places where the explorers camped for the night.

They passed Búsanic, where then as now the ruins of one of Kino's missions looked down from its exalted station on the rich meadows in the river bottom. Saric, just beyond, was a Pima mission town of forty families. Below Saric the hills receded and the giant saguaro cactus, with uplifted arms, waved a friendly salute as the cavalcade passed. Four leagues beyond, Anza stopped to pasture his cattle at La Cuesta, the transverse ridge which lay across

his path. Reaching the very crest, they looked down upon Tubutama, oldest mission in the valley. From the same crest today Tubutama still presents a fairy scene. White church towers rise above the compact adobe town. In the vega below, fertile irrigated fields are fringed with heavy fruited orange trees and feathery palms. In the background rises low, smoke-hued Santa Teresa Mountain, against which the mission is outlined.

Tubutama is a California shrine. There Font wrote from his notes the greatest of all California diaries. There, surrounded by the halo of martyrdom, rest the bones of the two friars who that day rode past the mission with Anza. To sensitive souls presentiment often foretells momentous events. We wonder if Garcés and Díaz had any sort of glimpse into the future. Did they foresee the grim tragedy toward which they were being carried by the relentless current of history?[1]

Below Tubutama, and on the other side of the river, was Santa Teresa; between them towered Santa Teresa Mountain. One from the northeast, the other from the southwest, these two

[1] Five years later two missions were founded in California near Yuma. Garcés was their chief sponsor and he and Díaz were two of their four ill-fated missionaries. The Yumas rose in revolt, slew four friars and numerous other Spaniards, and carried women and children into captivity. The remains of the missionaries were piously gathered up and carried in boxes to Tubutama for burial. There they still lie.

missions drew substance from the same stream and solace from the same peak. When Anza passed by, Santa Teresa had twenty-five families. Today, like Búsanic, it is deserted, its crumbling ruins beside the road serving but as a reminder of another day. Atil was five miles below. Then a pueblo of thirty Pima families, now it is a thriving town of Spaniards and mixed castes. Anza commented on its "most beautiful and abundant lands for irrigation," which struck the eye of the traveler then as now.

As the cavalcade advanced the signs of prosperity increased. Oquitoa was more thriving than any of the towns upstream, partly due to its wealth of bottom lands, partly to its freedom from Apache raids. Saric and Tubutama lay first in the path of these relentless marauders, and bore the brunt of their devastating forays. Santa Teresa was less exposed, and Oquitoa was seldom disturbed. When Anza passed, the place had thirty families of Pimas and twelve of Spaniards. Now it has a population of about a thousand and looks sedately prosperous. The old church, strange in its architecture and lonely on the bare hill above the town, lacks the sad smile with which the ancient temple at Tubutama looks out from its romantic past.

Two leagues beyond Oquitoa Anza halted at Altar. Not a mission, but a presidio, it was the northwesternmost military outpost toward the

Gulf. Fifty men constituted the garrison. Its captain was no other than hard-fighting Bernardo de Urrea, hero of the great victory at Arivaca two decades before. In spite of sterile lands, Altar has outgrown all its neighbors upstream, and now has the air of a little city. Its plaza, grown with golden fruited orange trees, conveys an impression of prosperity.

From Altar Anza pushed on to Pitic. Near the town he climbed the cone-like ridge that hid the pueblo from view, descended its western slope, and camped at the spring which centuries before had determined the location of its Indian village. Pitic then, it is Pitiquito now, diminutive and affectionate, just as Saric has become Sáriqui. From Anza the place elicited only a passing remark in his diary, but it deserves more notice now. Facing westward, the substantial mission church looks down on the old village site where the Pimas drank from the crystal brook that flowed past their cabin doors. Farther west palm shaded haciendas rise amid fertile fields. On the modern town the old church has turned its back, as if in disdain, and content to live in the past. Heedless of old temples as of old folk, the new town hums with vibrant life. Electric lights give cheer to the narrow streets. Phonographs grind out jazz for restless feet. Dusky damsels with bobbed hair and short skirts lend an air of mirth and a touch of life and beauty to

the plaza. On the hillside a huge electric power grist mill takes toll from the fertile fields that are watered by the still faithful river. Of all the towns in the valley, Pitiquito justly lays claim to being the most "up to date." Nor because of this can we justly say that the place has lost its charm.

Caborca, two leagues beyond Pitic, was Anza's last station in the valley of the Altar. The old trail from Pitiquito ran north of the river; the modern road runs past well cultivated farms, crosses the stream and rises over a low gap in the Gamuza range. From the pass one gets his first view of Caborca Viejo—the old town. In the January sun the pueblo looms white in the distance, with church towers ascendant. On nearer approach the valley widens, the adobe houses become distinct, and the old mission church across the river takes shape. Another mile and you may see where the historic temple has split in two, the rear portion having fallen into the intermittent stream.

To Father Díaz this was a home coming, for Caborca was his own mission. Here for six years he had toiled until released to accompany Anza. Here he had been successful with his charge in both spiritual and temporal cares. Here he had demonstrated those qualities which had resulted in his choice as diarist for the California expedition—clarity of thought, literary

simplicity, religious zeal, and good sense. Anza, too, felt at home at Caborca, for here were settled some of the very Pimas whom he had subdued in the recent war.

Here at Caborca Anza met his first set-back since leaving Tubac. He had planned to recruit his caballada at Altar and Caborca. At Altar, aided by Captain Urrea, he exchanged some of his worn-out animals for fresh ones, and from there his head muleteer went south to the mining town of Cieneguilla to get shoe iron for the pack mules. Now, at Caborca, Anza endeavored to complete his quota of saddle animals. But sore was his disappointment. The place was the last Spanish settlement between Sonora and New California. Six hundred miles of desert and mountain filled the gap. Here if anywhere he must complete his train or go improperly equipped. The settlers had the governor's strict orders to assist, and loyally they showed their entire good will. But the *pobrecitos* lacked suitable stock. Incessant Apache raids and barren pastures put horseflesh at a premium on all this desert frontier. Texas prairies teemed with long-tailed mustangs, and in California, at a later date, horses multiplied so fast that it was necessary to decimate the wild *manadas* by periodical slaughter. But on the Sonora and New Mexico borders drought and the Apaches spared the Spaniards' bullets.

Two droves of mules were brought before the captain, and the sight made his strong heart sink. "I had dreamed of getting here some superior animals," he writes, "but what I saw was a few veritable skeletons, unfit for even light work." "Stacks of bones," he also calls them. Other mules were shown him, but with no better results. From them all he selected only two, and these were unfit for a hard day's work. Three more were obtained from the missions in the vicinity, but he was still short of mounts. He was in a serious predicament. "This was to me a matter of great sorrow, because of the lack which I might experience on a long journey, yet I yielded to the situation, since there was no other recourse and no means of remedy," writes Anza. He could wait no longer, for the best season for crossing the deserts ahead was rapidly passing.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for January 8–21; Anza to Bucareli, Altar, January 18, 1774; Herbert E. Bolton, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta* (2 vols., Cleveland, 1919).

X

THROUGH PAPAGO LAND

Caborca was the jumping-off place into the Indian country. The next leg of the journey was to Sonóita, through Pápago Land—the Papaguería—a stretch of a hundred and twenty-five miles. The way was through a mighty desert, niggardly or generous according to the season, desolate or beautiful according to the traveler's experience, his aesthetic sense, his mood, or the condition of his canteen. It was a vast plain, grown with pitahaya, saguaro, palo verde, choya, hediondilla, and other desert plants, and traversed by low barren ranges running parallel to Anza's march.

This arid region was the home of the Pápagos, a branch of the Pimas. They occupied the stretch of country from Caborca northward to the Gila River and from Sonóita eastward to the Santa Cruz. Once numerous, they had recently been much reduced by war and pestilence, and now they numbered only two or three thousand souls. A mission had been founded for them at Sonóita, but it was of short duration. Many of them, however, had entered the Pima missions

bordering their country on the east and the south, in the valleys of the Santa Cruz and the Altar. Friendly to the Spaniards, with the Pimas they formed a bulwark against the invading Apaches, for where the Apache figured, Pápago, Pima, and Spaniard made common cause. Scalps and horses were safer this way.

The Pápago tribe lived a migratory life. During the season of rains they camped at fertile spots and raised scanty crops of maize, calabashes, and watermelons, or by the mountain tanks, where they lay in wait for big-horned wild sheep. Predecessors they were, in fact, of Roosevelt the Mighty Hunter in these same hunting grounds. At other seasons they lived on the pitahaya, saguaro, and other desert fruits, supplemented by small game. In winter some of them went to the missions to become laborers or hangers on. Or, skilled jugglers and dancers, they traveled among the Yumas and Pimas, gaining a livelihood as showmen.

The way through the Papaguería was by no means unknown. Across it the Pápagos had an oft-traveled trail. It was the Indian path from the Yumas to the Spanish settlements in the Altar Valley. Long ago Kino and Mange had ridden it more than once. Less than three years before, Garcés had traveled it on his return from his intrepid peregrination beyond the Colorado. Anza himself and some of his men had been

through the country as far as Sonóita in the course of Indian campaigns. And just a few days previously Sebastián, the runaway guide, had traveled the trail all the way from Yuma to Altar, escorted by Salvador Palma, the Yuma head chief. Indeed, Palma's return tracks were scarcely cold.

So Anza's problem as far as the Yumas was not one of pathfinding, but of leadership; of taking a caravan through a scarcely watered and sparsely pastured region. His task was complicated by having on his hands a drove of cattle and a heavily laden pack train, for, all told, he had nearly two hundred animals to drive, water, and feed. And he had the added duty of observing and recording conditions on the way with a view to the future development of the route. Just now the water problem was much simpler than in summer, for he had chosen the best season for travel. It had recently rained, leaving pools in the bajios or flats, seepage in the sands of the dry arroyos, making possible pozos or wells, and full tinajas or tanks in the mountains. Water, food, footing, and distance were the chief objects of the commander's care—how far to the next water, the chance for pasturage on the way, whether the road was smooth ground, soft sand, or hoof breaking malpais. Traveling light, horsemen could make Sonóita from Caborca in three days, with good watering places for each

Photo by Bolton

The old mission church at Pitiquito.

Photo by Bolton

The old mission church at Caborca.

Cerro del Cozón with saguaros in the foreground.

Photo by Bolton

camp—at Arivaipa and Quitobac. But with Anza's heavy pack train seven days and three dry camps were necessary. It took a frontiersman of experience to manage such a journey.

Once more all was ready. Packs were adjusted and saddles cinched. At noon on January 22, just a fortnight after leaving Tubac, Anza set forth northwest, leaving Caborca at his back and hiding it from view with the dust kicked up by his caravan. As he traveled an ever changing panorama passed by. On his right, at a distance, ran Sierra de Buccomari (Chupurate now), and on his left, close by, a small range "making plain the way." As far as Tajitos his route lay a little to the east of the present trail; thereafter it closely approximated it most of the way to Sonóita. With the diaries in hand, the route is easily followed, even today, for the country has changed but little, the diarists were keen observers, and any essential omitted by Anza was supplied by one or the other of the two friars. To retrace the trail and live over the journey with Anza's brave men is a lesson in desert travel as well as in history.

The first camp, called San Ildefonso, was made at a flat with pasturage but no water. Next day, at Tajitos, they crossed Arroyo El Coyote near the forks. Here in a little canyon Anza noted a good site for a dam. The place is easily recognized by the description which he

gave. Indeed, the very name Tajitos means gorge or canyon. Here, today, is the first settlement after leaving Caborca, thirty-four miles back. It consists of a ranch or two and a little gold mine worked by an old fashioned arrastre, or sweep mill.

After a hard march of eight or nine leagues next day Arivaipa was reached. The poor animals had traveled two days and forty-five miles without a drink, but now the pack mules brayed for joy, for here water was found by digging pozos in the deep sands of Arroyo El Coyote. These pozos are permanent, hence the name Arivaipa, which means "little wells." Water the pozos afforded, but pasturage was sparse and bad, and horses and cattle went hungry that night. Arivaipa was on the edge of the Papaguería. Here, three-quarters of a century earlier, Kino was greeted by "more than twelve hundred persons who had assembled from the neighborhood." What a change in the interim! On the same spot Anza found only two Pápago families.[1] Most of the inhabitants were wandering in the deserts seeking food.

As the explorers continued northwest next day, over the dry saguaro plains, the mountains

[1] In the neighborhood now there is a ranch or two. When we crossed the arroyo, evidently at the same place, though it was bone dry on top it was so wet underneath that both the Studebaker Six and the Dodge truck bogged down, and we were pulled out by a rancher who opportunely happened along with his team.

on the right receded and the lower ones on the left drew near. If mountains could speak, those along Anza's road would have told him a tale of long ago. Over the same trail Kino and Salvatierra had traveled joyously together, carrying as their guiding star the image of Our Lady of Loreto. Like Anza, they, too, were seeking a land route to California. Like him they loved the desert scene, "made beautiful by roses and flowers of different hues." In their exuberance these apostles burst forth into song, echoed in barbaric tongue by their Indian following.

"Almost all day we were saying and chanting various prayers and praises of Our Lady in different languages—in Castilian, in Latin, in Italian, and also in the California tongue. . . . Thy justifications were the subject of my song in the place of my pilgrimage," Kino wrote when he recounted the exhilarating journey. Never since, perhaps, has that Pápago trail donned such an air of learning.

Anza's march on the 24th was short, halt being made to take advantage of a pool called San Juan de Matha. At another season this would have been a dry camp. The site was near the present Temporales, where an earthen dam now gathers rainwater for the ranch of San Luís. The next march was a *tardeada*—a short afternoon journey—and camp was made without water and with little pasturage. Again men and

beasts suffered. But this hardship was forgotten next day when they reached Quitobac, a tiny oasis in the vast desert, then and now. Here several fine springs provided the first running water after leaving Caborca, ninety miles back. These springs, long ago, had fixed the site of a Pápago village. Here beneath the shadows of a cone-shaped mountain, the terminal peak of the Cubabi range, still slumbers the age-old town, now a mixture of Pápagos and Mexicans.

Sonóita was the next oasis, and it was two days distant. Proceeding northeastwardly, skirting the eastern base of rocky Sierra de Cubabi, then turning sharply westward at the point of the range, Anza camped near a small tank in the rocks which furnished water for the men but none for the poor animals. For them it was another dry camp. Four leagues next day, however, took the travelers to Sonóita, where there was good water and feed.

By virtue of the little river there, Sonóita was the best site for a settlement in all the Papaguería, Anza thought. Like most settled spots in Pimería Alta, it had felt the magic touch of Kino's hand. At the crossroads of travel, it was the hub of a huge wheel of exploration made on the map by this hard riding Jesuit. A dozen times the great missionary had entered Sonóita from the south, north, east, or west. Whenever he came he made triumphal entry, welcomed by his Pápago friends with paths cleared, crosses

and arches erected along the road, and an escort of native officials. To him Sonóita was not merely a good site for a mission; it was especially a base for advance to California, the prime jewel of Kino's missionary dream. So he brought stock and established a ranch in its fertile pastures. He built a little church, baptized infants and dying adults, preached the doctrine of love, and taught the catechism. Then he came no more.

Sonóita, like Caborca, had seen its tragedy. After Kino's death it was seldom revisited by Spaniards for nearly half a century. Then, in 1751, the mission was reëstablished. But it was ill fated from the start. Hardly had it been founded when the great Pima uprising occurred and the new mission was swept away in its current. With cruel and prolonged torture the natives killed Father Rhuen and a Spaniard who was with him. Thereafter the mission was not reoccupied. Anza and his party saw by the roadside only its desolate ruins, which can still be faintly discerned today.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for January 22–28; Bolton, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta;* Juan Matheo Mange, who accompanied Kino on many of his long jaunts, records them in his *Luz de Tierra Incógnita,* written at the time, but first published in Mexico in 1926. The work of the Jesuits in Pimería Alta is briefly related in José de Ortega, *Apostólicos Afanes de la Compañía de Jesús* (Barcelona, 1754). Carl Lumholtz, in his *New Trails in Mexico* (New York, 1912), gives interesting data regarding the Papaguería in recent times. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico* (San Francisco, 1889) gives the best general sketch of the history of Pimería Alta.

XI

THE CAMINO DEL DIABLO

Here at Sonóita Anza picked up a new guide, one recommended by Father Garcés. When he set forth again, on January 29, Anza started on the last third of his march to Yuma. He was still on Kino's trail. Garcés too had traversed it during his lone journey three years before. The desert here was even more grim than farther back. Eight leagues—a long day's march—took the caravan to El Carrizal, on Sonóita River some twenty-three miles to the west. Agua Salada the place is called today. The route is still essentially the same.

Now began the hardest part of the journey to the Colorado. El Carrizal was the last place with running water before reaching Yuma, over a hundred miles away. Later, with unsavory repute, this stretch became known as the Camino del Diablo, or Devil's Highway. Kino and Mange had ridden it safely several times. But in after years, during the gold rush to California, scores of gold-mad men found their graves in its thirsty sands. Their last resting places are now indicated, if at all, by rude piles of stones near the dimly marked roadway.

For Anza the nearest water was forty miles ahead, and it was far from plentiful, far too scant, indeed, to slake so many thirsty throats all at one time. So he decided to divide his train, hurry forward with light equipment, and leave the recua and extra stock to follow more slowly behind. The whole train was not reunited for four entire days.

Unhampered by cattle and pack mules, Anza now traveled faster. Turning nearly north through hills, the Cerros de la Salada, he entered a wide valley. On the right ran Sierra de Agua Dulce; far away on the left loomed Sierra del Pinacate, with its symmetrical domes, its soft smoky haze, and its base fringed with yellow sand dunes. Ten miles out from El Carrizal Anza crossed the modern Arizona boundary line, and here swung westward. Thorny ocotilla and golden flowered hediondilla now fringed the trail. The flats ahead were deeply carved and made rough by countless dry arroyos. Suddenly Sierra Pinta, dark in the foreground and white in the distance, hence the name, loomed up a fairy picture in the afternoon sunlight. Just at nightfall the cavalcade threaded a *puerto blanco,* or "white pass." It was an opening through O'Neill Hills into Tule Desert. From the eastern approach the wings of the gap do indeed look white. Anza halted at the beginning of the vast valley, six leagues from El Carrizal. It is exactly eighteen

miles by speedometer. Camp was made without water or grass.[1]

Water now was a question of tanks or tinajas. Hitherto Anza had depended on streams, rain pools, springs, or wells. From here to Yuma the supply was chiefly in potholes or tanks in the mountain rocks. The nearest tank was Aguaje Empinado, six leagues ahead, in the Sierra Pinta. Kino had often used this tinaja. Garcés had come that way and knew the trail. So doubtless did Sebastián and the Sonóita guide. Anza therefore swung to the right and skirted the Sierra Pinta.[2] The ground was level, but sandy and difficult.[3] By now the horses lacked spirit, but thirst urged them on.

With the diaries in hand the route can be identified beyond question, and with a thrill the explorer picks out the landmarks. Anza kept "on the right a sierra which in part is black and afterwards white." This exactly describes Sierra Pinta as it loomed before us that January day in 1928. Most of the way to the tank the range is of dark colored rock; then, some four or five miles before the tinaja is reached the dark rock suddenly ends, forming a clearly marked line,

[1] The gap is near the present international line. Camp was near Monument No. 179, and directly north of the modern Represo (dam).

[2] The later Camino del Diablo, the route of the '49ers, kept straight ahead to Tule Well and Tule Tank.

[3] We found it impossible to run an automobile over part of the stretch.

where the range changes to light colored rock. Hence the name Pinta. The same word is used for a spotted horse—paint horse—pinto. The tank is in a canyon, high up in the mountainside, and is therefore called Aguaje Empinado. "I climbed up to it more on my hands than on my feet," says Anza. Garcés had the same experience three years earlier. And he was not the first white man who had scrambled up the rugged canyon. To enable his mules to drink, Kino had moved rocks from the steep trail seventy-five years before, for this tank, called by Anza Agua Empinado, was no other than Kino's Moonlight Water—Aguaje de la Luna. It is now known as Heart Tank, or Tinaja del Corazón, because at certain levels the surface of the water forms a heart-shaped plane. Hands and feet are still the best means of reaching this high-perched reservoir.

Anza's hard climb on his hands and knees was partly in vain. He found water, but it was small in amount and too inaccessible for ready use. So he decided to leave this tank untouched, saving it for the slow moving cattle and weary pack mules plodding behind. In this he did not consult his own thirsty horses. To assist the recua he left eight men at the tank with tools to fix the trail to the precious water.

These arrangements made, Anza hastened toward the next watering place, though he knew

it could not be reached that night. Here again Garcés the wanderer knew the way, and still they were on Kino's trail. Leaving Sierra Pinta, Anza struck out across the valley a little north of west, and at sunset, having traveled three leagues, camped in a dry arroyo among the hills of Tule Range, without water and with little pasturage. His camp was just northeast of Tule Well.[1]

It had been a grilling march. Two days the animals had been without water, and there was none here. But the life-giving fluid was close at hand. Starting early in the morning and traveling northwest three leagues, the next tank was reached. The horses, sniffing the water ahead, doubtless pulled on the bits, weary as they were. "Victoria!" How the first man to reach the terraced aguaje must have cheered! For in a desert land the Tinajas de la Purificación are an inspiring sight.

Anza's description is classic. "This supply is of rainwater, collected in six tanks of very hard rock. To the first tank the animals can go and drink at its foot, for by forcing out or emptying by its natural channel the water in the last one, the first one is filled with the overflow of the others, and in this way it is possible to water a thousand animals which might come in a short time, as we did with ours." The arrival here

[1] It was here that Anza heard the hollow, cavern-like sound which he mentions in his diary, and not twenty-five miles further west, as Eldredge thought.

was on February 1, and it was in honor of the feast of the next day that Anza called these tanks the Tinajas de la Purificación.

The tinajas are indeed a remarkable phenomenon. Being in the Cabeza Prieta Range, they are now called Cabeza Prieta Tanks. The high black peak from which they get their name towers just west of them. The six main tanks are on six different levels, like the steps of stairs, close together, and easily accessible to each other, the overflow of all being drained by a common channel worn through the ages in the solid rock. The tinajas are symmetrical and are generally kettle-shaped. The largest is some fourteen feet in diameter on top and five or six feet deep. The International Boundary Commission estimated that "these tanks when full contain about 5,000 gallons of water, all of which is seldom exhausted, by evaporation alone, before another rain fills them."

To the natives these tinajas were an important source of meat as well as of drink. At all the mountain tanks, Anza noted, a few Pápagos camped during the dry season to hunt big horns (borregos cimarrones) which lived then as now on the highest peaks. "They are wild sheep," says Anza, "which in their skin and shape are the same as deer. They differ only in their horns, which they wear backward, and which are thicker than the largest horns of an

ox." While here the captain recorded an interesting Pápago folk belief. "These horns the Indians are careful not to waste. Indeed, whenever they kill a sheep they carry the horns to the neighborhood of the water holes, where they go piling them up to prevent the Air from leaving the place. Those who, like ourselves, do not practice or do not know of this superstition, they warn not to take one from its place, because that element would come out to molest everybody and cause them to experience greater troubles."

Here at La Purificación Anza awaited the pack train. Learning from a messenger that it had reached Aguaje Empinado greatly fatigued, he sent a relay to relieve it. At noon on the 3d the weary mules and cattle dragged their heavy feet into camp, completely out of commission, so Anza gave them a much needed half day's rest. Men and animals alike had earned it, and these cool tanks were a welcome place in which to recuperate.

But Anza did not dally long. With spirits revived by the refreshing draughts, next morning the reunited train took a new start. Wending their way westward through an easy gap in the Cabeza Prieta Mountains, they emerged upon another wide plain[1] and camped for the night at an arroyo where some pozos were dug in the sand. Here they had good and plentiful water,

[1] Lechuguilla Desert.

but the pasturage was poor. These wells, called Pozos de en Medio (Half-way Wells), were in the plain at or near Coyote Water, four or five miles northeast of Tinajas Altas, another place made famous by Kino.

Next day, continuing northwest, Anza went through Las Tinajas Pass in the Gila Range, without stopping at the historic Tinajas Altas tanks so close at hand. Before entering the gap, far to the north they could see the enticing cottonwoods that marked the Gila River. Now for the first time since leaving Saric Anza left Kino's trail. Kino had always traveled east of Gila Range, Anza was now west of it. Skirting the range, and traveling eight leagues for the day, Anza found water and camped at Pozo Blando—Sweetwater Well. It was in Arroyo San Albino, behind a spur of the mountain that projects four or five miles south into the plain. Garcés had been there before. In his previous diary he mentioned the wells, thinking them Kino's Agua Escondida,[1] but in this he was in error.[2]

[1] Kino's Agua Escondida was Tinajas Altas, which Anza had already left behind him.

[2] See the diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for January 29, to February 5. Kirk Bryan, *Routes to Desert Watering Places in the Papago Country, Arizona* (Washington, 1922); Bolton, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta;* Godfrey Sykes, "The Camino del Diablo: With Notes on a Journey in 1925" (*The Geographical Review,* Vol. XVII, No. 1, January, 1927). Eldredge's identifications of places on Anza's route after leaving El Carrizal to Yuma are in many cases inaccurate. Clearly he never went over the trail.

XII

THE MEETING WITH CHIEF PALMA

In deep gorged Arroyo San Albino, under the shadow of parti-colored Gila Range, Anza experienced the first thrill of his expedition. Nearly four hundred miles had been successfully covered. The Pima villages of the Altar Valley had presented no novelty. The Pápagos were gentle and harmless. The arid Papaguería had been crossed. Long marches without water were matters of course to Anza's band of hardy desert men. But Yuma Land was now in sight, and his reception by the tall river people was uncertain, in spite of Palma's recent friendly visit to Altar. The news which Anza now heard was therefore an event.

Here at Agua Escondida the captain met a Sonóita Indian named Luís, who had just been at the Yuma junction—La Junta de los Rios. Luís was a friend of the Españoles. Hearing of Anza's coming he had hurried out to warn him to approach the Yumas with caution. Part of the tribe, he said, those living farthest from the junction, were planning to waylay Anza, kill

him and all his party, steal the horses, and plunder the pack train. Among the conspirators was a deep voiced and eloquent chief, also known as a wizard, whose villages were below the junction. Capitán Pablo he came to be called, otherwise Capitán Feo—that is to say, Chief Ugly Face. Captain Palma was friendly, and so were two other powerful chiefs, and together they were urging their subjects to maintain peace, reminding them of the benefits of Spanish friendship and of the sure vengeance of Spanish arms if they committed any outrage.

Luís's report gave Anza no great anxiety, but it put him on his guard. The Yumas controlled any highway that might be opened through their country from Sonora to Monterey. Trouble with the powerful tribe would be disastrous to his plans. So he set about to avert it. As the best means to this end he decided to send for Palma, whom he had met in Altar a few weeks before. Manifestly, if the report brought by Luís was well-founded, it would be easier to deal with Palma alone in the Spanish camp than in his own stronghold, surrounded by all his braves. Anza consulted fathers Garcés and Díaz and they approved his plan. So, putting Luís the Pápago on a good horse, and promising him a generous reward, he sent him back to the Yumas to bring the great Palma to meet him on the trail.

Luís rode forth early in the morning; in the afternoon Anza and his party followed at cattle pace behind. Next day, when they were some two or more leagues from the Gila River, Luís hove in sight. Palma was not with him, but instead a Yuma headman, followed by eight braves. Possibly Palma, too, was cautious, and preferred to choose the place of meeting. The headman had "no other arms, clothing, or baggage than a firebrand in his hands."[1] The others, as naked as he, were mounted on good mares and carried bows and arrows. Queyé! They came in friendly mood.

The headman made a speech, which was repeated by an interpreter. Palma had not come out to welcome them because he was absent from his village. But the great cofot and all his people had good hearts, and wanted to know the Spaniards. The rumors of hostility had now been dispelled, and the visitors must come at once with full confidence in a friendly welcome.

This was cheering news. Anza moved his train forward, accompanied now by a mob of more than two hundred naked Yuma men, overjoyed to see the Spaniards, whose coming they celebrated with laughing, cheering, and throwing handfuls of dirt into the air. Halting at the river side, the Spaniards were soon surrounded

[1] From this custom of warming their bodies with firebrands, the Colorado River more than two centuries before had been called the Rio del Tizón (River of the Firebrand).

Photo by Bolton

Quitobac.

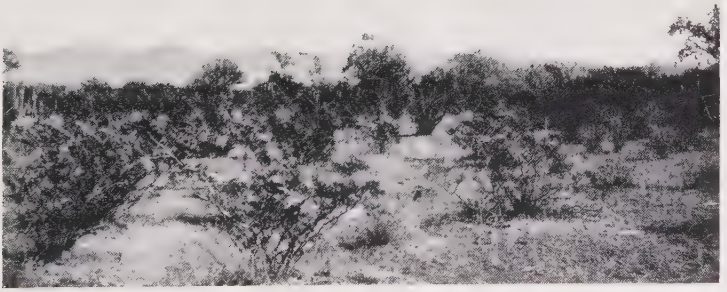


Photo by Bolton

The desert near Tajitos, looking east.

Photo by Bolton

Tinajas de la Purificación, upper tanks.

Photo by Bolton

Tinajas de la Purificación, bottom tank, where Anza watered his thirsty stock. Antonio López in the foreground.

by a still larger mob of both sexes and all ages, "who the longer they looked at our persons, our clothes, and other things used by us, the more they marvelled," says Anza.

At five in the afternoon there was a hush in the babbling at the Spaniards' camp. In full dignity Palma himself appeared. With signs of affection Anza had him sit down and gave him refreshments. Then the chief arose and made a speech.

He was sorry to have been absent when Anza arrived. 'Twas true, there had been some opposition to the Spaniards, as Luís had said, but it had come to naught. In fact, the malcontents were not his people, but up river folk. As soon as he had heard rumors of the trouble he had expelled the disturbers from his jurisdiction, and they had accomplished nothing. In short, there was nothing to it. Quite the contrary, he and all his people were delighted to see the Spaniards. True to his promise made at Altar, he had assembled his subjects to see and welcome them, warning them not to steal from their guests or otherwise molest them. His people were like children, and Anza must let them look at him, and touch his belongings, without taking offence, for most of the Yumas had never seen Spaniards, and everything they had and used was a curiosity. While he was speaking Palma noticed that the soldiers were vigilant, with swords in

belts, and ready to mount, and he begged Anza to let them break ranks and be at ease, because there was no danger. This Anza could see for himself.

Palma's harangue must have been impressive, for it moved Father Díaz to remark, "This Indian manifested such capacity and loyalty that he caused us no little admiration to see such talent in the midst of such barbarism."

Anza now arose and returned Palma's eloquence in kind. He eulogized the dark chieftain for his friendship and fidelity. He must tell his people to come and see him freely, for they would be humored in everything, like children and friends, for such they were. As to the vigilance of his soldiers, this was just a matter of military discipline, required of Spanish soldiers whether there was danger or not.

Palma's importance to Anza's plans was patent. His friendship was indispensable. He was the keystone in the arch of Indian support. Yuma was the gateway from Sonora to California. So the captain decided to confer upon the chief some signal honor, commensurate with his station, and to distinguish him from the rank and file of naked warriors. To make it impressive, the bestowal of the gift must be effected with ceremony. Everybody loves a show. So, assembling the tribe around his tent, Anza with serious mien asked the braves if they recognized

Palma as their ruler. "Yes," they all replied. Anza now told them that in the name of his king, lord of everybody, he was confirming Palma in his office, in order that he might rule legally, and be recognized by the Spaniards. Then, bringing forth a medal bearing a likeness of King Carlos III, and attached to a red ribbon, ostentatiously he hung it round Palma's neck, saying that he must wear it as a sign of obedience to the Spanish monarch.

Deeply moved, Palma promised to obey, and Anza again embraced him. "With both the medal and the embrace he was pleased," said Anza, "and the hundreds of his people marvelled at the gift, and at my demonstration of affection, manifesting theirs with unbounded joy." Proud Palma "had not eyes enough" to look at his medal, and he could only mumble out "Master!"

The iron was now hot and Anza struck. It was not enough for the Yumas to be good subjects; they must also become good Christians. Having told about the king, Anza now preached a sermon. For his models he had Columbus, Cortés, Coronado and Oñate. There was but one God, said Anza. He created all people, the heavens, the earth, the sun, the stars. All Spaniards, more numerous than Palma could imagine, were subjects of both God and king. God gave the king these lands and many more, in extent unknown, and full of Spaniards, all subject to

the king's authority. All Spaniards revered and obeyed the king's orders. It was because the king loved them that they had plenty of horses, clothing, iron, knives, and all they possessed. Liberal with Spaniards, his Majesty was even more liberal with Indians, taking from them nothing, and requiring all Spaniards to call them brothers. Hermanos todos! Because he loved them so, the king was now sending Anza and his men through their country, under great hardships, to visit them and give them peace in his royal name.

For all this the king asked in return only friendship, vassalage, and obedience. No—one thing more—he required that intertribal wars should cease. This was demanded by both God and king. Would any Indian like to have his children killed? No! Would he grieve if they should die? Por supuesto! Yes, of course! Just so it was with both God and king. Spaniards and Indians alike were children of these two sovereigns. It grieved them sorely to see their red children slaughter each other. The captain closed by telling the chief to repeat this benevolent message to his people.

Anza's speech struck home. Palma listened with dignified attention, and when the captain had ceased speaking he declared he had never heard better talk. Now, borrowing Anza's cane, and waving it proudly as a token of his new

authority, he shouted for his people to assemble. Then he began an harangue which lasted an hour. His subjects marvelled, often covering their mouths as a sign of incredulity, such words they heard. At length Palma ceased speaking and ordered his people to disband and go home. Some obeyed, but most of them hung around the Spanish camp all night, making sleep impossible, and life generally miserable to patient Anza and the enduring friars.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 6–7.

XIII

THE CROSSING

A potential crisis had been met with consummate skill. Now came the problem of crossing the rivers which joined near Anza's camp. At this season of the year the task was relatively easy, for the spring floods had not yet begun and the streams were at low water. First came the Gila, which then was much larger than now. Next morning Anza broke camp, and, guided by Palma himself, he descended this stream to a ford. It was only a gunshot from the junction and therefore was near the northeastern limits of the present city of Yuma.

Palma, desirous to please, offered to have the cargoes carried over on the heads of his tallest and strongest braves. Since the Indians were willing, and there was no cause for mistrust, Anza consented. Nevertheless, ever a soldier, he first crossed over on horseback with half of his men, thus covering both danger points, front and rear. Next came the caballada and the cattle. Behind these followed the naked Yumas with the packs on their heads, after the manner of an African trading caravan. Father Garcés, not

trusting his horse, and not knowing how to swim, was carried over by friendly Indians. Father Díaz evidently shifted for himself. Making no trouble he left no history.

The crossing was completed at three o'clock with entire success, and near by, at a convenient spot, halt was made for another night. The camp site was on an island, formed in low water between the Gila, the Colorado, and a small overflow channel of the latter. La Santísima Trinidad, Anza named the island. Here Captain Palma lived at the time. And here now assembled, led by curiosity to see the Españoles, more than six hundred persons, of both sexes and ranging from eight to fifty years of age. The men were dressed with the simplicity of Adam, and the women wore scanty skirts of grass and skins. Friendly though they were, they were malodorous, noisy, and terrible pests. So poor Anza, hoping to get some peace, decided to give them presents and send them away, "because since daylight it had been nothing but get near us, touch us, and other impertinences of this nature." To prevent repeating in the distribution, the captain stood the whole six hundred up in line. When all were in their places he gave each one a "little gift of beads and tobacco." It was a taking scene.

Palma, with his medal and his new dignity, felt himself quite the Chesterfield of the occasion.

Here was a chance to give his people a lesson in manners, so he made them a speech, ordering them to thank their benefactor, and then go away till next day, so that their visitors might rest. But Indians are incorrigible individualists. Some obeyed, others remained. Not till nightfall was the weary captain able to get time even to prepare a little food, such a hullabaloo the Indians made, and so childish was their curiosity.

A notable Yuma custom now came to Anza's attention. While he was thus engaged in dealing out beads and tobacco "an Indian, naked like all the rest, came groaning so pitifully that it seemed that he was suffering the greatest affliction and grief." Walking down the line "he gave three groans to each person, touching him on the shoulder, and so he went amongst them all." Anza's seasoned soldier heart was stirred. "I asked what the man was suffering from, for in truth he won my compassion." They replied, "Nothing." He had come from one of the villages down the river to spread the news that his father had died and he was inviting everybody "to go and weep while they were burning the body of the deceased, which was the kind of funeral they customarily held."

The captain was no loiterer. Next day the caravan crossed the wide Colorado River a short distance above the junction, at a ford shown Anza by the ever attentive Palma. Most of the

men crossed on horseback; the packs were carried over this time by the mules instead of on the backs of the Indians. Again Father Garcés chose what he regarded as a safer means, and crossed over by a different ford, in the arms of his Indian friends, "because," as he wrote in his diary, "I did not trust the horse." Once more, by normal conduct, Father Díaz kept out of history. The crossing was witnessed by more than six hundred Indians, all—even the women and children—eager to show the way and lend a hand.

Anza had performed a feat and was proud of it. The Colorado had never been crossed before by the arms of the king, at least so Anza said. Such an event must not pass by unnoticed, and so, in celebration, he had a salute of musketry fired. The volley pleased the Yumas, "although the roar frightened them so that . . . they threw themselves on the ground."

Anza now measured the Colorado River at a place of average width at the height of the dry season, as was now the case. He found it to be ninety-five fathoms wide, and five palms deep at a place of average depth. "It would not be much to say that it is as large as the Guadalajara River," remarks Father Garcés in his diary.[1]

[1] Father Garcés here tells that he had been at the junction three years before, but because it was at the season of high water he did not recognize it. So he wandered for thirteen days down the Colorado thinking that he was still on the Gila.

The measurement concluded, Anza moved his train downstream a short distance to a point just opposite the junction. San Dionisio the new camp site was called, a name given the confluence by Kino in one of his historic visits three quarters of a century before. As contrasted with the six hundred natives seen by Anza, Kino was visited here by fifteen hundred and fifty.[1]

From camp Anza and the fathers ascended the hill through which the Colorado cuts its way in a narrow channel—the Pass of La Concepción, Anza named it. The elevation is the one on which Mission Concepción was founded six years after Anza's visit; where Fort Yuma was built in 1851; where the Fort Yuma Indian School now stands; and where recently the Franciscans have erected the Mission of St. Thomas, the successor of Concepción.

Here the explorers took in the superb view offered by the elevation. Just above them, two or three miles to the eastward, was the confluence of the two rivers, uniting now to pour their crowded waters through the narrow strait between the bluffs on either bank, then spreading out once more to wander over the level plains and pursue their vagabond way to the Gulf. Both above and below, much as now, as far as the eye could reach, the banks of the stream were bordered by immense groves of willows and cotton-

[1] Letter to Tyrso González, Dolores, October 18, 1701. MS.

woods. To the north they saw the gash in the mountains through which the Colorado flows, and near it the towering rock which they called the Cabeza del Gigante—the Giant's Head. Northeastward was visible the gap made by the Gila in another range, and near it rose another peak which they dubbed La Campana—the Bell, "because it is shaped like one."

Once again we wonder. Did Father Garcés suspect, on that bright February day, that ere long on this very spot he would achieve the crown of martyrdom, and that a century and a half later here would arise a monument erected in honor of his own heroic endeavor? Probably not. In any case, he faltered not.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 8–9; Anza to Bucareli, San Dionisio, February 9.

XIV

DOWN THE COLORADO

Anza had hoped to go by a direct road from Yuma to Monterey. Only the loss of his horses had prevented him from heading directly for that destination by way of the Pima towns and the Jalchedunes—such had been the advice of Father Garcés. The Apache raid had made this impossible, but he had still hoped to cut straight across from Yuma. But now at the junction he again changed his plans. A Soyopa, or Mohave, Indian living three days upstream, told him that west of his country, beyond a great sierra, there ran a road traveled by Spaniards, but that the sierra was impassable. This report discouraged any attempt by such a route. A road directly northwest from Yuma would lead almost immediately into the immense sea of sand dunes visible from the hill at Concepción, in which Sebastián had become lost. That direction was ruled out without debate. So Anza decided to descend the Colorado River a few days, where he would be sure of plentiful water and pasturage. Then he would cut across the desert by the shortest route to the western mountains, where water would surely be found again. Indians traveled that

way, and Garcés had returned by this route from the Sierra de San Gerónimo.[1] It ought to be passable.

These plans made, Anza wrote from San Dionisio a report to the viceroy relating his experiences since leaving Altar, and indicating his change of plan. Palma dispatched the letter by a courier, who delivered it to Captain Urrea at Altar a few days later in such clean and neat condition that it looked as if just written. The messenger was rewarded with good words and a suit of clothes. The dispatch was promptly forwarded to Mexico, and there the original is still to be seen in an excellent state of preservation, still neat and clean, still bearing the captain's exquisite signature, and still breathing the spirit of the past.

So Anza drove ahead into the unknown. Thus far he had followed established though difficult trails. From here forward to the verge of the Pacific Ocean he was a pathfinder. Here began the real task which he had been sent forth to perform. True, Father Garcés had wandered at the will of the Indians over part of the country before them, but he had paid little attention to water holes and pasturage. True, Sebastián had made his way from San Gabriel to the Yuma junction, but he had become lost, and now he was unable to tell by what route he had come. True,

[1] The Cocopah Range.

Fages had crossed the mountains from San Diego to Imperial Valley and recrossed to San Bernardino Valley, but of this Anza and Garcés were alike ignorant. Garcés and Sebastián were very useful, but the problem of a way practicable for travel and transportation was still unsolved. No Spaniard had traveled all the way from the ocean to the Colorado. Sebastián the Indian had done so but was now unable to find his way back. Garcés had followed a trail west into the midst of a desert which had baffled him. Sebastián had crossed the mountains eastward into the same terrible desert and there had become lost. It was Anza's problem to find a through route. He could strike out by an altogether new trail, or build on the old ones. In the latter case it was his problem to bridge the desert, bring the detached ends of the trail together, and prove that when thus welded they formed a practicable road. This he now set forth to do. The grim task gave him a chance to show his mettle.

The three day's march down the Colorado was a veritable pageant. On February 10, shortly after eight o'clock in the forenoon, the start was made. The crisp air of the early morning was now tempered by the bright winter sun. In Anza's following went a mob of more than six hundred half naked, copper skinned Yumas, men, women, and children, old and young, large and small, delighted with the holiday—and hope-

ful of more presents. Palma doubtless rode in a place of honor close to Anza, whom he regarded as his personal charge. As they made their way along the tangled growth of bottom lands the natives vied with each other in showing the Spaniards the best trails, clearing them of brush, and competing for the honor of driving the pack mules, horses, and cattle, so that each animal had half a dozen men at his sides or his heels.

Four leagues west took the caravan to the Cerro de San Pablo;[1] then, turning southwest a league, Anza made camp for the night. Here ruled Chief Pablo, alias Captain Feo, the wizard orator with the deep voice and the ugly face. Here a still larger assemblage gathered. Anza regaled them with glass beads, tobacco, and one of the beef animals that had become tired out. He was repaid by the theft of an ax, "just to furnish one of those mishaps that are bound to happen," says the philosophic captain with quiet humor. Some of the throng turned back before dark, but a multitude remained to pass the night about the Spaniards' camp, making rest impossible for the tired wayfarers.

Before Anza's arrival at Yuma, Chief Pablo had been one of the malcontents, and he still dreamed of a *coup d'état*. When Anza was now passing through, Pablo, counting the handful of

[1] Pilot Knob.

Spanish soldiers, told his men that it would be easy to kill them all, get their horses and all they had, and that he intended so to do. Anza heard of the boast, called Feo before him, and bluffed him completely. If he wanted war, let him come on with all his men, and he would show him. Feo mildly subsided and thereafter was most obsequious. Another real danger had been passed.

Next day the caravan took up the march and traveled six leagues, still down the river, followed by a similar concourse, mirthful, noisy, naked, smelly. Most of the mob continued in line till within a league of camp, when they fell behind or turned back, because the camp site was on the border between the Yumas and Cajuenches. Neighbors could not always be trusted even though they spoke a similar tongue. Another day's march of four and a half leagues, now somewhat apart from the Colorado, took the expedition to a lake called Santa Olaya, a place conspicuous in all Anza's historic journey. Here a still greater mob of natives assembled.[1]

In some of this Yuma country Father Garcés felt at home. Three years before, he had been at the Yuma junction and there had met Palma. There at the forks of the two rivers he now again saw and recognized the Giant's Head and the Bell, which he had mentioned in his diary. On his

[1] Santa Olaya was below the western terminus of the Arizona line and not far above Pescadero Dam.

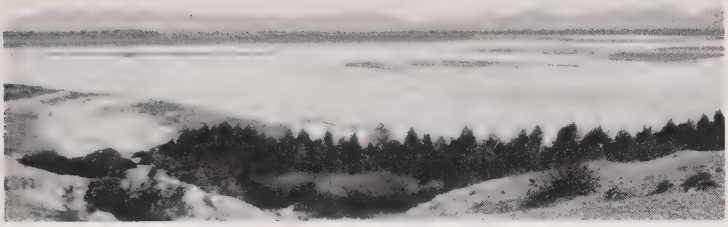


Photo by Bolton

The Colorado River at Yuma, looking northeast.

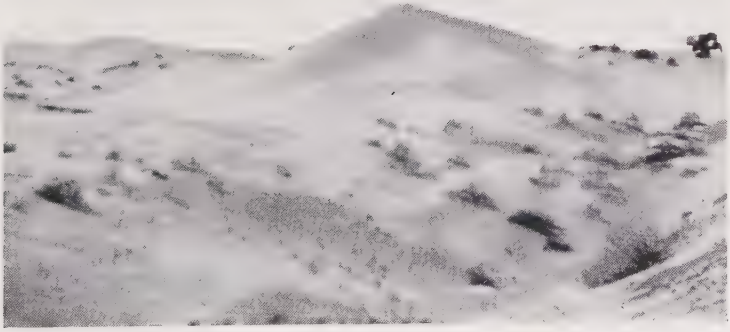


Photo by Bolton

Sand dunes west of Yuma.

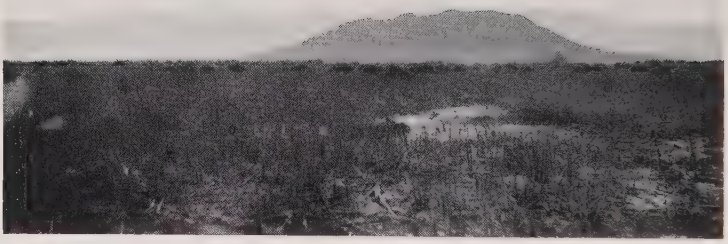


Photo by Bolton

Cerro Prieto, with Cocopah Range beyond.

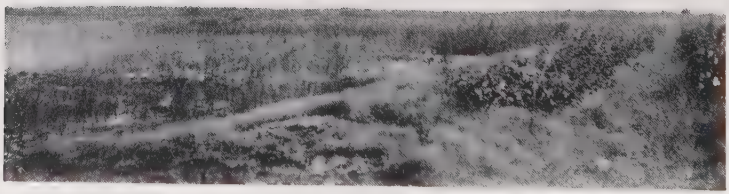


Photo by Bolton

The plain near Santa Olaya.

former visit the water was high and he did not see the junction, so he had continued down the left bank of the Colorado, thinking he was still on the Gila. Crossing over, far below, he made a wide circuit, skirting the Cocopah Range northward to the vicinity of Signal Mountain, and returning eastward to recross the Colorado. Anza's first camp below the junction was called San Pablo because this was the name which Garcés had given a village opposite it on the east bank. From the same circumstances chief Pablo's name was derived. Anza's next camp, at the southern border of Palma's jurisdiction, was near the place where Garcés had recrossed the Colorado on his return east. Santa Olaya, the third camp, was near a settlement which Garcés had called San Francisco, and here he now saw Indians from surrounding villages whom he had met before. He was once more a welcome guest.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 10–12.

XV

YUMAS AND CAJUENCHES

In his diary for these days Anza describes the Yumas and their neighbors. He liked them. Their temperament was the best he had ever found in Indians, for they were merry, friendly, and generous. They were robust and tall. They were not so dark as most tribes, and they had naturally good features, but both men and women made themselves ugly by daubing face and body with paint, especially black and red.

Complete nakedness was the fashion for the men, for even to go partly covered they considered womanish. Anza was attracted by the coiffure of the men. They encased their hair with mud and sprinkled it with a powder having a silver luster, and in order not to disturb their headdress, like some eighteenth century European ladies they slept sitting up. The men perforated their ears with several holes—five was the commonest number—wearing earrings in them all. Piercing the cartilage of the nose, they thrust through it feathers, a sprig of palm, or some other gewgaw, giving themselves an aspect both ferocious and horrible.

To wars they appeared little inclined, judging from their weapons. Only a third of them had bows, and few had as many as five indifferent arrows, quivers seldom being seen. Most of the remaining two-thirds carried only a lance or stick four yards long, an instrument for playing their hoop and pole game. The old men carried clubs, with which to kill rabbits, perhaps. The sixteenth century explorers—Alarcón for example—who visited the Colorado had called the stream Rio del Tizón, or River of the Firebrand. The name was still applicable. Anza noted that at the first touch of cold, morning and evening, the men laid down their bows and arrows, took a firebrand, and passed it before their stomachs or behind their backs to warm themselves. Their habitations were little huts, partly subterranean, into which they crawled, a whole family huddled together.

In height and robustness of body the women were like the men. "As Indian women go," said the soldier, who probably had a good eye, "their features are generally medium. I have seen no horribly homely ones, nor any one particularly handsome." Their style of dress would be considered quite up to date in 1929. They went covered from waist to thighs or knees with little skirts made from the inner bark of willows and cottonwood, the skirt being divided into two pieces, the shorter one in front. From strips of

bark, likewise, wide fabrics were woven, but the women who wore them counted themselves rich, and those who had pieces of beaver or rabbit skin were millionaires. Both men and women went entirely barefoot. Anza noted that the Yumas did not marry young, and that there were not many cases of polygamy. When he asked why they did not wed young girls, he was told it was because they were too young to work. Here again the viewpoint was modern. Anza judged that the Yumas proper numbered about 3,500 souls.

Below the Yumas lived the Cajuenches, or Cojats, and it was in their country that Anza camped at Santa Olaya. At this point we are grateful to Garcés, for he clears up the confusion of designations under which these people appear. "This tribe has various names," he says. "The Pimas call them Cojat; those who live in the sierra call them the tribe of the mescal sandals, or more properly, guaraches; and the Yumas call them Axagueches; but they themselves say that their tribe is the Cajuen." This tribe extended west from the river to the mountains, and Anza thought it more populous than Palma's tribe. The Cajuen language was much like that of the Yumas, only they spoke more rapidly.[1] As a rule they were not so tall, were darker in color, and less daubed with paint. "But," says the captain, "in their lack of arms, their nakedness, the dress

[1] The idioms of the Yumas and Cajuenches are in fact quite dissimilar.

of the women, and other customs, they are identical." The Cajuenches possessed fewer horses than their neighbors, and Anza thought that they were not so well disciplined. When he asked them what form of government they had and where their ruler lived, they replied that they had neither government nor ruler, each head of a family—brave fellow—managing his own. Swelling up his chest, Captain Palma ridiculed the Cojats for this shortcoming. Not being so manful as his people, he said, they imitated the Spaniards in nothing. But Palma's testimony was colored, for up to a short time previous to Anza's visit the Yumas and Cajuenches had been at war.

Anza was impressed by the fertility of the country of both Yumas and Cajuenches. They did not irrigate their lands, for they did not need to. Each year the river rose with the melting of the snows in the mountains and spread out to a vast width. The silt deposit served as a rich fertilizer, and when the water receded the soil was left soft and moist. Then the crops were planted, and bountiful harvests were gathered. As he passed down the Colorado Anza saw wheat growing, and stubble fields where maize, beans, calabashes, and muskmelons had been raised, "all in such abundance that we have marvelled."[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 10–12. The Yumas are treated briefly by A. L. Kroeber in his learned *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 781–795 (Washington, 1925); C. Daryll Forde, *The Ethnography of the Yuma* (in press, University of California Press) gives a detailed account of this tribe.

XVI

THE BATTLE WITH THE SAND DUNES

Now came the supreme test. Here at Santa Olaya Anza decided to leave the Colorado River bottoms and strike westward to the Cocopah Range, then beyond to the main sierra, where he would be sure to find water. An open Indian trail led that way. By air line it was about seventy-five miles to the Sierra Madre in the direction he would go; by road perhaps a hundred. Garcés had skirted the Cocopah Range to the vicinity of Signal Mountain, and alone, with one faithful horse, had made his way back to the Colorado River. He knew the distances and some of the difficulties of travel. It was evidently on the basis of his knowledge and what the Indians told him that Anza now decided to make the leap into the desert. Sebastián at this stage of the journey was useless.

On February 13—it was Friday, too!—Anza set forth westward. Palma, the faithful, had stayed close beside him, ever willing to aid. But now they must part, for the country beyond was enemy territory, and Palma felt safer at home. The parting made the chief sad, "and while the rest were saying adieu he wept." This show of feeling greatly touched Anza. He thought it "most praiseworthy in a heathen Indian, and in a class of people amongst whom such a thing is

not done even on the loss of children and relatives; for, indeed, although it is true they do make such demonstrations, they are feigned and transparent.'' But Palma, looking forward to the time when Anza would return, changed tears for smiles. By that time the river would be in flood, but Anza must not worry about crossing the stream for he would have rafts ready and would take them safely over. The White Capitán must have no fears.

When he started westward Anza had with him a Yuma and four Cajuenches (Cojats) acting as guides, but they proved to be slender reeds on which to lean. Soon after leaving Santa Olaya they struck the course of what is now called Paredones River. Along this stream and an affluent ran the Indian trail.

The first day's march was long and hard. Every league now told on the poor animals. The footing was sandy and rough and the way beset by cactus and brush. At sunset, having traveled some twenty miles, they camped at Arroyo del Carrizal near some pools or lakes. They were southwestward of Hechicera.[1] Here the carrizo

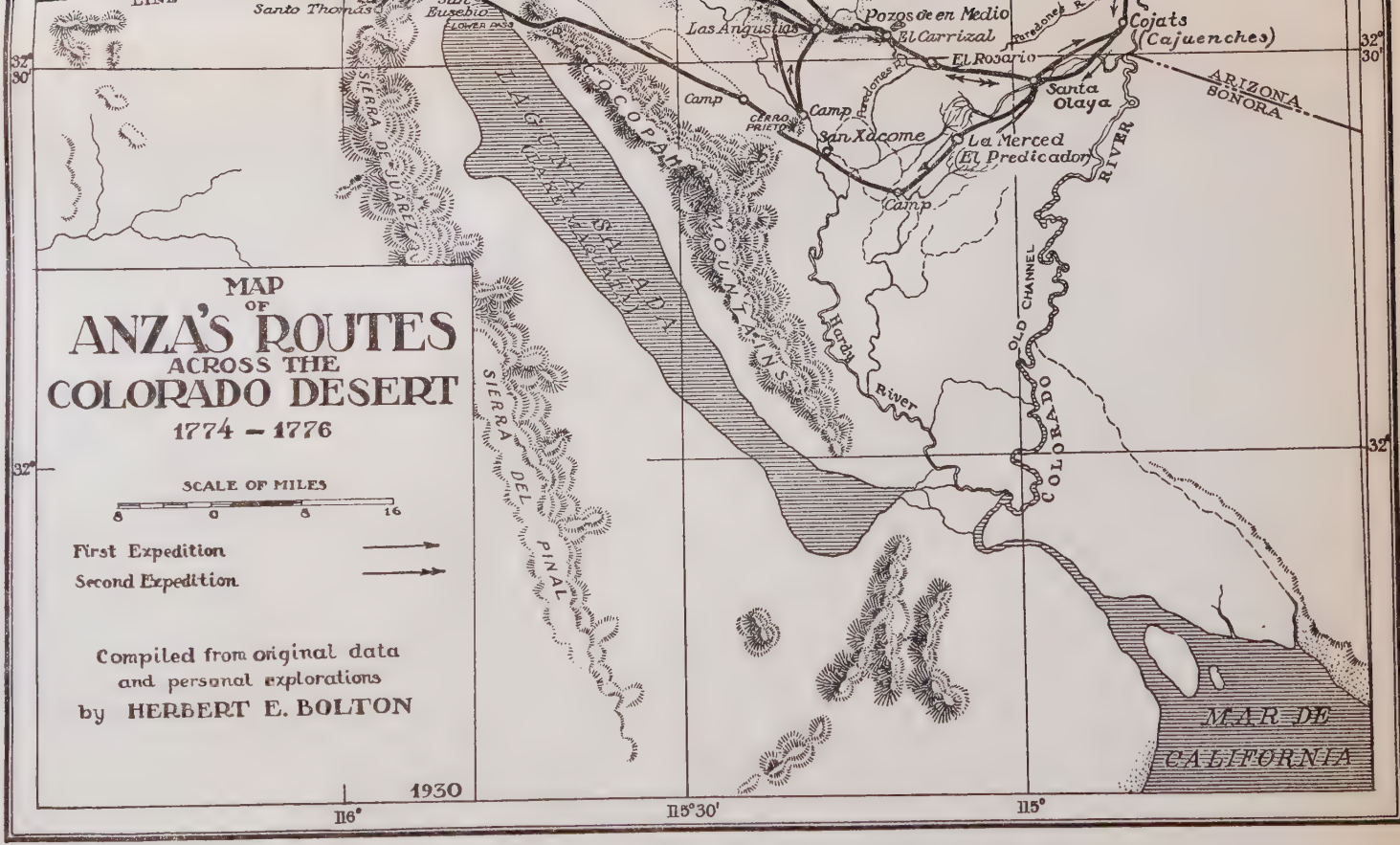
[1] In this vicinity is Laguna del Mezquital. Arroyo del Carrizal communicates with Arroyo Corcia, and together they were ''the same arroyo'' on which were El Carrizal, Pozos de en Medio, and the Deep Well of Little Water. These arroyos communicate with Paredones River, and also with Rio del Alamo. The notes regarding this part of the route in *Anza's California Expeditions,* II, 57, and elsewhere, should be read in the light of this explanation. Anza's route from El Carrizal to the turning back place was essentially that of the railroad between Hechicera and Pascualitos.

furnished an abundance of pasturage, and in the arroyo a well was dug which afforded water that the men could drink. They were now on Garcés's return trail. We know this because two-thirds of the way out they passed a green well which he had named El Rosario, and he also recognized the camp site at El Carrizal. The scene has changed since Anza's time. The region covered by this day's hard march is now an almost continuous cotton field, crossed by great canals and dikes. But the course of the Paredones is still marked by a slender line of cottonwoods.

The guides now began to be weak-kneed, for enemy territory was near at hand. Next morning the Yuma and two of the Cajuenches turned back, afraid to go any further, and only by much coaxing were the other Cajuenches induced to continue forward. But Anza held on. After going three or four miles westward (Anza says one league, the others say two), the guides led the Spaniards down to the same arroyo—they were still following Arroyo del Carrizal—where a little well better than the last was found, and some carrizo furnishing pasturage. Pozos de en Medio (Half-way Wells) Anza named the place. They were now near the site of Cocopah.

Ill luck was riding with Anza this day. Misfortunes now came all too thick and fast. The two remaining guides refused to go any further, saying they would not cross the arroyo, because the people beyond were bad. Anza coaxed, but

116°
115°30'
115°
114°30'
33°30'
33°
SANTA ROSA MTS.
COYOTE MT.
ANCIENT BEACH LINE
Clark Well
Clark L.
Seventeen Palms
Zacaton Spr.
San Gregorio
San Felipe Creek
Santa Rosa Creek
SALTON SEA
(Salton Trough Depression)
San Bernardino Co.
Imperial Co.
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
San Anselmo
San Sebastian
FISH CREEK MT.
SUPERSTITION MT.
Carrizo Creek
San Diego Co.
Imperial Co.
New River
Alamo River
French Lake
Mesquite Lake
GREAT SAND DUNES
PICACHO
Camp
Alamo
Santa Rosa (Yuha Well)
CERRO DE SAN PABLO
Concepción
CALIFORNIA
BAJA CALIFORNIA
San Pablo
BOUNDARY
SIGNAL MT.
UPPER PASS


MAP
OF
ANZA'S ROUTES
ACROSS THE
COLORADO DESERT
1774 – 1776
SCALE OF MILES
8 0 8 16
First Expedition
Second Expedition
Compiled from original data
and personal explorations
by HERBERT E. BOLTON
1930
Santo Thomás
Eusebio
Las Angustias
Pozos de en Medio
El Carrizal
Paredones R.
Cojats
(Cajuenches)
El Rosario
Paredones
Santa
Olaya
ARIZONA
SONORA
Camp
CERRO PRIETO
Camp
San Xacome
La Merced
(El Predicador)
RIVER
Camp
SIERRA DE CUARE
COCOPAH MOUNTAINS
HAGUAMA SIERRA
Horsh
River
OLD CHANNEL
COLORADO
SIERRA DEL PINAL
MAR DE
CALIFORNIA
32°
30'
32°
32°
116°
115°30'
115°

no amount of urging, wheedling, or presents would budge them. But they performed for him one more service. Before departing they indicated the way forward. Straight ahead they pointed out a conspicuous peak. This was Signal Mountain, just west of Mexicali. Near this Cerro was the next water. It was a long day's march, they said, but by starting early it could be reached by an open road.

Acting on this information Anza remained at Pozos de en Medio till morning. The pack mules had arrived in very bad condition, and must rest before undertaking the hard march before them. The way looked difficult, but there were encouraging signs. Sebastián thought he recognized a gap in the main Sierra. Anza saw smoke ahead, and the experienced men thought the Cerro could be reached. So, on the 15th, Anza continued west-northwest, along the well-beaten trail indicated by the deserting guides.

Every muscle was now trained on the Cerro, that beacon which later guided thirsty Forty-niners across the same frightful desert. A league took them to a pool of salty water. Continuing another league and crossing a sand dune, in the same arroyo which they had been following they came to a Deep Well of Little Water—it came to have this name. Pushing forward again, they encountered more dunes; soon they "became lost entirely," for the wind blew the sand about and obliterated the trail.

Things now looked bad indeed. The mules were giving out, the head muleteer reported. So Anza held a conference. Realizing that the pack trains would never get through with their full burden, he proposed to Díaz and Garcés to send back half of the loads and half of the men to Palma's village, there to await the return of the rest from Monterey, suggesting also that one of the fathers might go back with them. But this the friars did not approve, especially Garcés. He had never been stopped by deserts. He did not think the decision either wise or necessary, he said. It was unsafe for so few men to enter the mountains alone; they might meet some large and hostile force, and be destroyed. If necessary they could return to the Colorado and give the mules all the rest and feed they needed, but they must all hang together. Anza argued but did not insist. He valued Garcés's opinion, and he did not wish to take the responsibility alone. So another plan was adopted. Anza decided to leave half of the packs at the Deep Well of Little Water with a few soldiers to guard them. Going forward to the Cerro, he would halt there and send back for the abandoned loads.

So the march was resumed. The Cerro was still the goal, for near it the Indians had said there was water. But as they advanced the sand became deeper, and with even the half loads the mules were soon fagged. Formerly the men had counted leagues, now they counted steps. The

Cerro seemed to recede instead of getting nearer. But for three leagues they held on. Then still higher and wider dunes rose ahead—"such that we concluded that it was morally impossible to take the pack train . . . forward," says Father Díaz. Or, as Garcés put it, they saw ahead of them "a vast plain which had many sand dunes." The elusive Cerro appeared to be still about five leagues away. Bad water and pasturage had made the horses sick, and it was feared that not even the saddle animals would be able to make it, much less the loaded mules. It was now that Anza realized to the full what he had feared from the December raid on his horse corral. Inwardly he may have cursed the thieving Apaches, but he maintained outward calm.[1]

"Oiga, Señor. Listen!" At this juncture Garcés had a suggestion. Toward the south some four leagues Cerro Prieto was seen—the same black peak is visible now thirty miles southeast of Mexicali. Here Garcés had been three years before. Near it he had visited a village of Cajuenches called San Jacome, finding there abundant water and pasturage. By swinging down there the sand dunes could be avoided, then they could skirt the Sierra de San Gerónimo northward, as he had done.

It was in the wrong direction, but Anza trusted Garcés. So he turned south, sending a

[1] They were now near Pascualitos, westward of Sesbania.

messenger back to meet the lagging pack train, with orders to go directly to Cerro Prieto. Spurring their tired mounts, at sunset the horsemen found themselves in front of the volcanic black peak, but no village was in sight. Parties went out to look for it, but returned after nightfall with no success. Garcés was not satisfied; he would continue the search. With two soldiers, mounted on the strongest horses, he set forth southeast, confident that the village could not be more than two leagues away. But disappointment attended him. Having traveled that distance and more he returned, reaching camp after midnight, having found no sign of the village or any good water, though there was plenty of sulphurous liquid in Volcano Lake thereabout. The friar was nonplused. Something was wrong. Anza assumed that he had made a mistake in his signs. Still confident, Garcés volunteered to continue the search. If successful he would signal with smokes or send Indians. But Anza, fearing the friar might get lost, said "No." So they camped for the night near Cerro Prieto, entirely without water or pasturage.

A crisis had been reached. They faced a peril from which in that same desert more than one man in subsequent years has lost his life. There was nothing to do now but fall back to the last watering place and take a new start. To go forward was out of the question. Garcés had gone all the long way from Cerro Prieto to Signal

Mountain without finding a drop of water, and with the animals in their present condition such a journey could not be even thought of. Another day without pasturage and water would mean the death of the animals and the failure of the expedition.

So Anza through necessity decided to retreat at once to the nearest refuge, the Deep Well of Little Water. Starting back at daylight, he soon met the pack train and the herd, of which six horses and three cattle had been left behind. He reached the well at two in the afternoon, "worn-out by hunger and thirst and all the animals used up." The corporal, following with the stock, arrived at night minus five head. They had died of hardship on the way. The Deep Well of Little Water was now given a new baptism. In allusion to all the trials endured it was appropriately dubbed by the soldiers the Well of Tribulations—Pozo de Las Angustias.

The animals were now sorry things to behold. Weak and wobbly, their bones sticking through their hides, they had become sick from eating, for lack of grass, an herb which caused them excessive slobbering of evil smell. Anza now realized that he must continue his retreat clear to the Colorado River and give them time to recuperate. Moreover, he decided now to carry out his former idea of leaving half of his cargo and the weakest animals and with the rest to go by rapid marches to Monterey.

Anza remarks that critics might censure him for not following Sebastián's trail. His answer was conclusive. What was Sebastián's trail? Sebastián himself was lost. He had reached Yuma after wandering through the immense sand dunes, by a trail so difficult that his wife died and a brother barely escaped death. Nor, he might have added, was Garcés able to pilot him with certainty. He and his old horse had blundered safely through this desolate country, but how he did it the friar himself hardly knew. Only his guardian angel could tell.

Retreat clear to the Colorado was imperative. So, having sent the stock ahead, on the 17th Anza, with half the cargo, retraced his steps to Pozos de en Medio. Behind him he left a somber trail. Four saddle animals died on the way from starvation and illness, three had succumbed the previous afternoon, and most of the men were now going on foot. A feast for the buzzards had been spread.

Concealing his discouragement, Anza, leader that he was, now gave "a little talk" to his men, to "animate them in such a situation." When he spoke they listened, for he was a man of few words. The fellows, too, were game. The expedition must not fail, they replied. If all the horses should die they would persevere and finish the journey on foot. Touched by their pluck and loyalty, the commander praised the men for their devotion and promised every reward in his

power. Now the Pozos de en Medio also received a new baptism. Garcés remarks, "because the soldiers were very happy, even though they were going on foot, we called this watering place La Alegría," or the Rejoicing. It was an offset for Las Angustias. The allusion did not improve the water, or put flesh on the bones of the starving cattle. But it did cheer the spirits of the weary men.

Next day, sending a corporal and eight soldiers back to Las Angustias for the packs left behind, Anza hurried on with the horse herd and cattle, passing El Rosario on the way. That night they camped without water and next morning they reached Santa Olaya. The pack train, worn almost to extinction, was not able to bring in all the cargo till midnight of the 23d, having lost several mules from exhaustion and starvation in the task.

It was now ten days since Anza had left Santa Olaya. League by league he had pushed his way into the desert; mile by mile, step by step, he had crawled back to his Colorado base.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 13–22; Anza to Bucareli, Santa Olaya, February 28, 1774. Fred Bowerman Kniffen, in *The Delta Country of the Colorado* (MS), discusses the historical geography of the lower Colorado. Eldredge (*The Beginnings of San Francisco*, I, chapter IV) routes Anza across the desert along the Alamo River, instead of the Paredones.

XVII

DANCING ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT

After the sand dunes and the brackish pools of the desert, the green meadows and the fresh waters of Santa Olaya were like the Promised Land. But Anza was too busy to spend much time in feasting either body or soul. He must prepare for a new start. So he no sooner made camp than he sent a messenger post haste to summon Palma and the Pima interpreter. At the end of five days the chief arrived, showing inexpressible joy at seeing Anza, and deep sorrow for his troubles. "But the thing which caused him the most grief was the death of the riding animals, thinking that in them we had lost our greatest wealth and treasure."

Father Garcés, ever restless, decided to profit by the delay to visit the nearby villages down the Colorado, where he had been three years before. He wished to shake hands with his old friends, and he hoped also that he might get useful information regarding a road to the mountains. Anza gladly consented to his going, but charged him to return within four or five days, when he planned to be on his way once more. On the 24th the

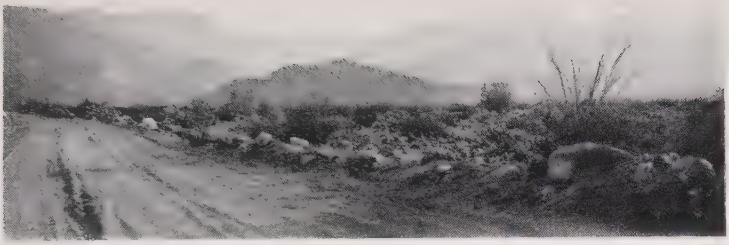


Photo by Bolton

Where Anza entered the canyon leading to Santo Thomás.

Photo by Bolton

Looking from San Eusebio across Laguna Salada.

Photo by Bolton

The vast plain north of Santa Rosa. Fish Creek Mountains in the distance.

Photo by Bolton

The Wells of Santa Rosa de las Lajas.

dauntless traveler set forth, accompanied by three Indians, carrying a little food, and his passports—a small quantity of beads, and a roll of tobacco. Soon his flowing cape and his wide felt hat disappeared from view. Nobody worried much for this man's safety.

While Garcés wandered Anza laid his plans. Night having fallen, when mystery was in the shadows, he sounded out Palma, to see if there was any good reason for distrusting him. His good opinion was altogether confirmed. So he broached his plan to leave with Palma part of his cargo and part of his men, till he should return a month or more later. Palma agreed. Anza charged him that if Spaniards came from the south to look for him, he must explain the delay and entertain them at his village. Palma assented. He would take care of everything, just as he had cared for Father Garcés three years before, and for Sebastián the previous fall. Moreover, since the mules to be left were so weak, he would even transport the packs on the backs of his men.

Palma was willing. How about Anza's own men? He would see. Assembling them the captain divulged his plan. Far from dissenting, "in one voice" they approved. Indeed, it was the only way to succeed, they said. Victory was a matter of service to God and the king, and of the honor of everybody present. They must go for-

ward even though all the cargo left behind should be lost. But there was no risk, for Palma had well proved his trustworthiness and his love for the Spaniards. Indeed, he would not dare to commit any outrage, even if so inclined, for if the Pimas and Pápagos could not themselves restrain him, they would report it at Caborca, and this Palma well knew. And besides, there was nothing else to do. So, once more the men pledged themselves, in case all the horses should give out, to "march on foot until they achieved their goal." But they feared no danger. Going light on the best mules they could travel rapidly. In a month or even less they must surely come out at some California establishment. Viva El Rey! Viva Anza! Viva Palma! Viva California!

Anza, Díaz, and the rest, were willing to leave the cargo and animals in the care of Palma alone. But the head muleteer, with what might be called Caledonian instincts, urged caution, and offered to remain with two servants. It would be safer that way. Indians were Indians.

The muleteer's prudence prevailed. Carrying out the plan, Anza left in Palma's charge the greater part of the cargo, with mules enough to transport it to his village. He left also the cattle and the disabled saddle animals. To care for all this property, he detailed three trustworthy soldiers "of good conduct and tolerance," three muleteers, one of his own servants, and two

Pimas under pay to serve as interpreters, all admonished to observe good conduct and maintain harmony, and instructed for all contingencies.

News of the return of the Spaniards to Santa Olaya spread, and a throng assembled from all the country round—Yumas, Cojats, and Quiquimas—"drawn by their affection, curiosity, and self-interest, and their desire for glass beads, tobacco, and such other things as were given them," says Díaz. They showed no fear and came unarmed. Day and night they swarmed the camp by hundreds. Faithful to history, soldiers and women were soon the best of friends, and engaged in merry dances. Anza was a strict disciplinarian, but he knew that a little diversion would make better soldiers of his boys on the hard march ahead. Nor did the friars frown, so far as we can judge from their diaries.

One thing especially the natives requested. This was that someone should play for them the violin which the soldiers had brought for their own amusement. "They became so extremely attached to it that they gave up their own pastimes," says Anza, "and in their stead learned the customs of our men, particularly the women, who constantly wished to be dancing the seguidillas which the soldiers taught them, and in whose steps they became proficient." A glance sufficed as a common language for doughboy and mademoiselle. Soldado de Cuera and Cojat maiden were no less apt. The Indians showed

exceptional facility in pronouncing Castilian. Our diarist tells us that in these few days the natives picked up many Spanish words, learning to salute the visitors with "Ave María," and "Viva Diós y el Rey!" They learned all the more readily because of a few beads and a little tobacco, Anza slyly remarks.

All this was harmless and diverting. But while here Anza observed some of the darker sides of barbarism. A Yuma under chief—Captain Pablo, by the way—hearing that a Quiquima from across the Colorado had stolen two mules, undertook to recover them. He returned with one mule. Not being able to catch the thief, he had shot the offender's wife, and he offered Anza the fatal arrow as a partial satisfaction. When Anza scolded him for the barbarous deed he could not understand the white man's scruples. Strange notions these Españoles had! This gave Anza a text for a sermon, and he delivered an exhortation to the Yumas enjoining peace with their neighbors, and threatening punishment for such as failed to heed him. In the name of God and the king he commanded that war should cease.

During the absence of Father Garcés, Father Díaz had some opportunity to talk with the Indians about God, although not as he wished, for lack of an interpreter. Even so, he made a little progress. While the shamans frowned, some of the natives voluntarily took him their

idols in order that he might smash them to pieces. Nearly all of them, he said, learned to repeat the names of Jesus and Mary, and some learned to make the sign of the cross, "although very imperfectly."

On March 1 an object rose above the southern horizon; it proved to be a horse and rider. Shortly afterward Father Garcés rode into camp, prompt according to agreement. He had reached Lake Mathías, crossed the Colorado, visited the villages of Santa Rosa, and traveled south a few leagues. Recrossing the river at the same place, after a little wandering about he returned to Santa Olaya, having seen many of his old friends, though without learning much of direct value for the journey before him. But he had been having his kind of a good time.

Anza divulged to Garcés his plan to go in light order of marching, leaving most of the supplies, horses, and pack mules behind. This was disappointing to the friar. He had wished to take a higher latitude from Yuma junction to Monterey. This having proved undesirable, he had still hoped they might return that way. Now, with short supplies, he feared this would be impossible. But when the men of experience assured him there was no other way for it he bowed his head. Garcés was ever a man of common sense.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for February 24 to March 1.

XVIII

THE SAND DUNES CIRCUMVENTED

On March 2 Anza was ready to set forth again. The desert had delayed him eighteen days, but he had not lost heart. A soldier who had fought Apaches and Seris hand to hand could not be cast down by a mere delay. When on the last day of February he wrote from Santa Olaya to the viceroy he was cheerful and hopeful. He minimized his defeat by the sand dunes. Sebastián had told of a pass through the mountains which they ought to reach in eight days. Thereafter water would be found at convenient distances. In a month at the latest they should reach one of the California establishments—San Gabriel or some place above. "So we are going in good spirits, and determined, moreover, to go on foot if necessary to reach that place." This letter gives us the measure of the man who wrote it.

By two in the afternoon all arrangements were made, and Anza said goodbye to Palma and the Spaniards who were remaining. He had provisions for a month, carried in light packs on the ten strongest mules. The soldiers were mounted on the best horses, or those "least bad," for they were far from fit. The reduced party

comprised Anza, the friars, seventeen soldiers, and a few helpers, some twenty-five in all. They were no longer handicapped by a heavy-hoofed cattle herd.

One may remove obstacles, climb over them, or go round them. Anza planned now to circumvent the sand dunes. The route taken by him was well to the southwest of his former trail. It skirted the Abejas River channel, running south of Volcano Lake and Cerro Prieto—these are the modern names—to the foot of Cocopah Range (Sierra de San Gerónimo), and along that range to a pass near Signal Mountain. Father Garcés had been on or near most of this ground during his former journey, and several of the places are recorded in the diaries by the names which he had given them before. The friar was probably glad to be on his way, for he was troubled. He had led the expedition on a fruitless march to Cerro Prieto, and he was puzzled about the water and the village of San Jacome there. No one had complained—in fact Anza had used most generous words—yet Garcés felt the need of vindication.

The command was given, and the caravan started once more. For a short distance the horsemen were escorted by a noisy throng of sombre braves, gabbling fat squaws, bashful maidens, naked children, and yelping dogs, all reluctant to see their generous guests depart. For with the villagers *de todos edades y ambos sexos* the

captain, the friars, the soldier boys, their fiddle, and their seguidillas had made a hit. But soon the mob fell behind, the noise grew fainter and Anza faced a new adventure.

The first day the explorers traveled four leagues down the Colorado River meadows, with a heavy growth of willows and cottonwoods on the left, passing through Cajuenche settlements all the way. This was fertile country. It is now being cleared to raise cotton. Camp was made for the night at some villages near a lake in a field of maize and bean stubble. The customary throng visited camp, were regaled, and admonished to maintain peace with their neighbors. The friars called the place La Merced, because it was near a village of this name formerly visited by Garcés. For some reason unexplained, Anza called it Laguna del Predicador—the Lake of the Preacher—perhaps some native orator gave them a sermon there.

Next day they set forth again followed by a mob. Swinging more southwardly, to get around Volcano Lake, they camped at another lagoon. Here Father Garcés met Indians whom he had seen at San Jacome, three of whom had traveled with him. The mystery of San Jacome was now explained. They told him that the site of the village was only three leagues ahead. But there was no village now. It had been abandoned for lack of water, and the people had gone to the Sierra. Garcés was vindicated.

The next water was very distant, the natives said. So Anza traveled no further this day, in order to make a tardeada or divided march on the two following days. Next morning he set out northwestwardly, directed now by a new guide, who was joined by two other Indians "just for the love of it." This was a lark that did not come every day. For two leagues they were still in good country, with water and pasturage, and at that distance they passed a village whose people greeted them with "Jesús, María," the result of Garcés's teaching three years before. A league farther on they passed the site of San Jacome. Garcés felt better when everybody saw "how great a number of people had lived there and how close we had been to it on the night when we sought the place." Now skirting the southern edge of the salty lagoons that constitute Volcano Lake, and passing between Cerro Prieto and Sierra de San Gerónimo, after a march of six or seven leagues for the day they halted without water a short distance north of the lone black peak. Once more they were face to face with the desert, but they had circumvented the sand dunes.

There was a long march ahead to the next water—about forty miles. It was over difficult country whose aridity could scarcely be exceeded. It took tough animals and men of strong heart even to attempt it. But Anza had them. The start was made at daybreak. The men tightened

their belts and doggedly set their teeth. For some nine leagues they skirted the Sierra de San Gerónimo, with Signal Mountain rising as a beacon straight ahead. This same peak had been their goal in that awful march three weeks before. With grim humor the men now smiled at that temporary defeat. Alluding to their failure to reach it, the eminence was dubbed the Cerro del Imposible (Impossible Mountain).

As they approached the peak a low, inviting gap in the sierra lay at their left. It was Lower Pass, in the Cocopah Range. Here again Garcés was able to satisfy his curiosity. On his former journey he had wished to go through the range to visit a lake of which the Indians told him but he had not succeeded. Swinging into this opening now, they descended an arroyo for a league to the southwest, emerged on the other side, climbed over a tongue of sand, and descended to the shore of a large salt lake. Crossing the head of the lagoon where it was dry, they camped in a marsh at a well of fresh water in the midst of several salty springs. San Eusebio this camp and well were named. On the banks of the lake Anza's party found a multitude of stranded sea fish, from which they inferred that it was a branch of the Gulf, which rose and fell with the seasons.

This lake was Laguna Salada, long called Maquata. It sometimes dries up completely, but when Anza camped there it must have been

at about the same level as when I saw it in November, 1928. At present the road from Mexicali to Tiajuana crosses Cocopah Range by the Upper Pass, some two or three miles further north than Lower Pass, through which Anza went. San Eusebio, where he camped, was west of the lake, and a mile or two at the left of the road as one goes west past the head of Laguna Salada. Fifty or sixty miles to the southeast, below the point of Cocopah Range, Garcés on his former journey had seen Laguna Salada and called it Agua Amarilla, or Rio Amarillo, thinking it might be the Colorado River, which, of course, lay behind him. While following the eastern skirt of Cocopah Range that year he had heard of Lake Maqueque (Maquata) but had failed to reach it. Now he was camping on its very shore.

A gruelling day this had been—harder than Anza had expected—and San Eusebio was a poor camp for both water and pasturage. The supply of fresh water was soon exhausted, and a salty fluid oozed out in its place before half of the animals had been watered. But the Sierra Madre now lay close at hand and the guide told of springs in a canyon near by. So morning was awaited hopefully.

But Anza awoke only to find that the guide had fled, "leaving us his poor weapons as signs at the place where he had slept." If he were

such a rogue as to abscond, perhaps he had lied about the water in the canyon. Quien sabe? In any case there was nothing to do but investigate. So Anza sent Corporal Sánchez ahead with six men to find out. In the afternoon he followed with his train. Going three leagues westward across the valley, near the Sierra Madre they met two soldiers sent by the corporal to meet them. Albricias! Good news! They had found the water.

Swinging southwest now, up a canyon cutting deep into the mountain, they struck a flowing stream of brackish water. Ascending it a league or more, after sunset they reached the corporal and the fresh water which he had found. "Besides five small springs of bitter water which are here, there is one of very sweet and clear water, and there is also some grass, but of bad quality," Anza remarks. "It is situated in a sierra which we infer must be one of those which form the California chain."

This watering place, which the explorer named Santo Thomás, was in Pinto Canyon, right on the highway from Mexicali to Tiajuana. Father Díaz, always clear, tells us that the springs were at the out-cropping or *remaniente* of the stream. In November, 1928, following the diary, I found this *remaniente* shortly before reaching the corkscrew grade made by the highway up the mountain. This place exactly fits

the distances, directions, and descriptions given by the diaries. The identification is perfect.

When at nightfall Anza arrived at Santo Thomás, Corporal Sánchez told him what had happened. Near the springs he had seized an Indian boy. An older Indian came down from the mountain side with fear and trembling, and asked that the boy, who was his son, should be released. Sánchez gave them presents, and as soon as the boy was freed they disappeared. In releasing them the corporal was obeying Anza's orders that the soldiers must not use force upon any heathen except in case of extreme necessity, lest the Spaniards acquire a bad name among the Indians.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for March 2–6. Eldredge routes Anza south of Volcano Lake instead of north of it. After getting Anza safely to San Eusebio on Laguna Salada, he turns him back east and locates Santo Thomás in Cocopah Range, although the diaries clearly state that from San Eusebio Anza went a long distance west and entered the Sierra Madre. Clearly Eldredge had never been over the trail.

XIX

ALONG THE BASE OF THE SIERRAS

The worst was over. Anza had circumvented the desert. He now proceeded to skirt the Sierra Madre till he should reach the opening or pass through the mountains of which Sebastián had told. Next morning he again sent Corporal Sánchez and his men ahead to explore, for he now had no guide, since Sebastián was still at sea, and Garcés was beyond his range. In the afternoon Anza followed. Emerging from the canyon, then swinging northward,[1] after having traveled four leagues he overtook the explorers. They had good news once more. On this spot Sánchez had taken six Indians by surprise. They gave him water, and led him to some abundant wells nearby. As a reward, the corporal gave them presents, and when on seeing Anza's party approach they became terrified, he let them go. There was good pasturage where Anza overtook Sánchez, and since he was sure of good water close at hand in the morning, he

[1] In November, 1928, following Anza over this stretch, my driver and I spent a whole night carrying stones to build a road to enable us to back a hundred and forty feet out of the sands of Arroyo Pinto, which we had tried to cross.

stopped here for the night. The camp was just north of the Mexico-California line of today.

Next morning (March 8) Anza moved northwest a league and a quarter to the watering place shown Sánchez by the Indians. It consisted of wells in a wide arroyo that runs eastward from the mountains. The spot is marked today by Yuha Well, some four miles north of the boundary line, and just northwest of Signal Mountain, Anza's Cerro del Imposible. It is a most desolate hole. Round about the wells, especially on the low hills to the north, the ground is strewn with black, flat flakes of shale. For this reason the place was called the Wells of Santa Rosa de las Lajas.[1] They were typical desert pozos, dug in the sand, but when opened they "poured forth an abundance of the finest water." These wells evidently were the water near the Cerro del Imposible told of by the guides when Anza was turned back by the sand dunes on February 15.

Victory was now circling around Anza's banner. Looking north, Sebastián got his bearings and identified the gap through which he had emerged from the mountains. It was a time for jubilation. "We celebrated our arrival at this place," says Anza, "because from it the California Indian has recognized that he is now near a place where he formerly was, and we therefore now promise ourselves that our expedition will

[1] Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks.

not fail." Here, too, Father Garcés again felt at home. He had been near this very spot. He explicitly tells us in his diary that two and one-half years before,[1] after skirting the eastern side of Sierra de San Gerónimo, and passing Signal Mountain, he had reached a point about three leagues east of Santa Rosa. That is, he had been at a place just west of Calexico. Indeed, this was the very point from which he turned back to the Colorado River. Anza's jaded animals too were allowed to celebrate. They sadly needed rest, and the captain remained in camp full thirty hours, to let them crop herbage in the vicinity, roll in the soft earth, and drink the sweet water from the pozos scooped in the sand.

With the animals refreshed and Sebastián now confident of his bearings, a new start was made. Sebastián assured Anza that two jornadas would take them to a good watering place where he had stopped on his way east. Success was reasonably certain now, but hard work was by no means over.

Next afternoon—the very day when Anza's plan received the royal approval in Madrid[2]—they traveled four leagues north over the hills, and camped without water on Arroyo del Coyote, just north of Plaster City. Then came another gruelling day. At dawn they set forth over the dry, level plain. About seven o'clock, when between Fish Creek Mountain on the left and

[1] On September 29, 1771. [2] March 9.

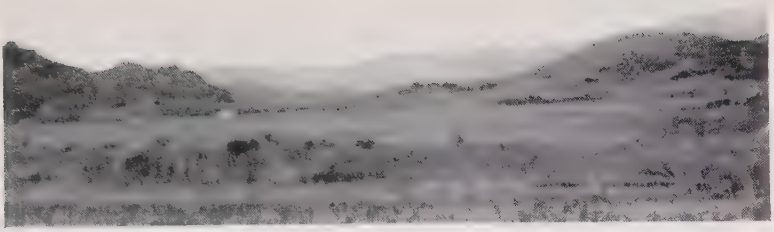


Photo by Bolton

San Carlos Pass at sunrise, looking east.

Photo by Herbert Bolton, Jr.

At the foot of the climb to Puerto de San Carlos. Just below here Anza camped on Christmas Eve, 1775.

Photo by Bolton

Bernasconi Pass, east of Riverside, looking east.

Photo by Neff

At the summit of San Carlos Pass.

Superstition Mountain on the right, they encountered sand dunes. Now the soldiers redeemed their pledge given at Santa Olaya. Lest the sand finish the horses, leaving the riders with none to carry the packs, the plucky men dismounted and proceeded on foot.

Seven long, hard leagues they traveled that day—more than twenty miles, the last half of the way skirting Carrizo Creek. But Sebastián's word proved good. At night the weary caravan reached the promised water. After a deep slump the guide's stock now soared, and in his honor the place was named San Sebastián, alias El Peregrino. Sebastián had good reason for not forgetting the place. It was from here that he had started when, on his way east, he had traveled three days without water, finding none till he reached the Colorado River, during which time his wife and a relative had died of thirst.

San Sebastián was at the junction of Carrizo Creek and San Felipe Wash. The camp was at Harper's Well, four miles west of Kane Spring, on the highway from Indio to Brawley. Just west of camp there was a large marsh through which ran several salty arroyos, but at the camp site there was a small lake and a running spring of good and plentiful water.

Anza was still in Cajuenche country or on the edge of it. Near camp there was a small village of this tribe, most of whom recognized Father

Garcés, having seen him three years before at San Jacome. When the Spaniards approached they fled, abandoning their little possessions. Forbidding any one to touch their belongings, Anza sent Sebastián to overtake the fugitives. After a time he brought back a woman, and Anza gave her beads and tobacco, telling her to go and bring her friends, who would be treated likewise. Thus reassured she complied, and in an hour or two she brought seven men hiding behind her skirts, figuratively speaking. More timid than the woman, or with more reason to be afraid, they came with fear and trembling. One of the seven was a chief. Anza jokingly dubbed him El Capitán. He recognized Sebastián, and there were embraces between them. After nightfall many more Indians arrived.

With Anza had come two Yumas. Their tribe and these Serranos had long been at war. Here was another opportunity for the captain. Making a speech, he told them that war must cease, and he had the chief and the two Yumas embrace. The Serranos were delighted, the occasion was celebrated by the breaking of arrows, and the villagers were so relieved of their terror that they camped with the Yumas in most friendly fashion.[1]

Anza notes that these Serranos were called by the Colorado River people Jahueches, and

[1] Garcés, Diary, March 12, 13. "Serranos" means "Mountain People."

also Caguenches and Ajagueches.[1] They lived ordinarily in the mountains, subsisting on mescal, grass seeds, and the products of the chase. They had no crops, and no means of raising them for lack of water. Like the Yumas, the men went totally naked; the women wore skirts of mescal fiber. The men cut their hair short, wore guaraches or sandals of mescal fiber, and had nets which they wore around the head or the stomach. They were a very black people. As to the women, "they have the ugliness which is usual with all the rest of the Indians," says Anza. These people were of good height but less robust than the Colorado River folk. They had more bows and arrows than these, but were less warlike. They possessed no horses and were so afraid of the Yumas, who had them, that they were terrorized even at the whinnying of a horse.

Here the Indians told Anza of two watering places to the eastward, and he decided to try a short cut across the desert on his way back. Here, too, the Indians said soldiers had passed. They were evidently either deserters from San Diego or their pursuers, headed by Fages, who had followed the runaways across the mountains from San Diego two years before.[2]

[1] Anza noted that they and the two Yumas understood each other to some extent, although their tongues were by no means identical. He thought that the Cajuenche lands extended from the Gulf of California to a point north of San Sebastián.

[2] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for March 7–10.

XX

THE ROYAL PASS OF SAN CARLOS

Anza now turned west to enter the mountains. He was still on the desert's rim, but from here Sebastián knew his way, and was sure of water at convenient distances. There were still difficulties to be met, but with each day's march spirits rose higher with surer hopes of success. Most of the men were now on foot, but this did not dismay the plucky fellows.

On March 11 Anza set forth, at once encountering a large marsh in his path. Horses bogged down, and by nightfall he had advanced only a league and a half. In the wet season horses still bog down in the same flat, or "old lake bed," as it is called. Camp was made without water and with no forage except mesquite leaves. Two saddle animals died from the bad pasturage of the marsh, and left their bones to whiten on the plains. Near camp there was a village of five families of Cajuenches, who reported the sea three days to the west and told of Spaniards six days away—presumably at San Diego, Anza thought. This news made him feel confident that he was getting near to his goal.[1]

[1] Between 1920 and 1930 I have five times explored the Pass of San Carlos. I first rode on horseback down Coyote Canyon in 1921, accompanied by Fred Clark and William G. Paden. In 1930 I again descended it, accompanied by Herbert Bolton, Jr. Eldredge went badly astray here and located San Carlos Pass at Vandeventer Flat.

Next day the explorers continued west to enter a wide gap which offered an opening into the mountains. It was Borrego Valley,[1] through which Sebastián had emerged into the plain. Traveling six leagues west-northwest, and passing two small peaks which guarded the entrance (Red or Borrego Mountain), they halted beside Arroyo de San Felipe at a running well which they called San Gregorio. Here they had the best forage found since starting. It was most welcome, for the animals were now in deplorable condition from the bad pasturage at San Sebastián, so they were given a day's rest.

When Anza's party arrived at San Gregorio they saw some sixty Cajuenche Indians hunting. Coaxed by Sebastián, they approached camp. But just when they got near, a terrifying noise rent the air. The pack mules, scenting the water, at this most untimely juncture began to bray "according to their custom, whereupon our much sought heathen made precipitate flight." As they scampered the copper hued Apollos and scant skirted Venuses made a bizarre picture for the grinning visitors from the south.

Leaving San Gregorio on the 14th, Anza swung northwestward, ascended Borrego Valley to its head and entered Coyote Canyon. Having

[1] Coues, in his edition of Garcés's diary, makes a serious and harmful error in Anza's route, by assuming that he went north from San Sebastián, and crossed the mountains by San Gorgonio Pass. From this mistake erroneous ethnological inferences have been drawn.

Down the Rio de San Joseph he proceeded past Lake San Antonio de Bucareli, "several leagues in circumference and as full of white geese as of water." This was San Jacinto Lake, now dry, but until recently a notable feature of the landscape north of Lakeview. Swinging west now[1] through Alessandro Valley, and descending from the ridge, perhaps by Sycamore Canyon, they crossed the site of Riverside and halted near an Indian village on the verge of Santa Ana River. Camp was well below Rubidoux Mountain. Some time was spent in seeking a ford, but the river had high banks and it was necessary to make a bridge over which to take the train. Fallen logs served this useful purpose.

The Sierra had been surmounted. It was now a march of only two days to San Gabriel. On the 21st, with snow covered San Bernardino Mountains on the right, the explorers crossed the wide plain and camped at Arroyo de los Osos,[2] near the site of Ontario. Next day, swinging westward, through a plain then covered with sage brush but now blooming with the orchards of Laverne, San Dimas, and Covina, they forded San Gabriel River, and at sunset reached the mission. This was a red letter day in the history of New California. Anza had opened a way from Sonora to the sea.[3]

[1] Past the site of Moreno. [2] Bear Creek, now the San Antonio.

[3] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés, entries for March 11–22.

XXI

VICTORY AND SHORT RATIONS

For the moment cares were forgotten. The wayfarers were welcomed with ringing bells, volleys of musketry, and repeated Victorias! The exiles at the mission could scarcely credit their eyes. "Even though the friars and soldiers saw us," says Anza, "they could hardly believe that people could have come from Sonora, and they kept repeatedly asking me if it were true. Tears sprang to their eyes, caused by the joy and pleasure at seeing this expedition accomplished, and at knowing how close at hand Sonora was and how easy the transit from it." Only half a thousand miles!

Next day Mass was chanted with all the ceremony possible, "as an act of thanksgiving to the Infinite Majesty, who deigns to reward with full hands the Catholic zeal, constant piety, and religion of our invincible and most amiable monarch, enlarging his dominions so easily, exalting his arms, and trusting to his fervent charity the task of converting so vast a heathendom to the fold of our sacred religion."

But neither friars nor soldiers could live on sentiment alone, and food was scarce. Anza had left most of his supplies at the Colorado River, in the care of Palma. Father Paterna, superior of the mission, was no better off, for the annual supply vessel had been delayed. California had faced another starving time. The friars and the soldier guard were living on a daily ration of three maize tortillas "and the herbs of the field which each one seeks for himself." With great generosity Father Paterna offered Anza a share of his slender store. The offer was appreciated, but there was not enough to permit Anza to go forward to Monterey.

But the welcome news had just come that the *Nueva Galicia* had arrived at San Diego with provisions and bringing Father Serra, on his way home from Mexico. So Anza and Paterna organized a pack train to send thither for supplies, and also for more saddle animals, for Anza's mounts had reached San Gabriel in sorry shape. The captain hoped also to find at San Diego an instrument for taking latitudes and some one who could use it. Carrying out the plan, he and Paterna dispatched to San Diego four soldiers and a recua of fifteen mules. Among the men who made the trip was Valdés, the hardy courier.

It had been planned at first that Anza and Garcés should go with the pack train to San

Diego, but the rivers were high, so they changed their minds. Then the streams subsided, and Garcés set forth two days behind the train, his special errand being to find means for taking latitudes—and, no doubt, to humor his passion for wandering. At San Diego he found Father Serra, who was preparing to travel north by land. Evidently this was the first and only time these two historic personages ever met. Neither makes personal comment on the other. The pack train did not long detain the visitors. It set out for San Gabriel on April 1, and five days later Serra and Garcés followed. One would like to know what tales of the New World they swapped as they rode side by side. In the lore of the American frontier they were a hard pair to match.

When they arrived at San Gabriel, on April 11, Garcés met a serious disappointment. Anza was not there. During the father's absence the captain had completely changed his plans. It had been his desire, and Garcés's fondest wish, to return from Monterey by a more northern route, skirting the eastern slope of the sierras, perhaps coming out at the Mohaves. With this in mind, Anza had promised to await Garcés at San Gabriel in order that they might jog together to Monterey, or if he set out before Garcés returned he would leave two or three soldiers as an escort, so that Gárces might overtake him. But when the pack train reached San Gabriel on April 5 Anza faced a problem. No mounts were

brought from San Diego because none could be spared. The provisions sent were inadequate. They consisted of only "six fanegas of maize, half spoiled, a tierce of jerked meat, unfit to eat, a tierce of flour and two fanegas of beans." By cold arithmetic Anza figured that these supplies would support his men only sixteen days, even using the beans, and these could not be used on the road "because they do not use or carry pots to cook them in." In short, the supplies would not last all the men to Monterey; moreover, there were not enough suitable mounts. To avoid starvation, some of the men must go back to the Colorado River.

So Anza took Father Díaz into counsel, and a new plan was adopted. It was arranged that the captain should go in light order to Monterey, taking four of his own men and two from San Gabriel to show him the way. The rest would go back to the Yumas. Anza invited Díaz to go with him, but the friar declined. "Knowing that the speed of the truly tireless commander, when he was on horseback, meant twenty or twenty-five leagues a day, he wisely excused himself; and I would have done the same," says the tireless Garcés. With such a confession from Garcés, Díaz had no reason to blush when he declined. It was therefore planned that when Garcés came from San Diego, the two friars and the remaining soldiers should go back to the Colorado, there to await Anza's return. This

arranged, the commander prepared his diary and dispatches for the viceroy.

Anza had last reported to Bucareli from Santa Olaya. Now, on April 10, he wrote again from San Gabriel, enclosing a fair copy of his diary. This letter reveals the captain's dauntless spirit and his love for his men. He made light of past difficulties and turned his eyes to the future. He had successfully reached Northern California with no other misfortune "than that our mounts lacked strength to enable us to make the journey on their backs. But this difficulty was overcome by the fine spirit of our soldiers, most of whom marched to this place on foot." There was pluck, there was loyalty. He had found a good road, "passable even for wheeled vehicles."[1] The Indians had been most friendly. The desert from the Colorado to good country could be crossed in five days. "Thus, no doubt remains that the passage from Sonora to this mission is very easy." A higher route, directly from the Colorado to mission San Luís Obispo, might be better. Short supplies and tired horses had made it impossible to open that road this time, but he was still planning to return directly from Monterey to the Colorado. Lack of provisions and mounts, he added, was making it necessary to send part of the soldiers back to the Yumas.

[1] He could not know at that time the capacity of an automobile to get stuck in the sand. He was thinking of ox carts.

Anza realized that he had done something of importance. Perhaps he saw that his bold expedition was one of the significant links in the chain of Western Hemisphere history. "I congratulate your Excellency that it is during your fortunate government that this undertaking has been accomplished. . . . From it I expect great advantages to the service of both Majesties and the glory of your Excellency." Bucareli had ordered him to report from Monterey, but he was doing so from San Gabriel in order that the great news might reach the capital sooner.

Father Díaz, who sent his diary at the same time, was also elated with what had been done. He congratulated Bucareli for having achieved "an enterprise of such moment that, I am sure, it was granted by the Infinite Majesty in return for your great piety, and for the zealous effort with which each day you seek more and more the exaltation of His divine name, and the honor and glory of our Catholic sovereign and the luster of our nation."

Having sealed his dispatches for the viceroy, on April 10 Anza pursued his journey to Monterey.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza, Díaz, and Garcés from March 22 to April 10; Serra to the guardian, San Diego, March 31; Díaz to Bucareli, San Gabriel, April 8; Anza to Bucareli, San Gabriel, April 10. A detailed account of the early history of San Gabriel is given in Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt's *San Gabriel Mission and the Beginnings of Los Angeles* (San Gabriel, 1927).

XXII

GARCES ON THE BACK TRACK

Next day Garcés and Serra reached San Gabriel, surprised to find the captain gone. Garcés was disappointed especially because of his interest in a more northern route. "I have been very sorry," he wrote, "that advantage has not been taken of this occasion, so opportune for discovering the course of the San Francisco River,[1] which I believe is connected with the Colorado, and both with some very large lakes, or a water which is still, and is very large, as the Gileños have told me." Was he talking of Lake Utah and Great Salt Lake? Very probably.

The two friars had been entrusted with conducting the retreat to the Colorado River. But Garcés had brought back no pilot to take latitudes, as he had hoped to do. He therefore proposed to return to San Diego with Father Díaz, to try to borrow an instrument from the chaplain of the *Nueva Galicia,* and get him to instruct Father Díaz in its use, since he already understood its principles. But the soldiers objected to waiting so long. They were getting

[1] The San Joaquín, discovered by Fages and Crespi.

hungry perhaps. So plans were changed once more. It was decided now to send Father Díaz to San Diego for the instrument, and that Garcés and the soldiers should set forth at once for the Colorado. Díaz on his return to San Gabriel would await Anza, who, it was thought, might bring Father Crespi with him to take latitudes.

On April 13—this was not Friday—Garcés set forth with his train. The faithful Sebastián was one of his company. Lone wanderer that he was, Garcés never before had found himself at the head of so great an entourage. Like his noted Kentucky contemporary, he perhaps thought the world was getting crowded. In general he followed Anza's trail until San Sebastián was reached, though a new route was taken from Santa Ana River to Lake San Antonio Bucareli, and in Cahuilla Valley he swung to the right and missed Laguna del Príncipe. At Santa Catharina, in Coyote Canyon, the Indians proved hostile. Through "a hankering for meat" they fired arrows at the fattest horse of the loose herd. To warn Anza when he should return, Garcés carved a note on the trunk of a willow tree.[1]

Garcés wished to stop at San Sebastián to pasture the animals, meanwhile sending guides to explore a new trail, but the soldiers again urged haste. Food was getting low. So, instead of turning south to the fine wells of Santa Rosa,

[1] In 1921 I looked for the carving but did not find it.

by which they had come, they continued southeast directly through the middle of waterless Imperial Valley, now crossed for the first time north of Signal Mountain. Tenacious of his dream, as he traveled along Garcés noted in his diary the probability of a more northern route to Monterey. On the way they stopped at Kane Spring, naming it San Anselmo. From here they set forth straight for Pozo de las Angustias, the Deep Well of Little Water from which Anza had been turned back by the stubborn sand dunes.

It was a terrific ride. The weather was hot and the going hard. At that season of the year the temperature frequently rises above 120° Fahrenheit. Traveling fifteen leagues on April 23, they reached Las Angustias at three in the morning, and continued thence to El Carrizal. Starting again at sunset, they reached Santa Olaya at midnight on the 24th. This was travel that would have been a credit to the tireless Anza. From Kane Spring to the Colorado on horseback in less than two days in early summer! Talk about Spanish decadence! Garcés had made a short cut. Between San Sebastián and Santa Olaya alone he saved nineteen leagues, as compared with the former journey.

Palma was as good as his word. When Garcés reached the Yuma junction he had a raft ready, and he took the travelers across the river at once. The friar now got another surprise. The soldiers and servants left by Anza were no

longer there. Indians had brought the disturbing rumor that the Mountain Cajuenches had killed all of Anza's party. The men may have taken the report seriously. It may have served as a welcome excuse for them to escape the ennui of idleness. Some of them may have had wives or sweethearts at home. At any rate, they took most of the provisions and horses and retreated to Sonora. But Palma performed his part faithfully. Garcés found the supplies and sixteen head of cattle, "even the cows and their calves," all safe and sound.

Anza and Díaz had been optimistic in their reports. Garcés now took the part of Doubting Thomas. The day after he reached the Yuma junction he wrote to Bucareli. He was disappointed by the way things had turned out, he said. When he returned from San Diego and found that Anza had gone, and that his hope of returning by another route had been dispelled, he was disheartened. Anza, he said, "must have been hard put to it to decide on this mode of procedure." And again, "I do not know what he will decide nor by what direction he will return, but if I had gone to Monterey I would have urged the two commanders[1] to return by a route higher up."

Garcés was sorry no observations had been made, but he hoped that Díaz would succeed in his errand to San Diego. About himself the

[1] Anza and Fages.

humble friar had no illusions. "I fully understood that the order for a person of good character and conduct to accompany me was not given for my consolation, but that he might make the observations, but there was no instrument or skilled person in the province." He adds, "I am so far from being satisfied with the expedition that, on the contrary, I admit that my best hopes are disappointed, my curiosity displeased, and my spirit humbled with the serious and certain knowledge that we have not done more because I have been wanting." The fault was not Anza's. No, "the efforts, expenditures, and good management of the commander are extremely creditable," he said.

With this letter Garcés sent his diary, "finished but in bad writing and worse spelling." But it might have been still worse. "If it had all been written in my own hand, however slowly I might write, what would it be if I had written the whole diary? . . . . But fortunately, on the third day after leaving San Gabriel the corporal of the mission came to look for an Indian boy, and he wrote about four sheets in good handwriting." The original of the precious diary still shows plainly just where Garcés left off and the corporal began.

In the next act of this desert drama Valdés, our Castilian Kit Carson, was the unquestioned hero. Garcés, two muleteers, and nine soldiers

remained at Yuma to await the commander. But for Valdés there was no rest. With Portolá he had four times traveled the length of California. He had ridden from Mexico City to Tubac with Anza's orders from the viceroy. He had followed Anza to San Gabriel, and gone with the pack train to San Diego and back. He had carried Anza's dispatches from San Gabriel to Yuma. Now, accompanied by only two soldiers, he hurried on horseback to Horcasitas. From there, bearing the precious diaries and letters, he rode "alone" to Mexico. Juan Bautista Valdés deserves to be remembered.[1]

[1] Garcés, Diary, entries April 13–26; Juan Bautista Baldés, Declaration, Mexico, June 14, 1774; Garcés to Bucareli, Yuma junction, April 27, 1774.

XXIII

ANZA AND PALOU SEE VISIONS

Before Garcés reached the Colorado Anza had arrived at Monterey. From San Gabriel to that place he was not a pathfinder, and his diary is appropriately brief. In five years the trail had oft been traveled. The Portolá expedition had covered it twice each way. Fages had been up and down it half a dozen times. Serra had traveled it once.

Anza's speed was indeed rapid, justifying Díaz's declination and Garcés's comment. Two days took him to Ventura River; three more to Santa Inez River, where he had to wait nearly a whole day for the tide. This gave him time to write an interesting account of the Channel Indians. On the 15th he rode all the way from Santa Inez River to Mission San Luís Obispo—about fifty miles.[1] From there he covered the distance to Monterey in three days. He had traveled from San Gabriel, nearly four hundred miles, in nine days, including the halt of nearly a day at Santa Inez River to await low tide. This was an average of about fifty miles a day. He was indeed a "tireless" horseman.

[1] By rail, over almost precisely the same route, it is fifty-one miles.

At Monterey Anza was welcomed as enthusiastically as at San Gabriel. Here he found Fages in command, Rivera not yet having arrived to relieve him. Palóu, president in Serra's absence, rode over the hills to the presidio to greet him. His achievement was hailed with delight. California was a lonesome outpost, but he had brought it closer to the world. The commander and the soldiers, writes Anza, "were persuaded that with the opening of a road, recently effected, the stability of these missions and presidios would be assured, and that they would emerge in a short time from the infelicities and misery to which in all respects they are reduced because of the misfortunes suffered . . . which at present are greater than those related of the mission of San Gabriel." He adds, "In view of these trials and of their long continuation, I can not find words adequate to praise the merit of the friars, the commander, and the troops for remaining in these places." A fine tribute this.

A day at the presidio sufficed. What Anza and Fages talked about we are not informed. Then Anza went to visit the fathers at Mission Carmelo, "both to see this new establishment, the last in Northern California, and to return the visit made me yesterday by the reverend father superior of its missionaries."

His stay at Carmelo likewise was short, but it gave birth to bright visions and roseate hopes.

The person at Carmelo who rejoiced most of all at Anza's coming was Father Palóu, the man who became the great historian of New California. He celebrated Anza's arrival by a Mass, sung in thanksgiving for the success of the exploration. The friar and the soldier put their heads together, and when Anza left Carmelo he carried a long letter from Palóu to the guardian of his college of San Fernando. Through this epistle we learn of the soaring dreams to which Anza's journey had given wings. It was bursting with plans for the future of the Land of Sunshine. The visit of the Graf Zeppelin a century and a half later was not a more potent stimulus to the imagination.

Joyful news Palóu had for the guardian! Anza had found a land route from Sonora to New California, "a great service to God and the king, and a universal benefit for these missions. . . . Thanks to God the road has now been opened, so that in time of need we may be succored, since in so short a distance as a hundred and seventy leagues of travel we may be in lands inhabited by Spaniards." What was a little matter of a hundred and seventy leagues!

Palóu informed the guardian that Anza would hurry to Mexico City and there would visit his Reverence. He would tell him about the new missions and unfold the great plans which the two had concocted. The "principal project" was

nothing less than a chain of missions the full length of Anza's long trail from Sonora to San Gabriel—that little gap of one hundred and seventy leagues. And here was the way it could be done by the two sister colleges. East of San Gabriel two good missions could be founded by Palóu's brethren, the Fernandinos, one at the Santa Ana River, and one in the valley of San Joseph (San Jacinto). The sierra would be the boundary. From there Garcés's college of Querétaro could take up the line, "making a chain from these missions to those of the Pimería." Palóu was giving the Querétaro friars the big end of the log to carry—or, viewed differently, he was according them the principal honor, the greater opportunity to save souls. Anza doubtless would guard their interests, for he was a lay brother of the Querétaro college.

More immediate than missions was mail. With all its beauty New California was a lonesome place, an exile, the remotest corner of the earth. But a welcome remedy was in sight. Now that the road was open, Anza was to propose that mail be sent overland from Mexico to Monterey every two months. What dizzy speed was this! Soldier couriers would go from Monterey to the Colorado River; there they would deliver the mail to Sonora soldiers; they in turn would take it to Altar and send it thence to Mexico, "by which means his Excellency will very quickly

get news of these conquests." No longer would the friars have to wait a year or more to communicate with the outside world.

Then there must be a regular freight service. Another message carried by Anza was a request to the viceroy that eight droves of government mules left idle in Sonora after the Seri war should be assigned to the New California pack trains, four droves to carry to and fro between Sonora and the Colorado, and the other four to ply back and forth between the Colorado and San Gabriel.

California sadly needed settlers. So the captain was to propose that immigrants might come from Sonora by the new road, "and he assures me that there will be many who will desire to come," said Palóu. Then there was commerce. Anza was to suggest also that the Manila galleon might stop at Monterey, or at San Francisco Bay, to take on refreshments and leave goods for the benefit of the Indians. "And, if permission can be obtained from his Majesty to unload some goods from China, in order to supply the interior provinces of Sonora, New Mexico, etc., this very fertile land will be as good as settled." Here was an alluring prospect.

Palóu urged the guardian to coöperate to the full with Anza in pushing these soaring projects. At the same time he gave the captain high praise. Anza, he said, was a man to inspire confidence.

"I hope that your Reverence will listen to him as he deserves, not only for the great affection that he has for us, but also for the very great good that will follow to these missions from the expedition which he has just made."

Other friars in New California were cheered by Anza's triumph. Father Fermín Lasuén, ablest of the corps then at San Gabriel, was one of these. "I hear said of it by some persons of judgment that it will not produce any advancement of these new establishments for a long time to come, nor save them from their much-feared extinction. But I have very great hopes to the contrary. The country is most beautiful, the heathen numerous and very docile." The dire poverty of New California in those pioneer days is reflected in Lasuén's appeal, made in the same communication, for clothes to cover his nakedness. "For the love of God . . . a complete outfit of clothing, for I have . . . reached the point of indecency." He had done his best to mend his habit, but it would no longer even hold a patch—and he had no patch! "Perhaps this necessity," he adds, "is the reason why the Indians like me so well, for *similitude est causa de amore,* and with so little clothing I am indeed very much like them."

A few days later Lasuén wrote of Anza with greater enthusiasm. The captain had shed the light of hope in a remote corner of the world.

"He is a most affectionate brother of the College of Santa Cruz, and a signal benefactor, and is the whole consolation of the missionaries of the Pimería. And it may be expected in the future that his favor may be similar for the Fernandino missionaries of this Northern California. He has comported himself here with very Christian honor. He has fulfilled his commission to the satisfaction of everybody who may be interested in the important purposes of the undertaking, and he has convinced everybody that in a short time this enterprise will produce considerable advancement for this new country."

Poor, ragged Lasuén closed by testifying to a very personal benefit which he had already received from the expedition. His prayer for decent clothes had been partly answered. "The reverend fathers of the Holy Cross, Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Juan Díaz, have covered my nakedness for some months . . . One of them gave me a habit of sayalete and a hood, and the other a tunic and sandals. For another father, Fray Francisco left a mantle." We wonder if the Indians were less fond of Fray Fermín, now that he was less like them.[1]

[1] Anza's Return Diary, April 10–21; Serra to the guardian, San Diego, March 31, 1774; Palóu to the guardian, Mission San Carlos (Carmelo), April 22; Lasuén to Pangua, San Gabriel, April 23; Lasuén to his college, San Gabriel, May 2. Serra was not quite so jubilant as Palóu. For a moment he was dismayed at the prospect of having to succor Anza's hungry men.

XXIV

STRAIGHTENED TRAILS

Don Juan was anxious to be on his way to see Viceroy Bucareli, and Doña Ana was awaiting her gallant soldier. One day only he spent at the mission, then he hastened back to the presidio. There by arrangement with Fages he decided to take from Monterey six soldiers to accompany him as far as the Colorado River, in order that they might learn the road. His plan for returning from San Luís Obispo by a more northern route had now been completely abandoned. There is something strange here. At San Gabriel he must have learned of Fages's journey in 1772 from San Diego to Imperial Valley and by Antelope Valley and the San Joaquin to San Luís Obispo, for Garcés tells of it in his diary, having learned of it doubtless at San Gabriel. At Monterey Anza conferred with Fages. He frequently mentions his desire to find a more northern route. He talked about it with Palóu at Carmel. But nowhere that I have seen does he mention Fages's discovery of this more northern trail. I see no explanation of his silence. It may well be that in some undiscovered report this is all made clear.

Leaving Monterey on the 22d, Anza put spurs to his horse and returned to San Gabriel as fast as he had come. The pack animals had all they could do to keep up the pace. More than once Anza must have changed mounts. Five days took him to Santa Inez River. Next day, on the Santa Barbara Channel, he met Father Serra, on his way to Monterey, after an absence of more than a year in Mexico. Evidently these two pioneers had never met before. Serra had been traveling less rapidly, having come from San Gabriel in five days. The president importuned Anza to stop with him, so that he might learn more about his great journey, of which Garcés of course had told him. The captain yielded, they camped together for the night, and Anza regaled the eager-eyed friar with the tale of his high adventure. Three more days took Anza to Los Angeles River and on the fourth (May 1) he was back at San Gabriel mission.

At this point in his diary Anza makes a brief report on the New California missions. He gives a most favorable impression of the work of the fathers, and his friendship for Serra is patent. The heathen were docile and gentle, he said. Already more than five hundred had been Christianized at San Gabriel and Carmelo alone, and there would have been more if food had not been so scarce. Indians as well as white men had felt the pinch of the starving times. These five hun-

dred converts were being maintained on a pint and a half of atole a day mixed with water, for each neophyte. Even if atole had been plentiful the fathers could have doubled or tripled the harvest. But prospects for the future were better, for this year there was promise of a fair wheat crop, which up to now had failed mainly for lack of seed. Anza had seen the wheat fields, and thought them better than those raised in Sonora. At Carmelo the fog had hurt the barley, but this was not the case in the South.

At San Gabriel Anza found Father Díaz, of whose change of plans no doubt he was informed by Serra when they met on the road. The day after Garcés left for the Colorado, Díaz had set forth for San Diego to get an astrolabe. There had been talk of Anza's returning to the Colorado River by way of San Diego to try out a new road. But from observations that he made on the way south, Díaz concluded that this would be unwise. The Pass of San Carlos, he said, was the best gateway to New California. With this conviction Díaz returned to San Gabriel bringing the astrolabe. On hearing the friar's report Anza agreed that it was more important now to straighten out the old road than to try to open a new one.

After his long ride the tireless Anza rested only one day before putting his foot once more in the stirrup. On May 2 Father Díaz practiced

with his astrolabe by taking the latitude of San Gabriel. Next day they set forth for the Colorado, lacking now the cheerful company of Garcés and the familiar figure of Sebastián. To San Sebastián the route was essentially the old one. Fulfilling his celestial charge, Díaz took the latitude at San José (San Jacinto) River, the Pass of San Carlos, Santa Olaya, and San Dionisio. North of Lake San Antonio Anza noted an opening which he opined would afford a direct route to Mission San Luís Obispo.[1] Near Santa Catharina the Indians wounded three loose horses. The chief culprit was given a beating, released, and congratulated that through Spanish mercy he had escaped with his life. At this place they found Father Garcés's note telling of a similar experience on his part. These Serranos were laying up trouble for the future.

Down Borrego Valley Anza's spurs jingled, laughing at the burning sun. At San Sebastián Anza found another note from Garcés. It informed him that he had taken a new route, across the desert instead of around it. For seven leagues more Anza followed Garcés's trail, then swung to the left of it and cut across to Las Angustias. Pushing on to El Carrizal, reached at 11 p.m., he rested there till early morning, then continued to Santa Olaya. He had covered the whole distance from San Sebastián in twenty-five hours,[2] a pro-

[1] He makes no mention of Fages's journey here.

[2] Eighty or ninety miles.

digious feat to perform in the heat of May. His speed excelled that of Garcés and his party. Anza remarked that this jornada was too long, but suggested that in the future pack trains could go from El Carrizal to Santa Rosa, thence to San Sebastián, by his former trail. The short cut would do for veterans and light travel, but not for loaded caravans or tenderfoot colonists.

"Queyé! Welcome, friends!" Men and maidens greeted the returning soldiers and the white medicine man with smiles. But there was no time for another seguidilla. Besides, the fiddle had gone ahead, in Garcés's party. On the way up the Colorado Anza found both Cajuenches and Yumas most cordial. They told him, as exciting news, of the departure of his men, "solely on account of the vague report which has come from the sierra," to the effect that the heathen there had killed him and all the soldiers. Anza was vexed, of course, but he neither stormed nor fumed.

Yuma was reached at noon on May 10. Palma was there to extend a welcome, "rejoicing like all his tribe, many hundreds of whom I already had at my side." The chief was tearful at the departure of Anza's men against his advice; but he gave a strict account of everything which had been left in his charge.

Faithful to his promise, Palma had a strong raft ready to ferry Anza over the now full-

flooded rivers. A bizarre picture they made as they crossed. The chief himself carried Anza and Díaz in his arms and set them on the raft with clothing dry. Then, with hundreds of swimmers, naked men and nearly naked women, pushing and guiding the raft, the voyage was made. The stream was now swollen, and was six hundred yards wide where they sailed. "But," Anza remarks, "I had such confidence that in all my life I have never crossed a river with greater assurance, since even though the craft had been wrecked I had close at hand more than five hundred persons ready to rescue me." On the other side of the Gila Anza found Garcés and his men in camp.[1]

[1] Anza, Return Diary, entries for April 22–May 10; Díaz, Return Diary, entries for May 3–10.

XXV

UP THE GILA AND HOME

Anza decided to return to Tubac by way of the Gila River instead of by Caborca. This route was shorter, and he wished to visit the Gila tribes and establish peace among them. Besides, he was doubtless thinking of further journeys to the Colorado. This decision upset one of Garcés's minor arrangements. The friar had sent by Valdés to the governor of Sonora a request that he send some supplies to Yuma for Anza's use when he should return. Expecting the supplies to come by the Caborca route, and not needing them anyway, Anza now sent two men by that route to meet the pack train and turn it back.

Before pursuing his way to Tubac Anza gave his weary men and scrawny mounts a well deserved rest. All the way from Monterey he had driven them furiously. The pause gave him time to make observations. He remarks in his diary that, since he had traveled beyond the Colorado River much farther than any of his predecessors had "even thought of going," he might comment on some old geographical notions. Wherever he had been, he said, he had inquired of the natives

about Sierra Azul, and the Laguna de Azogue told of by Mange, "but, even taking their existence for granted," he had found no ground for thinking that either of the tales could be verified. The hard headed captain was not disposed to perpetuate such myths, even though his revered father had believed in them.

On May 12 the six Monterey soldiers recrossed the Colorado, headed west. Next morning Anza broke camp and most of his train started up the Gila, but he stayed behind till Palma got over the Colorado four beeves for the Monterey party.

Now an unexpected diversion occurred, merely another thrill to break the monotony of travel. Just as Anza was about to start, a Yuma came and reported that some Cojats[1] were planning to attack the Monterey men and steal their horses, on the flimsy ground that they came from the west where their enemies lived. Anza acted promptly; he would show them a thing or two. Sending a courier in haste he called back the train that had started up the Gila. This was merely a gesture for effect. At the same time he sent Palma and Sebastián, with two hundred chosen Yuma braves, to escort the Monterey men through the hostile country. Two days later they returned with a report from the Monterey corporal that all was well. It was a false alarm, after all.

[1] Díaz says they were people of Pablo's village.

The episode proved to be harmless, but it was significant, and shrewd Father Díaz caught its meaning for the future. Apropos of the event he remarked "On account of this occurrence, and of other circumstances which I have observed with careful reflection, I have formed the opinion that passage through these lands will not be easy unless our nation establishes itself at some points on these rivers. For the fickleness of the Indians is well known, their inclination to thievery is patent, their consideration is none, and the passage of the river is very difficult. And if they should come to be discontented, and disinclined to coöperate with their aid in the crossing, but on the contrary should attempt to impede it, a large force of arms would be necessary to vanquish so numerous, although so uncivilized a heathendom." He was a true prophet. History later proved that Palma's people held the gateway to California.

Captain and chief now said goodbye. Palma once more protested his loyalty. As long as he lived neither he nor his tribe, he said, would cease their affection for the Spaniards nor their fidelity to the king. For a parting word, again Anza admonished the chief to maintain peace with his neighbors. As a reward for his services he presented him his own bastón, four beeves, and some articles of clothing. "I should have been glad to be able to reward this heathen bar-

barian more liberally," he said, "for his equal is not to be found among people of his kind."

With his reunited party, Anza now jogged his way up the Gila. This for him was new ground. In fact, his journey was a landmark in recorded exploration. His diary and that of Díaz are the first covering the whole stretch from Yuma to the Casa Grande that we have since Mange's time, a century and three-quarters before. Till he passed Mohawk Range Anza found the banks of the Gila uninhabited. From there to Gila Bend he passed through villages of Cocomaricopas and Opas, living in essentially the same stretch along the river as in Mange's day. He found the Pimas, too, about where Mange had seen them.

The first two days took Anza through the Gila Range. On the third day he passed Sierra de San Pasqual (Mohawk Range). Next day[1] he reached the first village of the Cocomaricopas at San Bernardino, near Palomas. They were about a hundred in number. Their language was Yuman, but they and the Yumas had long been bitterly hostile. Through an interpreter Anza exhorted them to peace.

Five leagues farther up, near the hot springs on the north bank, Anza passed Agua Caliente, a former Cocomaricopa village site, abandoned shortly before through wars with the Yumas. Recrossing the river, at Gila Bend Anza entered

[1] May 18.

Uparsoitac, another large Cocomaricopa settlement. Among them were some Opas, kinsmen whose people lived mainly in the angle between the Gila and the Colorado.

At Uparsoitac Garcés felt at home, for he had visited the place before. So he decided to stop here, to ascertain whether, by means of intervening tribes, he could send a letter to New Mexico. With him remained one of Anza's servants, Garcés thinking it unwise to keep a soldier guard. He felt safer alone.

While Garcés wandered, Anza proceeded on his way. Cutting across Gila Bend, close along the line of the present day railroad, on the 22d he reached the first Pima settlement. It was Sutaquison, a permanent town on the Gila inhabited by more than two thousand people. Since Mange's day the place had been known as Encarnación. The industrious people had excellent grain fields. In one, the smallest, they had planted "from sixty to eighty fanegas of wheat, exceptionally fine and about ready to harvest." While here Anza reported some ruins of an ancient "palace." We bless him for this incidental bit of information, for it fixes the site of Sutaquison at Vah Ki, where the ruins, called Casa Blanca, are still to be seen. The walls were standing then. Today the remains present only the shape of a large, low mound. Excavations would probably reveal things of interest.

The captain spurred his mules forward. Two leagues beyond he entered Juturitucan, "in every way larger," than Sutaquison. This settlement, situated between Vah Ki and the Sacatón of today, comprised 3000 persons, who were now living close together for defense against the Apaches. They were as thrifty as the others. "The fields of wheat which they now possess are so large that, standing in the middle of them, one can not see the ends," writes Anza. Díaz adds, "All these fields the Indians cultivate with no other oxen and no other implements than a wooden stick, with which they make holes in the ground and go slowly burying the seed." These Pima villages were "reducidos," that is, subject to Spanish authority, and in them therefore Anza filled some vacant offices.

A few miles ahead stood the historic old ruin of Casa Grande, or Montezuma's palace. Anza mentioned it, but did not go to see it, for he was in a hurry. Two leagues before reaching the ruin —about at Blackwater—he left the Gila, turned south, and made his way to Tucson, twenty-four leagues, all the way without water. Here he got a note from Antonio Bonilla, adjutant inspector, ordering him to hasten. Wondering what was in the wind, with Father Díaz and six soldiers he hurried on, reaching Tubac at sunset on May 26, after an absence of four and one-half months. There were cheers and *abrazos,* we may be sure.

Next day the rest of the train arrived, dusty, unshaven, ragged, weary, but glad to be home. The soldiers greeted them with a volley of musketry, the populace with vivas and embraces. The friars celebrated with a Mass of thanksgiving. Wives dressed in their best and children with their faces washed greeted husbands and fathers long awaited. The returned heroes had a tale to tell.

"Herewith," says Anza, "the expedition has come completely to an end, with the successes and advantages which are set forth in the foregoing document, wherefore may the Lord of Hosts be blessed and praised.—From Monte Rey to the presidio of Tubac, 294 leagues."

Disappointment was awaiting the explorer. He had planned to start at once for Mexico to report to Bucareli. Visions of the viceroy's court had been before him as he jogged over the long, long trail. But man proposes and God disposes. When he reached Tubac Anza found Bonilla there making an inspection. This is what was in the wind. Bonilla then went to Terrenate, and summoned Anza to follow him thither. Again in the dark, Anza complied, not even taking time to report to Bucareli or to take his papers with him. Arrived there he was put in command of the post till Bonilla should go to Janos and send him relief from there.

A long wait was in prospect. So from Terrenate on June 8 Anza wrote to Bucareli explaining his predicament. He gave only the briefest summary of his doings since leaving San Gabriel for Monterey, but he adverted to the importance of what he had done, especially as seen through the eyes of the California pioneers. There, he said, "seeing a road opened from Sonora to those regions, the soldiers and father missionaries remained in full contentment in the midst of the great scarcity of provisions which they were experiencing." Further details he could not report, because, not knowing the nature of his errand, he had left his papers at Tubac.

Father Díaz, too, was disappointed. He, likewise, had planned to go to Mexico to report the expedition. No doubt his head was full of new missions in the lands he had just traversed. But on his return he found himself made president of the old missions of Pimería Baja. He was needed there at once, so he informed the viceroy on June 12, when he sent his return diary. It was a "promotion," but not the kind he wanted. Before closing he, too, spoke of the good results of the expedition just finished, and especially of Anza's merits. "To this has contributed not a little the great Christianity, zeal, prudence, and singular conduct of our commander, Don Juan Baptista de Anza, who by his special talents has made himself worthy of the pious attention and patronage of your Excellency."

Father Garcés, meanwhile, was enjoying himself in his way, wandering in the country north of the Gila, "trusting to divine providence," and following where the Indians led. No white man was with him. His only food supply was a little ground wheat. Going thirty leagues northwest, he reached the Jalchedunes, who lived on the Colorado River below Bill Williams Fork. The guides would go no further because the tribe next beyond were enemies—the Mohaves, it seems —but the Jalchedunes told him that if he would leave his letter they would send it when the mesquite bean was ripe. Garcés could go no further, but he could ask questions. He did so, and the Jalchedunes told him of the people of the black mantas[1] five days east; of the New Mexican friars seven days east; and of traders who came to the Jalchedunes wearing ribbons in their hair. The friar was garnering pearls of knowledge to string later in his long necklace of dauntless exploration.

But he could not tarry long. Leaving his letter to Indians and providence, he started back. The Jalchedunes offered him several servants. Having little with which to reward them he accepted only one. And so the friar rode along, a quaint picture, in flowing cape and flat hat, the Jalchedun walking behind, "carrying an olla of water on his head, a firebrand in one hand and a stick in the other, to speed up the horse." Whenever the father was hungry the Indian made him

[1] The Moquis, or Hopis.

atole. "Who would not praise such service?" says the grateful Garcés. Who indeed? From the Cocomaricopas, to whom he returned, new guides escorted him to his old friends, the Pimas. Stopping here several days, with a fresh horse he continued to his mission of San Xavier, by a route distinct from that taken by Anza. "This peregrination of such hard journeys lasted till the 10th of July." Since leaving Tubac on January 8, he had traveled in the wilderness over six months.[1]

[1] Anza, Return Diary, entries for May 10–27; Díaz, Return Diary, entries for May 10–26; Garcés, Return Diary, *passim;* Anza to Bucareli, Terrenate, June 8; Díaz to Bucareli, Tubac, June 12; Fray Juan Domingo de Arricivita, *Crónica Seráfica y Apostólica,* 455–456 (Mexico, 1792); Frank Russell, *The Pima Indians* (Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1908); Frederick W. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians,* under "Maricopa" and "Pima" (Washington, 1907–1910). Early accounts of the Pimas and Cocomaricopas are in Juan Matheo Mange, *Luz de Tierra Incógnita* (Mexico, 1926) and Bolton, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta.*

XXVI

REWARDS

At both front and center, in the border posts and at Bucareli's court, officials had anxiously awaited news of Anza's expedition. It was no ordinary event. High hopes rode with Anza that day when he had left Tubac. Urrea, captain at Altar, on getting Anza's reports from the Yuma junction, wrote to Bucareli of the successful crossing of the Colorado, of Palma's friendly aid, and of the great care shown by the native messengers who brought Anza's letters "in such clean and neat condition that they looked as though they had just been written."[1] By the same messengers Urrea hurried the dispatches on to Governor Crespo at Horcasitas, and Crespo hurried them to Mexico,[2] where they are carefully preserved and still are neat and clean.

More anxious than any one else was Bucareli, for to him New California was an affair of the heart as well as of empire. Late in February he transmitted to Spain the last news from Anza before the start was made from Tubac.[3] In May

[1] Urrea to Bucareli, El Altar, February 22, 1774.
[2] Crespo to Bucareli, February 25, 1774.
[3] Bucareli to Arriaga, February 24, 1774.

he wrote to Palóu, expressing the hope that now, with both Rivera and Anza there, the two missions projected for the port of San Francisco had already been founded. Rivera and Anza ought to arrive about the same time and coöperate, he thought.[1]

Two days later Bucareli forwarded to Arriaga Anza's report from the Yuma junction, the first he had heard since Anza's actual start from Tubac. He was enthusiastic with the prospect, and he was pleased with the frontier captain, with Palma, and with his heathen subjects. "All this is very commendable, for the information which he gives . . . and not less admirable is the success with which Anza is making the journey; and especially that his letters should have been so faithfully carried to the presidio . . . by those same barbarian Indians." He was pleased with Urrea and Crespo for rewarding Palma's messenger, and with Palóu's report of progress in New California. Bucareli's heart expanded that day.

And still the good news poured in. Early in June[2] Valdés, the hard riding courier, reached Mexico, and delivered the reports of Anza and Díaz from San Gabriel and of Garcés from Yuma. Bucareli was now jubilant. He was proud of Anza, proud of the loyal soldiers who had the pluck to follow him on foot even to death.

[1] Bucareli to Palóu, May 25, 1774. [2] By the 14th.

In this vein he reported again to the king. The hopeful prophesies made by Anza at Yuma had come true. He had found a way from Sonora to the sea! True, there had been difficulties, but these were to be expected. The troubles in the sand dunes were "only those usual when one is passing through unknown lands." Even the roundabout route was not surprising under the circumstances. "Nothing that occurred should appear strange."

Anza's trials on the way were patent to anyone reading the diaries, said Bucareli, but his superior ability was just as evident. "With his good judgment, his persistence, and that of the troops who accompanied him, he was able to conquer the difficulties of the journey." The leaving of half of his provisions with a barbarian chief was of course hazardous. But hazards must be taken. It was fully justified by the results, and it proved Anza's nerve and his wisdom. "It appears to me as laudable as was the tenacity and the bold spirit shown by his soldiers in repeatedly offering to travel on foot to the end of the journey." When the troops returned with Garcés to the Colorado, Anza's confidence in Palma was found fully justified. "His promise to have a raft ready for crossing the river was fulfilled; and his good faith in guarding the provisions shines even more brightly, for he showed the herd of cattle that had been left in his care not only

intact but increased by some calves that had been born."

Yes, Anza had triumphed. As to the success of his main objective, Bucareli was convinced. He had found a land route from Sonora to New California. That was the first consideration. "There is no longer any doubt that the presidios of Sonora and Monterrey can join hands more easily by way of the route explored than is now the case by way of Loreto and Old California."

The conduct of Palma and the Yumas greatly impressed the viceroy. They were of prime importance for future plans. If they remained friendly—and they must be kept friendly at all hazards—they would be a "special instrument" in founding missions along the line of communication with New California and in the pacification of the intervening country. "By these means a safe road from Sonora to the northern coast of the California will be secured."

Anza had helped to seal another jewel to the Spanish crown. This the viceroy realized. The triumph of this enterprise, said Bucareli, was doubtless reserved for his Majesty, Carlos III. Anza the father had proposed such an exploration, "its execution was reserved by providence for his son." Such services should not go unrequitted. "I consider the merit of this officer deserving of a reward," wrote Bucareli, "and it seems to me that it would be appropriate to the

generosity of the king to confer upon him the rank of lieutenant-colonel." Nor should Anza's brave followers be forgotten. So the great viceroy proposed "a bonus of one escudo [a month] to each of the soldiers who so faithfully accompanied him in this prodigious undertaking."[1]

There was one little annoyance. Bucareli was disturbed to learn that the *Nueva Galicia,* in which Serra had sailed, had put in at San Diego instead of going straight to Monterey. To learn the reason why, he took a deposition from the fearless courier. Valdés gave it as his opinion that Serra had requested the stop in order that succor might more quickly reach the southern missions; but perhaps it was because the mast of the ship was too long, for when he left San Diego they were planning to cut it off.[2] No detail escaped the viceroy's sharp eye.

Bucareli was already considering the next move, but he was not hasty in his decisions. He felt that the sea route from San Blas would still be necessary, particularly for defense and explorations. Anza's road would give added means of support for New California, especially if Sonora should prove to be the great granary which some had prophesied. But he would decide nothing till Anza should return in person and report. Meanwhile he was ordering Governor Crespo to

[1] Bucareli to Arriaga, June 26, 1774.

[2] Declaration of Valdés, Mexico, June 14, 1774.

keep Palma good natured with presents, but the gifts must not include "arms and ammunition."

Anxiously the viceroy awaited Anza's return. Incomplete reports had whetted his appetite for the full story of the great adventure. And he wanted to hear it from the hero's own lips. Such a man as Anza was worth looking at in person. Moreover, he held the key to New California's fate. But June passed. Then July passed, and no Anza appeared. Late in August Bucareli got the captain's note from Terrenate, whither Bonilla had sent him, when he should have been spurring his best horse southward.

Bonilla was a stupid blunderer, in the viceroy's opinion. Anza ought to have been relieved and sent to Mexico at once. Bucareli was angry. To Arriaga he wrote, "Being convinced, as I am, that there is no project of greater importance in this province today than the one which Ansa has just executed with such care, and that my orders to him to come to this capital as soon as he should have completed it being known to Bonilla, he ought not to have detained him for any reason. And I have found it necessary to inform the comandante inspector, Don Hugo Oconor, how annoying this act of Bonilla has been to me, so that he may let him know about it, and to instruct the governor ad interim to release Ansa immediately, so that he may begin his journey at once. . . . I live in constant care of this important

matter," he added.[1] We may imagine that here the thin-lipped viceroy stamped his foot. Lucky for Bonilla that he was not close at hand!

Shortly behind Anza's note from Terrenate arrived Díaz's letter and his return diary. When the outgoing September mail was made up[2] Anza had not yet reached Mexico. So Bucareli sent to Arriaga copies of Díaz's reports. It was the best he could do. "Knowing that until this officer comes to Mexico, as I have ordered him to do, and until information which I need for the final disposition is acquired through his presence, they may take the place of what he ought to present to me."

At last Anza was released. He hastened south and early in November he was at the capital. On the 13th he delivered his complete diary to the viceroy. Bucareli now had something definite to say. He made his final report on the expedition, and forwarded the diary to Arriaga. "It is this which I am now enclosing, so that your Excellency may see how successfully it has all been done; how meritoriously the Yuma tribe has conducted itself through its captain Salvador Palma; how docile are these natives and their neighbors, although different in language and relationships; how fertile are these lands, formerly unknown; the means that have been dis-

[1] Bucareli to Arriaga, August 27, 1774.

[2] September 26.

covered for communication between the new presidios and those of Sonora; and finally, the strong hopes which may be entertained for extending, among the many heathen tribes that inhabit the intermediate country, the dominion of the king and the knowledge of our true religion."

Bucareli's opinion of Anza had not changed after setting eyes on him. The captain was a man who could bear inspection at close range. His dignity was impressive. "This officer is here," wrote the viceroy. "His presence, good judgment, and talents, which I have now seen close at hand, have confirmed me in the opinion which I have had of him ever since the time when he proposed the exploration."[1] On this ground he repeated his recommendation that Anza be promoted—not knowing that this had already been done.

For King Carlos, likewise, was pleased with the captain's achievement. Mails crossed the ocean slowly, and Anza was back at Tubac before his Majesty learned of the successful start. Then came Bucareli's report that Anza had reached San Gabriel, and with it his first recommendation of the captain's promotion. The proposal was well received and promptly approved. In consideration of Anza's "special merit, shown . . . in the expedition for the exploration of a road by land from the presidios of Sonora to those of

[1] Bucareli to Arriaga, November 26, 1774.

the northern coast of California," a commission was issued on October 4, raising him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry.[1]

Nor were Anza's loyal followers forgotten. At the same time that he promoted Anza, the king granted Bucareli's request that each of the soldiers "who so faithfully accompanied Ansa on that expedition" be granted for life a bonus of one extra escudo a month. Seventeen men—those who went all the way to San Gabriel—were named in this grant of royal grace. The three who deserted their posts at Yuma were not so favored. Valdés, the matchless courier of the expedition, was not included in the list. Presumably he was singled out for an even more special distinction. He deserved it.

Bucareli took advantage of the occasion to give a lesson in patriotism. Here was an example to hold up to other men. So, "in order that the presidial soldiers may know how his Majesty rewards those who distinguish themselves in the service," the viceroy ordered O'Conor to publish the honor, "in the hope that, inspired by this grace, they may exert themselves . . . whenever occasion may arise."[2]

Anza had the special satisfaction of receiving his promotion by Bucareli's own hand. The com-

[1] Anza's commission, October 4, 1774; Arriaga to Bucareli, October 8, 1774.

[2] Bucareli to Arriaga, February 24, 1775.

mission reached Mexico while the soldier was still in the capital, and Bucareli, after countersigning the precious document, delivered it to him in person.[1] Don Juan had reason to be proud that day.

[1] At the same time Bucareli informed Comandante O'Conor of Anza's promotion and sent to the Tribunal of Accounts a copy of the royal order together with a list of Anza's men who were to receive the bonus.

THE SAN FRANCISCO COLONY

XXVII

A COLONY FOR SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The ambitious projects for New California concocted by Palóu and Anza at Carmelo fitted right into Bucareli's plans. In June the viceroy informed Arriaga that he would decide nothing till Anza reached the capital. But events traveled faster than Anza's horse, and before the captain reached Mexico Bucareli had already decided to send a colony over the new trail to occupy San Francisco harbor. For the details he awaited Anza's arrival. But the decision he had already made. This explains his impatience at the captain's delay.

Like waves of the sea, events that synchronize often reinforce one another. In the late autumn Anza reached Mexico. Just about the time when he rode into the capital from the north, couriers from the west brought to Bucareli dispatches from Juan Pérez telling of his return to San Blas from his epoch marking voyage to the North Pacific. The news brought by the two returning explorers, the soldier and the seafarer, converged. The two reports, received

simultaneously, helped to crystallize Bucareli's plans both for the boreal ocean and for California.

To follow the explorations of Pérez, Bruno Hezeta was put at the head of a new sea expedition, more ambitious and better equipped than the last. At the same time, Bucareli's nebulous plan to occupy San Francisco Bay took definite shape. Anza had returned full of enthusiasm and of the information which Bucareli needed. The superior advantages and the exposed condition of San Francisco harbor had gradually become realized. They now stood out in bold relief before the viceroy's clear vision. So Bucareli, with one stroke, decided to send Hezeta to the Alaskan shores and Anza with a soldier colony to the harbor of San Francisco.[1]

This decision was nothing sudden. Saint Francis had long been in the California picture. The missionary founders were his followers. A small harbor on the coast had been called San Francisco Bay since the sixteenth century (now Drake's Bay). When Gálvez sent out the Portolá expedition he contemplated founding a mission there. Portolá stumbled upon a vastly superior harbor just to the south, a noble body of water at first called the Estuary of the Bay of

[1] For the Hezeta expedition see the standard histories by Palóu, Bancroft, Chapman, and Engelhardt, and the extensive documentary data cited by those authorities.

San Francisco, under the supposition that it was a tributary. For a time the Estuary stood in the way of the main objective—Drake's Bay. But gradually both harbors, under the name of San Francisco, were fused in the plans of a San Francisco establishment. From Portolá's time forward the exploration of San Francisco harbor was repeatedly ordered. Fages and Crespi made two expeditions with this in view. On the second one they discovered and lauded the "great River of San Francisco," meaning Carquinez Strait and its affluents. Thereafter the "River of San Francisco" was added to the confusion of names.

Two missions for the port were authorized and endowed. Serra eagerly urged their establishment, but Fages maintained that soldiers for guards were lacking. Serra effected the removal of Fages, but gained nothing from his replacement by Rivera y Moncada. Rivera's instructions (August 17, 1773) recommended that he undertake the exploration and occupation of the "puerto famoso." And now Anza had opened a land route from Sonora to New California. Colonists, stock, and commodities could be sent to San Francisco overland. Without waiting to hear from Rivera, Bucareli made his decision.

The purpose of the land expedition was to strengthen the presidio of Monterey, explore further the river and harbor of San Francisco, select sites, establish two missions and a presidial

colony there, and coöperate with Hezeta's sea expedition, perhaps by making land explorations to the north of San Francisco Bay. For the present, at least, San Francisco would be an outpost of Monterey.

Bucareli reported to Arriaga just what was in his mind: "It now appears to me necessary to explore the land still further, and to establish a presidio at the port of San Francisco, which by all means ought to be occupied to support our conquests in that region . . . and I am now planning a second expedition, to be carried out by Captain Don Juan Bauptista de Ansa, with . . . a larger number of people, so that thirty of the men may remain in San Francisco as guard for two new missions and as a sign of protection in that port, taking also cattle and horses to aid with their progeny in the support of the new establishments."

"This officer is here," Bucareli continues, "and is so eager for this second enterprise that he is only awaiting the instructions under which he is to make it, in order to win this new merit in the service of the King. . . . and I do not doubt that he is fit and qualified to carry out the plans upon which we have entered, an undertaking which was without doubt reserved for the glorious reign of his Majesty."[1]

[1] Bucareli to Arriaga, No. 1609, November 26, 1774.

XXVIII

PLANS OUTLINED

Eager, Anza was indeed. On November 13 he handed Bucareli his complete diary. The viceroy at once disclosed his new project and asked the captain for suggestions. Four days later the soldier presented the outline of a plan. He had lost little time seeing the sights of the capital.

Every recommendation made by Anza reflects his experience in frontier affairs, and his patient attention to details. The difficult process by which the little colony and its equipment were now assembled helps us faintly to understand what it cost in human effort to plant European civilization in distant California. To fully realize it, however, we should have to travel on horseback, crudely equipped, with Anza, his colonists, and his pack train, over the long, long trail from Mexico to San Francisco Bay. The men and women who did it were one of the many, many companies of "giants in the earth" who peopled the Western Hemisphere.

First as to to colonists. The people best suited for the purpose, said Anza, and easiest to get without causing a shortage anywhere, at the same time that they would be most benefited,

were those of the districts of Culiacán, Sinaloa, and Fuerte, in the province of Sonora (now Sinaloa). Anza had just ridden through those regions on his way to Mexico, and had witnessed there much poverty. Such people, surely, would be glad to get a new start in sunny California. "Most of their inhabitants I have just seen submerged in the direst poverty and misery, and so I have no doubt they would most willingly and gladly embrace the advantages which your Excellency may deign to afford them."

This was to be a military colony, hence the recruits must have at least a modicum of training. For this, too, Anza had a plan. At first the volunteers would be an awkward squad and would need some discipline. To help him train the volunteers, Anza asked for five soldiers from the presidios of the districts named, to serve as sergeants and corporals, their places to be filled by recruits; or perhaps some retired corporals might be returned to the service for the purpose in mind. In any case, Anza requested that these officers be chosen by himself. He did not mean to have no-goods put over on him, and he meant to run his own show.

The method of payment was important. The recruits might be rewarded in cash or in commodities. Anza preferred the latter method, for if they were paid cash they would squander it and then remain improperly equipped. This would defeat the principal purpose. The people avail-

able, it must be remembered, were improvident and given to gambling. "In order better to equip them, and likewise that they may be assisted with all the things they need," said Anza, "I think it best to send them the necessary articles of clothing, for to send their pay in cash will serve no purpose except to afford them more opportunity for prodigality and gambling, to which all the people of the interior districts are excessively given." If Bucareli approved this plan, Anza asked him to decide the amount of pay and appoint the proper officer to manage the distribution of supplies. He would be too busy to attend to it himself.

Anza did not wish to risk the journey with raw recruits only. The Indians on the way were friendly, but they could not be trusted. The colonists would be men with families. On the march they would have their women and children to look after. Poor timber for real soldiers, these. Part of the way would be through tribes and regions where he had already passed. So he thought it desirable to have with him soldiers who knew the country and the Indians, "to assist in the new journey and to effect it with the tranquillity which we all desire." He therefore requested permission to take from his own presidio of Tubac ten of the men who had accompanied him on his last expedition. These fellows had proved their grit and their loyalty, and would follow him wherever he might lead.

On the other hand, Tubac must not be weakened. The Apaches must not be overlooked, for they would not overlook any undefended settlement. In order not to leave the presidio unguarded, the ten veterans should be replaced by an equal number of men.[1]

The best time to start, said Anza, would be January, the month when he had started before. But this would be too long to wait. Since Bucareli was anxious to found San Francisco without delay, Anza recommended that everything and everybody be ready to set forth from Sonora in September. By that time there would be water and pasturage as far as the Colorado River. And this would make it possible to enter California at the beginning of the rainy season. This was important, because to arrive later would be to risk delays and dangers from marshes and bogs, so common in New California.

One of the chief difficulties in the way of equipment was that of getting suitable animals in the districts whence the proposed colonists would come. It was a long journey from Culiacán to San Francisco Bay—fifteen hundred miles—and good mounts were necessary. Surprising as it may seem to us today, Sinaloa and Sonora

[1] Five of the recruits could go to Terrenate and five recruits and five veterans from Terrenate to Tubac, to take the place of the ten veterans subtracted. In this way neither presidio would be greatly weakened. Terrenate would share the risk with Tubac. This was an ingenious way to distribute the burdens.

were not well stocked with horses and mules. A satisfactory supply, Anza thought, could be had in time only if the viceroy would require the hacendados to sell stock which they had set aside for their own use. Otherwise there would be delay in getting animals in good condition. Any other kind would be a hindrance.

Anza hoped to reach Culiacán or Sinaloa in March, to begin enlisting families. Clothing and other things for the colonists ought to be prepared quickly, in order to reach those places at the same time, so that he might supervise the distribution among the recruits, "who, I beg to tell your Excellency, both themselves as well as their families, will have to be equipped from shoes to hair ribbons."

Then, there were the tribes on the way to be remembered. They were children, easy to please, quick to take offense. They would expect gifts, and Anza knew from long experience what they liked. So he requested "a small supply of tobacco, and of blue, red, green and yellow glass beads, so that in your name I may give presents to all of them, for in this way we shall best win their affection, and attach them to ourselves for any purpose we may have in view." In such a gift Captain Palma should be given particular consideration. He would merit "something special, which for him should be a suit, a cloak, and a cap."[1]

[1] Anza to Bucareli, Mexico, November 17, 1774.

XXIX

DETAILS PERFECTED

On the basis of Anza's proposal Bucareli made his plans. He definitely decided to send thirty men to California, ten veterans and twenty recruits, all to take their families. "Married soldiers and officers are to be sought," he said, "with the idea that, having transported their women and children to the port of San Francisco, they may form there immediately a decent colony, which, besides protecting the country, may serve as a base and beginning for successive establishments; and this purpose has led me to . . . grant to these settlers the tools, clothing, and other things which Captain Don Juan Bauptista de Ansa represented to me as necessary."

So Bucareli instructed Anza to enlist ten veterans, nominate a lieutenant and a sergeant, raise twenty recruits, and with ten men from his own presidio conduct the colony to Monterey "by the road which with such glory he explored a few months ago," assist Rivera in exploring anew the River of San Francisco, and return with his escort to Tubac. Jointly with Juan José Echeveste, a government official, Anza was re-

quested by Bucareli to draw up an estimate of expense.

Acting on his commission, Anza nominated officers for the San Francisco colony. It is of interest to note what manner of men they were. They were all soldiers in the presidios of the Sonora frontier, and apparently all were personally known to Anza. For the office of lieutenant he nominated two men. They were both dons—Don José Joaquín Moraga, and Don Cayetano Limón. As first choice Anza proposed Moraga, because of "his greater intelligence and his ability to write." Moraga had experienced an interesting career. He was now alférez of the presidio of Fronteras, where Anza's father had served so long. He had already served eighteen years in various positions. "In all of them," said Anza, "he has gallantly fulfilled his obligations, and he deserves consideration in that his father died in battle" when a soldier of the presidio named. Moraga was appointed by Bucareli.[1] He served long in California, and left there an enduring name.

For the office of sergeant Anza nominated three men, Espinosa, Bravo, and Grijalva. José Ygnacio Espinosa, the one first appointed, was corporal of the presidio of Terrenate. He had served as soldier seventeen years. He could not

[1] He was appointed on December 30, after the junta de guerra had approved Bucareli's plans.

write, whereas the other two nominees had that accomplishment. For some reason Espinosa did not serve, and Pablo Grijalva, Anza's third choice, was appointed in his place. Grijalva was second corporal in the same presidio of Terrenate. He had served ten years, "and in merit and wounds" he was the equal of Bravo.

Anza recommended also that someone be sent with the expedition to take the latitudes and provided with the proper instruments. For this office he nominated Fray Pedro Font, a Franciscan missionary of Sonora, famed for his mathematics. Father Font, a Catalán by birth, was now missionary at San José de Pimas, some fifty miles east of Hermosillo. He accepted the appointment and became the great diarist of the journey—a literary figure, indeed.

Bucareli had specified that the enlistments from the presidios should be voluntary. But Anza feared the results of such a plan. Good soldiers would not wish to leave their posts, and their officers would be reluctant to release them. California needed men "adorned by good customs and habits." For Bucareli's glory, therefore, and for the success of the enterprise, Anza begged authority personally to choose the ten veterans to be taken. Bucareli assented.

The viceroy had outlined his plans. To conform with the customary practice, he now called a council of war and royal exchequer and asked approval of what he had already decided to do.

The council met on December 16. Its personnel was nearly the same as that of the former one. Wigs, waistcoats, small clothes, and stockings presented about the same appearance as before. The procedure was according to usual routine. After "meditating upon everything with the deliberation appropriate to so important a subject," the council resolved "in common accord" that everything should be done just as had been proposed. Its decisions were in effect a summary of the plans of Bucareli and Anza. They may be recapitulated here:

The colony for San Francisco was approved. Bucareli was charged to commission a lieutenant and a sergeant; Anza was to choose the ten veteran soldiers to accompany him as escort, and recruit the twenty volunteers. Bucareli must issue strict orders to justices that they aid Anza in preventing desertions; Anza was to conduct his colony "by the same road which he explored" and deliver it to Rivera y Moncada; assist in the exploration of the San Francisco River; and return with the ten soldiers of his company. Father Garcés was to be asked to accompany Anza to the Colorado River, and await him there until his return; Fray Pedro Font would go with Anza on the whole journey and, "as an expert," observe the latitudes, for which purpose the necessary instruments would be sent to him by the hand of Captain Anza. To defray a part of the expenses of the expedition, $10,000 was to be

charged to the Pious Fund of California; Bucareli was instructed to ask the College of San Fernando to appoint missionaries for the two missions, chosen from among the friars already in Monterey. Complying with Anza's request, Bucareli was to appoint a commissary and fix his pay. To this important office Don Mariano Vidal was assigned.

On December 23 Bucareli ordered that the decisions of the council be put into effect. Anza must have enjoyed his Christmas dinner that year.

Bucareli promptly reported the good news to all concerned and asked their fullest coöperation. His burning interest in the San Francisco colony shines through his correspondence. Of all the many projects which he had on foot for New Spain, this was one of those nearest to his heart. Two days after Christmas, in the midst of the holiday season, he informed Arriaga what had been done. "This plan which, because it is important, I have thought it necessary to hasten in order to save time, is now on the point of being carried out." San Francisco harbor would at last be occupied, with a colony that would prove permanent.[1]

[1] To Serra the viceroy wrote, telling him of plans, requesting his aid, and asking him to choose suitable friars for the new missions projected for San Francisco Bay. The first object of the new presidio, he said, was to protect those missions.

For maintaining friendship with the Yumas, so important for keeping open the road to New California, Bucareli relied much on Father Garcés. He wrote to Arriaga, "Anza is to be accompanied also by Father Fray Francisco Garcés, already famous for his expeditions to the Colorado and Gila rivers, and for the part he has taken in the glorious exploration which that officer has just made." To Garcés himself he wrote urging him to accompany Anza once more. "I beg . . . your Reverence so to do, in the firm and sure belief that you cannot perform any service more acceptable than this, because of its great importance for subsequent measures." Alluding to the diaries which Garcés had finally sent him Bucareli added, "In every sentence of these documents shines forth the apostolic zeal which inspires your Reverence for the spiritual welfare of that heathendom and for the spread of the Gospel."[1]

[1] Bucareli, decree, Mexico, November 28, 1774; Anza to Bucareli, Mexico, December 1, 1774 (two letters); Bucareli, appointment of Moraga and Espinosa, endorsed on the preceding documents, Mexico, November 30, 1774; Anza to Bucareli, Mexico, December 5, 1774; Bucareli, decree, Mexico, December 7, 1774; Council of War and Royal Exchequer, Mexico, December 16, 1774, with endorsements; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, December 17, 1774, No. 1640; Bucareli to Serra, Mexico, December 15, 1774, and January 2, 1775 (three letters); Bucareli to Garcés, Mexico, December 2, 1774; Bucareli to Serra, Mexico, May 24, 1775; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, May 27, 1775, No. 1824; Serra to Bucareli, San Carlos, July 2, 1775. See also Bucareli to Rivera, Mexico, December 15, 1774, printed in Eldredge, *The Beginnings of San Francisco*, II, 749–751.

XXX

ALL SORTS OF ADVICE

While he and Anza worked, Bucareli sought advice from various sources, as he had done in the case of the first expedition. Having obtained it, like every good administrator he made use of it as he saw fit.

Before Anza reached Mexico Bucareli had asked Governor Crespo's opinion of the proposed new expedition to California, "its desirability, usefulness, and outcome."[1] Crespo replied approving the idea in general, but he was more interested in the Gila-New Mexico frontier than in California. Before taking settlers to San Francisco, he said, posts on the Gila and Colorado should be established. The road just opened by Anza was not very satisfactory. From a talk with Father Garcés, he was convinced that it would be much better to cut across from the Gila to the Jalchedunes on the Colorado and go thence directly to Monterey. This, of course, was Garcés's old idea of a more northern route. Quite as important as the San Francisco enterprise, said Crespo, was the opening of a road to Moqui and

[1] He wrote this inquiry on September 21, 1774.

New Mexico. To conduct such an expedition a leader "adorned with talent and prudence" would be desirable. Modesty, he said, forbade him from asking for the position. Yet if drafted he would do his best.[1]

Father Garcés accepted Bucareli's urgent invitation that he accompany Anza, but he was more interested in Pimas than in Yumas, and he did not mean that his Pima friends should be overlooked. Before receiving Bucareli's letter he had started for Mexico to confer in person "concerning the most important matter of new foundations in the district between this province and the River of San Francisco." He was thinking especially of missions among the Gila Pimas. Evidently he saw Crespo at Horcasitas on his way south. At Ures he learned, through a letter from his guardian, of the new Anza expedition and his assignment to it. Being indisposed, he had Father Díaz, now president at Ures, write for him.

Garcés considered it necessary to find a new road to Monterey, for the old one had many disadvantages. It could never be counted on in case of emergency at any season. "Because of the extreme scarcity of water and pasturage and of the vast sand dunes," he said, "I consider it very risky to make this new expedition by way of it." At present Anza ought not to undertake

[1] Crespo to Bucareli, December 15, 1774.

more than the transportation of the families and their establishment on the San Francisco River. Then another expedition should be sent for the express purpose of exploring and assuring a road, not only to the River of San Francisco, but also to New Mexico. This last undertaking would be very easy. Great would be the resulting benefit to the natives, "much splendor and glory" for the viceroy. And if Bucareli would so order it, Governor Crespo would be just the man for leader. Crespo and Garcés had been talking things over.[1]

The friar commented on his own assignment to remain on the Colorado while Anza continued to San Francisco. Yes, he would go. But if he had to remain there alone he could not completely fulfill the charge, nor advance very much what he had already done. That is, Garcés needed help, or perhaps he wanted to be free to wander. As a result of this protest Father Thomás Eixarch was added to the expedition.

Other good advice was not lacking. In Mexico Anza met and talked with Father Domingo Juncosa, who had been missionary at San Luís Obispo.[2] Not having yet heard from Crespo or

[1] Díaz to Bucareli, Ures, March 21, 1775.

[2] He left there for Carmelo in November, 1773, and sailed in the *San Antonio* from Monterey to Mexico in July, 1774, returning to the College of San Fernando on account of ill health. Engelhardt, *Missions and Missionaries*, III, 103, 120, 132; Bolton, *Palóu's New California*, I, 306, 312; II, 309, 360; III, 133.

Garcés, the council of December 16 had decided that Anza was to make his second expedition by his old trail. But evidently he was still thinking of a higher route from the Colorado to Monterey. This we infer from a letter written by Father Juncosa. On January 30 this friar wrote to Font, then in Sonora, that he had talked with Anza about the projected expedition. Juncosa understood that Anza planned to reach San Francisco without touching at any of the missions or even at Monterey until after San Francisco should be founded and the bay explored. This would be very risky, Juncosa thought. He had seen winter rains in California. If the colonists reached San Francisco at the beginning of the wet season they would not be able, on account of the mires and marshes, either to build their settlement or to get to Monterey, "as I have experienced." Moreover, if Anza were to go directly from the Colorado to San Francisco he ran "another risk not at all inconsiderable." This was that they would come out at the head or innermost part of the Estuary of San Francisco, where it was joined by three rivers, streams that were altogether unfordable, according to reports of deserters.[1]

Now came Juncosa's suggestion. He thought it better for Anza to go from the Colorado to one of the missions, preferably that of San

[1] Juncosa to Font, Mexico, January 30, 1775.

Gabriel. If he seriously wished to go directly to San Luís without touching at San Gabriel, he recommended the route followed by Fages in 1772 when he was chasing deserters. This was "a sort of canyon or valley which runs nearly from east to west all the way from our mission of San Gabriel, or near there, to San Francisco. It is distant from the missions some three or four days' travel toward the interior." Fages's route, thus described by Juncosa, was from the vicinity of San Bernardino over the mountains, through Antelope Valley, through a pass to San Joaquin Valley and Lake Buenavista,[1] thence to San Luís Obispo. At any rate, Juncosa thought it would be better to leave the search for a direct road till the return from San Francisco, after the exploration and founding had been completed.

[1] Near Taft.

XXXI

SHOES AND HAIR RIBBONS

The estimate made by Anza and Echeveste of the cost of an outfit necessary for the San Francisco expedition is a most interesting document. It is a telling sidelight on Spanish frontier colonization. Anza meant it when he told Bucareli that the emigrants would have to be equipped "from shoes to hair ribbons."

For clothing for each man they estimated 42 pesos, 1 real. This would provide him with three good linen shirts, three pairs of Puebla cotton underdrawers, two cloth jackets, lined and trimmed, two pairs of breeches, two of hose, two of buckskin boots, a hat, and "ribbon for hat and hair." At the start a recruit might be quite a dandy.

A woman's clothing cost six reals less than a man's—here was a surprising approach to equality. She was to have three chemises, three white Puebla cotton petticoats, a serge skirt, a baize skirt, an underskirt, two linen jackets, two pairs of fine Brussels stockings, two pairs of cheaper hose, two pairs of shoes, one hat, and six yards of ribbon. The woman in two particu-

lars outshone her lord. She got six yards of ribbon to his four. Her best stockings cost half a peso a pair, his only two reals. As to boots, however, he outdid her. His cost ten reals and hers only six a pair. Most expensive item of all, however, was the man's jacket—four pesos and a half!

Children's clothing was evidently home made, in the main. Hats, shoes, and ribbons were "boughten"; the rest of the estimates for boys and girls were in terms of so many yards of cloth, for breeches, shirts, chemises, petticoats, rebozos, skirts, and underskirts. Mother would fashion the garments.

For each family eight blankets were included —two hundred and forty in all.

Arms and accoutrements for each recruit included a carbine, a guncase, a sword, a lance, a cartridge box, a shoulder belt inscribed "San Carlos de Monterrey," and, wonderful thing, a leather jacket "of seven thicknesses and a yard and a quarter long!" This marvel it was that made him a *soldado de cuera*. For mounts and their equipment Anza asked for each soldier two horses, a saddle, a pair of spurs, a fine mule bridle, and a pair of saddle bags; and for each soldier's wife and family, two mares, a saddle, and a fine mule bridle.

To carry the baggage of the families Anza requested twenty mules equipped with bridle and

pack saddle, and thirty portmanteaus, one for each family.

Rations for twenty families from Alamos to Tubac, a forty days journey, would cost 450 pesos —about half a dollar a day per family, and in size these families were old fashioned. For provisions on the march from Tubac, estimated at a hundred days, Anza asked for a hundred beef cattle—a barbecue every day; thirty pack loads of flour for tortillas, sixty bushels of pinole (corn meal), sixty bushels of beans, six boxes of chocolate, and sixteen arrobas—four hundred pounds —of sugar.

Twelve pesos' worth of soap and three barrels of brandy "for needs that may arise" were thrown in. The three barrels of brandy were estimated at two hundred and thirteen pesos. The nature of the needs that might arise was not indicated, but some of them appeared as the journey proceeded.

Officers' mess is usually a little daintier than that of the common soldier. Knowing this, but "contrary to the wishes of the persons interested," Echeveste recommended for the table of the commander and the chaplain: a box of hams (175 pounds), twenty-five pounds of sausage, six boxes of biscuits, a hundred and seventy-five pounds of fine chocolate, a barrel of wine (worth sixty-five pesos), six arrobas of cheese (150 pounds), four pounds of pepper, half a pound

of saffron, four ounces of cloves, four ounces of cinnamon, a jar of olive oil, and a jar of vinegar.

Camp equipment asked for included "a banner with the royal arms," eleven camp tents (unbleached canvas with wooden frames), ten for the families and one for the chaplain; four Vizcayan hand axes "with good steel edges," four hoes, four spades, a crowbar, ten cartridge boxes, filled, forty powder flasks, eight frying pans, ten copper camp kettles, twelve large chocolate pots, a box of iron for horse and mule shoes, shoenails, a kit of shoeing tools, and two blank books for keeping records.

For the pack train Anza asked for a hundred and thirty-two mules, one hundred pack saddles, twenty muleteers for two and one-half months, at from eight to fourteen pesos a month. To stock New California Anza recommended two hundred cows and bulls, at six pesos a head.

A liberal allowance was made for presents for the Indians; six boxes of beads (no black ones, but an abundance of red); two bales of tobacco, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, two shirts worth four pesos each. Finally, and these for the great Palma, "1 cloak of blue cloth trimmed with gold, 1 jacket and a pair of breeches of buckskin," and "1 cap with its cockade, like that of the dragoons."

The lieutenant and sergeant were assigned an annual salary of seven hundred and four

Photo by Bolton

The old church at Pericos, showing the staunch Jesuit architecture.

Culiacán, where Anza began to raise his San Francisco colony. This city is just a century older than Boston.

Photo by Bolton

The plaza at Alamos, Sonora, once a rich mining center.

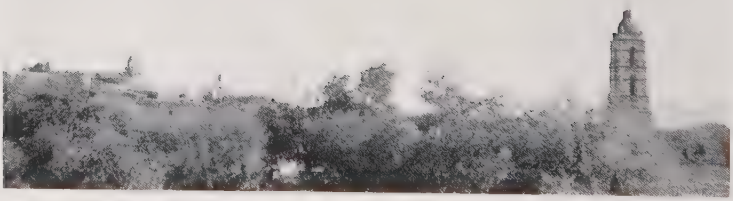


Photo by Bolton

A glimpse of the city of Sinaloa, where Anza enlisted colonists.

hundred and fifty pesos, respectively; common soldiers a peso a day each. For an advance of salaries for three months, 2,807 pesos, 4 reals were asked.[1]

In presenting this estimate Anza informed Bucareli that it had been made with the greatest care. The total cost was 21,927 pesos, 2 reals. Of this, 6,359 pesos and 4 reals consisted of goods already in the royal warehouses, leaving a new outlay of 15,567 pesos, 6 reals, "even estimating the items of which the memorandum is composed with some liberality."

Part of the supplies were to be obtained in the province of Sonora. In order that they might be fresh when the expedition started, they ought to come from the northern districts. So Anza suggested that Bucareli should order the governor of Sonora to furnish the supplies from Horcasitas and from the missions of Pimería Alta, "because these are the places which can most easily supply them, and since the same missions will thus be able to sell some of the things useful only for provisioning the persons who may make up this expedition." This would make a little business for the isolated outposts, both desirable and justifiable.

Anza could not personally attend to the details of gathering all these supplies. To do so

[1] Echeveste, estimate of expenses, Mexico, December 5, 1774; Anza to Bucareli, Mexico, December 5, 1774.

would embarass him unduly, and take his attention from the work of recruiting in various places. So he asked Bucareli to appoint an agent to attend to this work, suggesting for the post Don Miguel Gregorio de Echarri, now at the capital, who had had successful experience of this kind in Pitic, during the Elizondo expedition.

XXXII

THE COLONY ASSEMBLED

Anza and Bucareli worked hard that spring. In the capital the necessary outfit for the colony was assembled. Tailors, gunsmiths, and saddlers were given rush orders. Leather jackets and shields were made and arms bought for the soldiers. On pack mules the equipment was hurried to distant Culiacán. Anza and the commissary, Mariano Vidal, followed close behind.

The Sinaloa settlements among which Anza enlisted colonists were already old. Culiacán, going back to the days of Cortés, had existed for nearly two hundred and fifty years. It will celebrate its four hundredth anniversary in 1931. Fuerte, founded in the mid-sixteenth century by the conquistador Ibarra, was as old when Anza was there as New Orleans is now. Between these two, Mocorito in the plain and Sinaloa in the foothills, were only a little less ancient. For his colony Anza was gathering seed from an old society to plant in new soil in the California wilderness.

While Don Mariano purchased mules, horses, and provisions, Anza raised the royal standard, enlisted recruits, and outfitted their families from head to foot. Their pay started on the day of their enlistment, and from that day they began to live at royal expense. In addition to the soldier colonists, Anza enlisted several families of civil settlers, also on royal pay and equipped like the rest. At the same time, the other commissary was busy assembling horses, mules, cattle and provisions at Horcasitas, the capital of Sonora, and the appointed place of rendezvous on the frontier.

This part of the work was carried through nearly on schedule time, and in May the colony was well on its way northward. The first stage of the march was from Culiacán to Horcasitas, a distance of four hundred miles or more. On this stretch, it seems, no diaries were kept. For a hundred miles or more progress was slow, as the colonists were being gradually enlisted and equipped. Further north the route led through Alamos, then a famous mining center with a branch of the royal treasury and pay-offices. On May 23 Anza passed through San José de Pimas, Father Font's mission, south of Ures, and three days later the colony arrived there on its way to the rendezvous. Font turned his mission over to a substitute (June 30) and followed leisurely behind, reaching Horcasitas on August 2. He

had no need to hurry, for it was still two months before the train was ready to make a new start. Learning that there were preparations yet to be made, he went over the mountains to the mission of Ures, where he remained till September 16, when he returned to Horcasitas, escorted by two soldiers sent for the purpose by Anza.[1]

Don Juan had hoped to be at Tubac in time to make the final start from there by the end of September. But in this his hopes were suddenly blasted. On the 7th of September, while he and his colony were still at Horcasitas, the "common enemy," the Apaches, swooped down on Tubac and ran off the entire horse herd of the presidio, some five hundred animals, leaving the garrison literally on foot. In his absence the relentless foes had succeeded with the very same trick they had played on him two years before. It was by forays like these, all along the Sonora frontier, that the clever Apaches kept the outposts stripped of horseflesh.

Anza was hard put to it. He had to supply the almost irreparable loss with inferior stock obtained in other places. To supplement this major disaster there was a stampede at Horcasitas in which more horses and mules were lost. As a consequence of these setbacks Anza started with too few mounts for so long a journey over a trail so short of water and pasturage. Both

[1] These dates are given in Font's diary.

saddle animals and pack train were too heavily laden, and some of the animals were not of the best.[1]

The Apache raid detained at Tubac the ten men who were to go to Horcasitas to escort the colony, without whom it would be unsafe to make the journey, for the whole distance to Tubac was subject to assaults by these same foes. As soon as Anza learned of the disaster, he hurried horses to Tubac to carry the escort. The month was now well under way, and "the best that could be done" was to get the ten men to Horcasitas in time to start on September 29. At the capital Anza made efforts to increase the escort, and he did succeed in adding five citizen soldiers to the guard. They attended the train as far as Santa Ana; there others joined the party and escorted it as far as Tubac.[2]

There were delays at Horcasitas due to other causes. Father Font charged part of it to Anza's wife, Doña Ana Regina Serrano. Doña Ana was loath to see her soldier husband depart. Font also had a reason for wishing a delay, but he meant to keep it to himself. Prince San Miguel

[1] Font criticizes Anza in regard to the horses. He says that the commander did not go to Tubac in August as he should have done and as he intended to do. In his absence there were some disorders at the presidio during which the Apache attack was made. Font also asserts that Anza, in order to save salaries, employed only one experienced muleteer, the rest being green.

[2] Font, Complete Diary, entry for October 1.

had been chosen as one of the patrons of the expedition. That saint's day was near at hand, and the friar thought it would be well if before starting they could celebrate in the saint's honor and have an appropriate sermon. Besides, the friar was ill. But he was averse to being the cause of any delay, so he unselfishly concealed his personal inclinations.

But Doña Ana saw a way, and, aided by her friend, Doña Catalina Ortiz Monteagudo, she trapped the friar. Doña Catalina spoke softly to the father, told him he was ill, and that the start ought to be delayed. "Oh, dear, no!" Font protested. The soft voice purred on. Naïvely, then, the friar opened his heart to the lady and told her how nice it would be if they could start on San Miguel's day. Vaya! Now! His secret was out! Doña Catalina ran straight to Anza. He in turn, and in all sincerity let us hope, now informed Font that "since he wished it" the departure should be deferred. Doña Ana sent her thanks to Font by Doña Catalina, and the friar was chagrined to find himself charged with the delay, just because in a "casual conversation" with a lady he had revealed his thoughts.[1]

When at last all was ready the caravan contained a hundred seventy-seven persons. This number did not include the five citizens who went as escort as far as Santa Ana and Tubac. There

[1] Font, entry for February 6.

were a hundred forty mules loaded with baggage, equipment, and provisions for the road. And there were four hundred and fifty saddle horses and mules.

So important an enterprise as this must have its patron saints, and for the principal honor the Virgin of Guadalupe was chosen. Prince San Miguel, whose picture was at the bottom of the painting of the Virgin, was chosen as copatron. Font and Anza (himself a brother of the College of the Holy Cross) chose as their personal patron, Saint Francis of the Portentous Wounds.[1]

The day for starting arrived. For the last time the colonists mingled with the residents on the wide plaza, and for the last time they entered the portals of the church that from its exalted station overlooked the scene. On September 28 the soldiers passed review. Next morning Father Font said Mass for the success of the journey, and preached a sermon, exhorting the colonists to have patience in the trials of the long march ahead of them, and by all means to set the heathen a good example of their Christianity. Thus from the outset Font took seriously and exercised in a kindly spirit his office as chaplain and guardian of the personal conduct of the people in his charge.

"Since there were so many people and such a train, and this being the first day, it was not pos-

[1] San Francisco de las Llagas.

sible to start until afternoon," says Font. But at last the bugle sounded, parting tears were shed, and at half past four the march was begun again. That day only a league was covered. At this distance the San Miguel River was crossed at El Vado, and camp made for the night on the other side. The historic train was on its way once more.[1]

[1] The diaries of this expedition kept by Anza, Font (Short Diary) and Eixarch, are printed in *Anza's California Expeditions*, Vol. III. Font's Complete Diary is printed in Vol. IV. See Bolton, *Palóu's New California*, IV, 80–90; Font, Complete Diary, introductory paragraphs and entry for September 29. For Father Kino's travels over these trails see Bolton, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta*.

XXXIII

PACK SADDLES

The next stage of the long journey was from Horcasitas to Anza's presidio of Tubac—a stretch of about two hundred miles. Over this segment we can follow Font's superb diary, which begins at San Miguel. The first half of the distance was through a wide, flat, mesquite covered plain, bordered on the east by a low mountain range. Then, ascending the valley of Magdalena River, and crossing the round, grassy hills of the divide, the caravan wound its way down the Nogales Wash and the Santa Cruz River. For the first five days the route led northwestward to the line of the present Southern Pacific Railroad, which the travelers struck about at the station now called Poza. From here northward, all the way to Tubac and beyond, as far as Picacho, the march was close along the railroad route, and from the window of a Pullman car one can now see most of the places mentioned by Font in his diary for this stretch of the journey. But the distance would be much better appreciated by retracing the route on the hurricane deck of a mule.[1]

[1] The line of march took the wayfarers through Chupisonora, Charco del Canelo, Llanos de la Virgen, Querobabi, Puerto de los Conejos, La Piriguita, La Parajita, Charco de Gauna, Santa Ana,

Such a journey, of course, was full of human incidents. At first it took several hours to load up and raise camp. The mules were unbroken and the muleteers green. Packs fell off, mules ran away, and men remained behind to recover them. Unseasoned animals easily tired under their unaccustomed burdens. All this delayed progress, and sometimes the train halted an entire day to await the lagging pack train.[1]

Loading the recua each morning was no simple matter. The process had its own technique, which could not be perfected in a day. The pack mule was called a mula de carga. To load a mula was the work of two arrieros. First the animal's eyes must be covered with the tapaojos, or leather blinder. Thus in the dark she would stand perfectly still during the rather unpleasant operation. Then the salea, a soft raw sheepskin, was laid on the mula's back. Over the salea was placed the xerga, or saddle cloth. Next came the aparejo, or pack saddle, the principal item of the outfit. The aparejo was a large, rectangular pad stuffed with leather, each half forming a flap when placed across the mula's back. It was fastened by a wide cincha or band of woven grass, and drawn so tight that at first the mula appeared to be cut in two. She groaned and twisted so

Magdalena, San Ignacio, Imuris, Los Alisos, Guambút, Síbuta, Agua Zarca, Las Lagunas, and Tumacácori. From Santa Ana to Síbuta, and again from Calabazas to the Gila River, they were on trail oft traveled by Father Kino three quarters of a century ahead of them.

[1] Font, September 30, October 1.

under the operation that a green arriero would relent. But that was a grand mistake. The firmer the aparejo the more comfortably the mula traveled. If it was loose she risked being matada—chafed or galled.

The pack saddle was adjusted. Now came the load or carga. If a single pack it was nicely balanced on top. If two cargas, they were fastened together by a rope and hung on opposite sides. If there were three, the third was placed on top. Three was the usual number of packs, each being called a tercio. The pack rope was now thrown around the carga, drawn tight under the mula's belly, and laced around the load to keep it securely in place. To adjust the pack rope two men stood on opposite sides of the mula. The one on the right, with his knees in her ribs, pulled up the slack. "Adiós!" he shouted when the rope was tight. "Vaya!" was the response from the other side. Over the pack in rainy seasons was thrown the petate or mat, to keep the carga dry. The loading finished, "Anda!" the arriero cried, and the mule trotted off to wait till the whole recua was ready.[1]

In the first days of a journey a green recua was almost certain to present a scene of confusion. The animals were wild, the pack saddles

[1] For a description of the process of loading a Mexican pack mule, see George F. Ruxton, *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains*, chapter 21 (London, 1847).

uncomfortable, the arrieros inexperienced. Soon, however, things settled down, the mules became docile, the arrieros skillful, and everything dropped into the humdrum of routine.

The trouble with Anza's pack mules during these first days is illustrated by entries in Font's faithful diary. "A pack train remained behind on the road with packs scattered and the mules lost, and with so many setbacks that it was not able to reach camp during the whole day" (September 30). "The pack train arrived somewhat tired out on account of the hard day yesterday and we remained there in order that it might rest, and to hunt for some animals that were missing" (October 1). "A pack train fell behind, arriving late and with some packs lost" (October 2). "At sunset three soldiers who went yesterday to look for the loaded mules which were lost returned bringing one; the rest remained lost with their packs" (October 7). With experience either these troubles ceased, or Father Font got tired of noting down recurring incidents.[1]

Father Font's personal baggage was reduced to two packs. One consisted of a bag containing tent, poles, and stakes, and a box with books and necessary papers. The other comprised *cantinas* or saddle bags filled with vestments and

[1] Font's diary gives us a graphic account of these initial troubles of the trail. He states also that the pack mules were too heavily loaded for so long a journey.

various other necessities. On top of all was laid a portmanteau containing Font's clothing and his bed blankets. His tent served him as a chapel, and he used Anza's tankard as a bell. A few things were added on the way. At San Ignacio Father Zúñiga loaned Font all the equipment necessary for saying Mass, except the cruets. These he obtained at Mission Tumacácori, where also he got a supply of hosts or wafers for the entire journey. The vials for the holy oils Font obtained at San Xavier del Bac, and thereafter he was able to say Mass nearly every day. Besides all this Father Font carried with him his psalterio, a musical instrument something like a harp. He did so at the request of Anza, who told him it would amuse the Indians, especially the Yumas, who had shown such interest in the soldier's fiddle on the previous journey.

Font was ill when he started, and he needed someone to help him pitch his tent when halt was made, and to pack up in the morning. Anza promised to provide him a servant, but was unable to do so until Tubac was reached.

The monotony of the march was broken by other incidents than fracases with pack mules. At Querobabi, and again at Charco de Gauna, the soldiers asked leave to go out and kill range cattle which wandered through the plains, the property of residents of Nacameri and Santa Ana. Permission was given them, and their fam-

ilies were supplied with welcome fresh meat. How good it must have tasted after a hard day's ride!

The long stretch across the plain was sparsely populated. Up the river, settlements stretched a long distance above Horcasitas, but west of the mountains lay a wide despoblado. Five leagues out from Horcasitas the company passed Chupisonora, the ranch of Captain Mesa. Thereafter no Spanish settlement was mentioned till Santa Ana was reached, twenty-nine leagues beyond. Here the caravan stopped a day to await the lagging pack train, and Font improved the time by taking the latitude.

Now, as they ascended the fertile valley of Magdalena River they passed through the chain of missions founded by the indefatigable Father Kino nearly a century before, on every hand beholding reminders of his tireless energy and his missionary zeal. At Magdalena Font was met by Father Zúñiga, from the mission of San Ignacio, two leagues ahead. There were embraces and an exchange of news. At San Ignacio a day's halt was made to arrange some packs of provisions, purchased from the mission. Here again Font got practice with his quadrant by taking the latitude. Four leagues beyond they passed the mission of Imuris, which then as now looked down from its high mesa station upon the fields and herds in the valley below. At that time both

Magdalena and Imuris were substations or *visitas* of San Ignacio. In modern times Magdalena has greatly outgrown both of these neighbors.

"Cuidado con los Apaches," was a constant warning on all this frontier. The entire way to Tubac the route was subject to the raids of these foes. The wayfarers were nervous and more than once the alarm was given. The first one occurred on the third day out. A boy came running out of breath with the report that Apaches were stealing some mules. Soldiers went out and "discovered the pack animals but not the Apaches, for there were none," says Font. Two days later another alarm was sounded, but it proved as baseless as the first. Farther north the danger was more real. San Ignacio and Imuris were subject to occasional Apache raids, and from Imuris forward to Tubac the way was really perilous.

So Anza proceeded with caution. Four leagues beyond Imuris he halted before entering the narrow, dangerous canyon of El Guambút, where Apaches and Piatos had committed many depredations, in order to go through with all the people and pack trains close together. The women were not the only nervous persons in the company. Next day the canyon was safely passed and El Síbuta reached.[1] But caution was still

[1] The canyon, which is very narrow, is between the stations Cumeral and Casita, near El Síbuta.

Photo by Bolton

The old church at Horcasitas, overlooking the plaza.

Photo by Bolton

The plaza at Horcasitas, Anza's main rendezvous.

J. R. Browne, *Adventures in the Apache Country*

Tubac as it appeared later.

Photo by Peterson

The old mission at Tumacácori, founded by the Jesuits, completed by the Franciscans.

necessary. Las Lagunas, the camp eight leagues beyond—just north of modern Nogales—was a place so dangerous that Anza would not even permit Mass to be said. But no Apaches appeared.

Font attributed the safe passage to the patroness of the expedition. "It is a surprising thing," he said, "that, although all this road traveled as far as here[1] is very dangerous from Apaches, they did not come out to attack us, nor did we see them during the whole journey. This favor we ought to attribute to our patroness, the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, because if the Apaches had sallied forth no doubt we should have suffered disasters, for the troops were few and green, and as they traveled they were so occupied with their little children that there were soldiers who carried two or three at a time, and most of them carried one little one. But God was guiding us and the Virgin Mary was our patroness—and with this everything is said."

Beyond Las Lagunas Font went ahead and said Mass at the old mission of Calabazas. Rejoining the expedition he accompanied it to the mission of Tumacácori. Here he stayed while the caravan went on to Tubac.[2]

[1] He was writing at Tucson.

[2] Font, Complete Diary, entries for October 1–15.

XXXIV

THE ORDER OF MARCH

Tubac was reached on the 15th of October. Anza would have continued the march at once, but he had to wait for Sergeant Grijalva, who had gone to the presidio of Terrenate to bring his family. They reached Tubac on October 21. Anza now completed his entourage. At Tumacácori he had found Father Garcés awaiting him. There also Father Tomás Eixarch joined the expedition. Missionary at Tumacácori, he had been appointed to go as Garcés's companion—or better, to work among the Yumas at the Gila-Colorado junction, so that Garcés might wander at will.

In all, sixty-three persons joined the colony at Tubac. The expedition left Horcasitas with a hundred and seventy-seven. From Tubac it set forth with two hundred and forty. The completed company consisted of Anza, Fathers Font, Garcés, and Eixarch; Vidal the commissary, Lieutenant Moraga, and Sergeant Grijalva. These were the gentry. Besides these, there were eight veterans from the presidios of Sonora, the twenty recruits, and the ten Tubac soldiers going

as escort and expecting to return. There were twenty-nine wives of twenty-nine soldiers. Lieutenant Moraga's wife was ill and did not go at this time. There were a hundred and thirty-six persons, mostly children, belonging to the families of these soldiers and to four volunteer families who went to New California to settle. In addition there were twenty muleteers, three vaqueros, three Indian interpreters, and four personal servants of the fathers. Among these last was our old friend Sebastián Tarabal, who had returned with Anza from California to Pimería Alta and remained there during the commander's absence in Mexico.

In size these were true pioneer families. Thirty of them started with a hundred and fifteen children and arrived at San Gabriel with a hundred and eighteen, an average of nearly four apiece. There were ten families with five or more children each. Two tied for first place with nine each. These were the progeny of Phelipe Santiago Tapia and Joachín Antonio Castro. Some of these mothers had full-sized woman's jobs ahead of them.

There were more than a thousand head of stock. These included 695 horses and mules, and 355 beeves for food on the way and for breeding cattle for California. About thirty of the cattle and a hundred and twenty of the horses belonged to individuals. The baggage included a

hundred and forty mule loads belonging to the expedition, and twenty-five loads the property of individuals. There were still a thousand miles of desert and mountain over which Anza had to drive, water, and feed this unwieldy herd, to say nothing of caring for two hundred and forty human beings, the majority of whom were women and children. Anza had a full-sized man's job ahead of him.

Here at Tubac the emigrants must say adieu to civilization. Hitherto for six hundred miles they had passed through gradually sparser and sparser European settlements. Ahead of them lay a thousand miles of Indian country, broken only by four slender missions.

Father Font, tender shepherd, understood the sore hearts of the exiles, and after Mass on Sunday, the day before starting, he gave them words of encouragement. *Nolite timere pussilus grex* was his text. Fear not little flock. Once more he exhorted his sheep to patience and perseverance. They must not forget that they were a chosen people, he said. Their expedition across the Colorado to Monterey was like the march of Israel through the Red Sea to the Promised Land. If they scandalized the heathen on their way, or murmured at their leader Anza, God would punish them as He did the Israelites, who committed excesses and disobeyed their leader Moses. On the other hand, if they were good Christians,

God and the Virgin of Guadalupe would assist them in this life and thereafter they would enjoy rest in the Promised Land. Anza, too, gave his followers kindly words of cheer.

Goodbyes were at last over, and the epic march was resumed. During the whole journey to Monterey a regular daily routine was observed. Let Father Font describe it:

"At a suitable hour an order was given to drive in the caballada, and that each one should proceed to catch his animals, the muleteers the mules, the soldiers and the servants the horses for themselves and their wives and the rest. While they were being harnessed and saddled it was my custom to say Mass, for which there was plenty of time. As soon as the pack trains were ready to start the commander would say, 'Everybody mount.' Thereupon we all mounted our horses and at once the march began, forming a train in this fashion: ahead rode four soldiers, as scouts to show the road. Leading the vanguard went the commander, and then I came. Behind me followed the people, men, women, and children, and the soldiers who went escorting and caring for their families. The lieutenant with the rear guard concluded the caravan. Behind him the pack trains usually followed; after them came the loose riding animals; and finally all the cattle, so that altogether they made up a long procession.

"Then we began to march, I intoning the *Alabado,* to which all the people responded; and this was done every day both going and coming. When the camp site was reached, after all the people had dismounted the lieutenant came to report to the commander whether everybody had arrived, or if something had remained behind, in order that he might give suitable orders. At night the people said the Rosary in their tents by families, and afterward they sang the *Alabado,* the *Salve,* or something else, each one in its own way, and the result was a pleasing variety. The number of people was so large that when we halted the camp looked like a town, with the barracks which the soldiers made with their capotes, blankets, and brush, and especially with the field-tents, which were thirteen in number, nine for the soldiers, one for the lieutenant, one for Fathers Garcés and Eixarch, one for me, and a larger and round one for the commander."

Instead of swinging southwest down the Altar Valley as he had done before, Anza now continued north from Tubac to the Gila and down that stream to the Yuma junction, thus reversing his return route from New California. Though dangerous from Apaches, this trail had the merit of being shorter than the other. By cutting across the Papaguería to Yuma, Anza might have saved still more leagues, but it had not rained there and he dared not risk it. Even

the Santa Cruz River route was precarious from drought. It had been reported that between Tucson and the Gila the road was next to impassable for so large a train for the lack of water. Before setting out, therefore, Anza sent four men ahead to explore the Gila and return to meet him on the way. Such care shows how keenly he felt his responsibility.

The first stage of the renewed journey was from Tubac to the Gila, more than a hundred miles beyond. The way led down the Santa Cruz River, with high Santa Rita and Santa Catalina Mountains on the right, and lesser ranges on the left. The march was begun on October 23. Again many incidents broke the monotony. Joys and sorrows, including marriages, a birth, and a death occurred on the way. At La Canoa, the first camp after leaving Tubac—now a famous ranch for breeding Arabian horses—Señora Felix gave birth to a "fine boy," adding one to a family of seven children already in the party. The poor mother paid the extreme price and died before morning, in spite of such medical help as Anza could give her in the best tent he could provide. As they marched along next day with saddened hearts, Font and the people said the Rosary for the deceased, whose body Garcés and four soldiers took ahead to San Xavier for burial. This death must have seemed a sad omen to the homesick folk, but through miracle and

superb leadership it was the only one on the entire journey of more than fifteen hundred miles from Culiacán to Monterey. Is there anywhere another such record? The lusty youngster, baptized by Father Eixarch, and devotedly nursed by other mothers, survived all hardships of the trek and reached California.

Camp the second night was at Llano Grande, just south of Sahuarito, and next day San Xavier del Bac was reached. This venerable mission was another landmark on the long journey. It has come down with fame for its association with two superb pioneers. Founded three-quarters of a century earlier by Kino, the renowned Jesuit, it was now administered by Garcés, the scarcely less famous Franciscan, and from it he had made his remarkable journeys into the northwestern deserts. Once a large settlement, it had been much depleted by Apache raids. Here, while some of the colonists sorrowed, others made merry. During their brief stay Font solemnized three marriages of members of the expedition, veiling the couples during the Mass.

Four leagues beyond San Xavier was Tuquison or Tucson, "the last Christian pueblo in this direction." Although larger than San Xavier[1] at

[1] Its importance was enhanced a few months later when Anza's presidio of San Agustín was moved from Tubac and established here (1776).

this time, Tucson was a *visita* or substation of that mission, and without a resident missionary. Here Anza met the four scouts sent ahead to learn about the road to the Gila. Great was his relief when they told him that, contrary to all reports, there was plenty of water in pools formed by recent rains, and that the distance could be covered in two tardeadas, that is, in two long and two short marches.[1]

Encouraged by the news brought by the scouts, Anza moved forward, down the west side of the Santa Cruz River, the next camp being just in front of Tucson Mountains, where they come flush to the river bed.[2] This place was well supplied with names. The Indians called it Tututac. Font named it La Frente Negra, in allusion to a figure resembling a human profile formed there by the shadowy black rocks of the mountains. Two names were not enough. Here six Pimas from Tucson restored a deserting muleteer. Anza had the culprit given a thrashing—twelve blows—so the soldiers dubbed the camp Llano del Azotado—the plain where the fellow was given a beating.

When he broke camp next morning, to avoid the river bottom, which was now wet, Anza threaded the short pass in front of him near the

[1] Being now on the borders of heathendom, before leaving Tucson Font exhorted his people to confess, and as Christians to set a good example to the heathen whom they would soon encounter.

[2] It was near Weaver Well, south of Rillito.

end of the range. That night, six leagues beyond, halt was made at some large ponds, called Oit Par, or Old Town, the site of a deserted Pápago village.[1] Behind the camp rose fantastic Sawtooth Mountain, and to the north of it towering Picacho. Here another runaway muleteer was returned by friendly Pimas from Tucson and Bac, and he likewise was given "suitable punishment"— in this case twenty-five blows. Anza paid the Pimas for their trouble, "charging it to the culprit."

As he traveled Anza's mind was stirred by vivid memories, for in years gone by he had often chased marauding Apaches through the country to the northeast. He was now nearing the settlement of the Gila Pimas, and to announce his coming he sent forward from Oit Par four Indian messengers. Then he issued a proclamation warning his people against stealing from the heathen, molesting their women, raising arms against them except in defense of life, or doing anything to withdraw them from the true faith or the dominion of his Majesty. This admonition was reinforced by a fatherly talk by Font.

Another tardeada took the train to the flat of El Aquituni, an abandoned village just northwest of Picacho. Next day (October 30), four leagues before reaching the Gila, Anza was met

[1] It was in the river bottom near the E. Aguirre Ranch house, and nearly west of Naviska.

by Pima headmen of the river towns. In response to a message sent the day before, they had come with a following, all on horseback, to welcome the Spaniards. They all dismounted. One of their number made a short speech, then they presented the soldiers with two fresh Apache scalps, gruesome mementos of a victory won the day before. Mounting again, they escorted the visitors to camp at Comari, or La Laguna, a small lake not far from the Gila River.[1] Here a large concourse was gathered to see the Españoles.

This day's march of ten leagues through tangled brush and over sandy desert had been long and hard. But the people did not murmur and Anza lauded their patience.[2]

[1] It was near Blackwater Slough, west of Casa Grande.

[2] Diary of Font, entries for October 16–30, and of Anza, entries for October 23–30. Father Garcés accompanied the expedition from Tubac to Santa Olaya, and then traveled by a different route. His diary was translated and edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, and published under the title *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* (2 vols., New York, 1900).

XXXV

THE CASA GRANDE DE MOCTEZUMA

Next day while the people and stock rested, Anza and Font visited the famous antiquity three leagues eastward from camp known as the Casa Grande de Moctezuma. Let Father Font tell the story:

"Tuesday, October 31.—I said Mass, to which some Gila heathen listened very quietly. The commander decided that the people should rest today from yesterday's long journey, and so we had time to go to examine the Casa Grande de Moctezuma, as they call it, which is situated a league from the Gila River and is distant from the site of the Laguna some three leagues to the east-southeast. We went to it after Mass and returned after noon, accompanied by some Indians and the governor of Uturituc, who on the way recounted us the history or tradition concerning this Casa Grande which the Gila Pimas preserve from their ancestors. It all reduces itself to fables, mixed confusedly with some Catholic truths, which I shall relate hereinafter.[1] I made an observation at the site of the Casa Grande,

[1] Font and Anza each includes in his diary a ground plan of the Casa Grande. For modern views and excavations of the old ruin, see Jesse Walter Fewkes, *Casa Grande, Arizona* (Bureau of American Ethnology, *Twenty-eighth Annual Report*, Washington, 1912). Earlier accounts were given by Kino and Mange at the end of the seventeenth century in their works already cited.

which is indicated by the letter *A* on the map which I afterward made; and I found it without correction to be in 33° 11′ and with correction in 33° 3½′, and so I say: at the Casa Grande of the Gila River, October 31, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 42° 25′.

"We very carefully examined this edifice and its remains, and I am inserting here an ichnographic plan of it. To make it more intelligible I give the following description and explanation: The Casa Grande, or Palace of Moctezuma, must have been built some five hundred years ago, according to the histories and the scanty notices of it which exist and are given by the Indians. For apparently it was founded by the Mexicans when in their migration they were led by the Devil through various regions until they reached the Promised Land of Mexico, and when, during their stops, which were long, they established settlements and erected edifices.

"The site where this house stands is level on all sides. It is distant from the Gila River about a league, and the ruins of the houses which formed the settlement extend more than a league to the east and in other directions. All this region is scattered with pieces of ollas, jars, plates, etc., some ordinary and other stained with various colors, white, blue, red, etc., an indication that it was a large settlement and of a people different from the Gila Pimas, for the latter do not know how to make such pottery.

"We made a careful inspection of the edifice and of its site, and to save time we measured it with a lance. These measurements I afterward reduced to geometrical feet, and with slight error they are the following: The house is rectangular, and is perfectly oriented to the four cardinal points, east, west, north, and south. Round about there are some ruins which indicate some sort of fence or wall which enclosed the house and the other buildings, especially at the corners, where it appears that there was some sort of a structure like an interior castle or watch tower, for at the corner which lies at the southwest there is a piece still standing, with its partitions and an upper story.

"The outer wall is four hundred and twenty feet long from north to south and two hundred and sixty from east to west. The interior of the house consists of five rooms, three of the same size in the middle, and a larger one at each end. The three rooms are twenty-six feet long from north to south and ten from east to west. The two rooms at the ends are twelve feet from north to south and thirty-eight from east to west. The rooms are all about eleven feet high. The doors between them are five feet high and two feet wide, and all are nearly equal, except the four outer ones, which appear to have been twice as wide. The thickness of the inner walls is four feet, and they are well plastered. The thickness

of the outer walls is six feet. The exterior measurement of the house from north to south is seventy feet and from east to west fifty. The walls are slanting on the outside. In front of the eastern door, separate from the house, there is another room, which is twenty-six feet from north to south and eighteen from east to west, not counting the thickness of the walls.

"Judging from what can be seen the timbers were of pine, although the nearest mountain having pines is distant some twenty-five leagues. There is also some mesquite. The whole edifice is built of earth, and according to the indications it is of *tapia* made with molds of various sizes. From the river there runs a long distance a very large irrigating ditch by which the settlement supplied itself with water, but it is now very indistinct. Finally, it is seen that the edifice had three storeys; and if what it was possible to learn from the Indians is true, and judging from the vestiges which were seen, it had four storeys, the lower one being below ground like a subterranean room. To furnish light to the rooms nothing is to be seen except the doors, and some round holes in the middle of the walls which face the east and the west. The Indians said that through these holes, which are rather large, the Prince, whom they call The Bitter Man, looked at the sun when it rose and set, in order to salute it. No signs of stairs were found, from which we

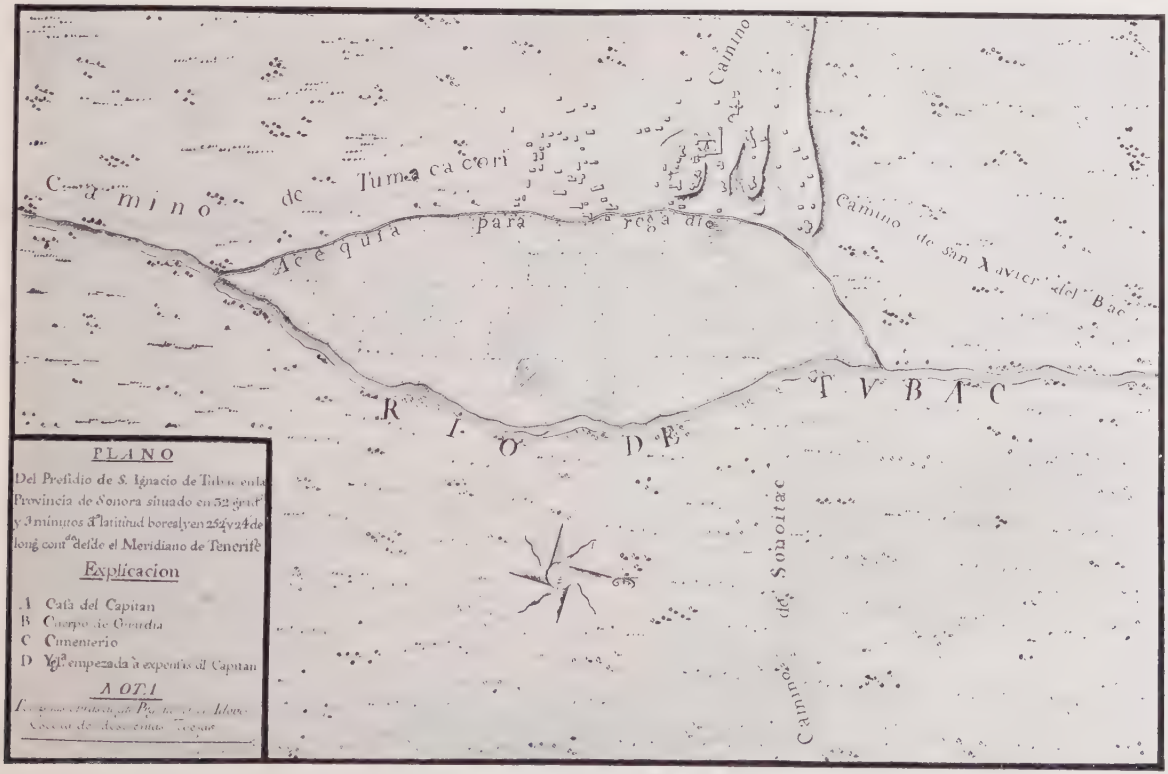
conclude that they were of wood and were destroyed in the fire which the edifice suffered from the Apaches.

"The history which the governor of Uturituc recounted on the way in his Pima language, and which a servant of the commander, the only interpreter of this language, translated as we went along, is as follows:

"A long time ago there came to that country[1] a man who was called the Bitter Man because of his ill nature and his harsh rule. This man was old, but he had a young daughter. And there came in his company a young man who was not a relative of his or of anybody else, and married the daughter, who was very pretty just as he was handsome. And this old man brought as servants the Winds and the Clouds.

When the old man began to build that great house, he ordered his son-in-law to go and look for timber with which to roof it. The young man went a long distance, but since he had no ax or anything with which to cut the trees, he was gone many days, and he finally returned without bringing any timbers. Now the old man was very angry, and he said that the son-in-law was good-for-nothing, and he would show him how to bring the timbers. And so the old man went away to a sierra where there are many pines, and, calling on God to aid him, he cut many pines and brought many timbers for the roof of the house.

[1] Font was writing in Sonora.


Camino de Tumacacori
Acequia para regadio
Camino de San Xavier del Bac
TVBAC
RIO DE
Camino de Sonoitac
PLANO
Del Presidio de S. Ignacio de Tubac en la
Provincia de Sonora situado en 32 grad.
y 3 minutos de latitud boreal y en 252 y 24 de
long.d con.da desde el Meridiano de Tenerife
Explicacion
A Casa del Capitan
B Cuerpo de Guardia
C Cimenterio
D Yglesia empezada à expensas del Capitan
NOTA

From the British Museum, by courtesy of Godfrey Sykes

Map of Tubac and vicinity in the 18th century, showing irrigated fields and roads.

Photo by Lumholtz

Saguaros along Anza's trail.

"When this Bitter Man came there were no trees in the country, nor any plants, but he brought seeds of all kinds and reaped very large harvests, with the aid of his two servants, the Wind and the Clouds, who served him. But because of his ill nature he became angry with the two servants and discharged them, and they went a long way off. And then, for lack of servants, he was not able to reap the harvests, so he ate all that he had raised, for he was now dying of hunger. He then sent his son-in-law to call the two servants and bring them back, but he could not find them, no matter how much he looked for them. Then the old man went to look for them, and having found them he took them again into his service, and with their aid he again reaped great harvests. And so they continued to live for many years in that country, but after a long time they went away, and they have heard nothing more about them.

"He said also that after the old man there came to that country a man called The Drinker. He became angry with the people there, and sent so much water that all the land was covered with it. Then he went to a very high sierra, which is seen from there and is called the Sierra de la Espuma, taking with him a little dog and a coyote. They call it Sierra de la Espuma because at the end of it, which is cut off with a cliff like the corner of a tower, one sees high up near the top a white ledge-like rock, which continues the

same all along the sierra for a long distance.[1] And the Indians say that this is the mark of the foam of the water which used to reach up to there. Well, The Drinker went up there, leaving the dog below so that he might tell when the water reached the ledge of foam, and when the water reached it the dog told The Drinker, for then the animals talked; and then he too went up.

"After several days The Drinker sent to the Humming Bird and to the Coyote to have them bring him some mud. They brought it, and from it he made several men, some of whom turned out to be good and others bad. These men scattered out through the country, upstream and downstream, and after a while he sent some of his own people to see if the men upstream talked. They went and returned, saying that although they talked they did not understand what they said. And so The Drinker became very angry because these men talked without his having given them permission. Afterward he sent other men downstream to see those who were there, and they returned saying that they had given them a friendly welcome and although they talked another language they had understood them. Then The Drinker said to them that the men who lived down the stream were the good men, these being the ones as far as the Opas, with whom they are friendly. And those who lived upstream he said

[1] This is in Superstition Mountains, near Phoenix, where a white streak running clear around a peak is visible from Casa Grande.

were the bad men, these being the Apaches, toward whom they are hostile.

"He said also that once The Drinker became angry with the people, and killed many of them and changed them into saguaros, and this is why there are so many saguaros in the country. The saguaro is a green trunk, watery, very tall and equally round, and straight from the bottom to the top, with thick rows of spines all the way up, and it usually has two or three branches of the same form, which look like arms.

"Besides this he said that The Drinker at another time became very angry with the men, and made the sun come down to burn them, and so he finished them. The men begged him earnestly not to burn them, so he ordered the sun to go up, but not so high as it had been before, and told them that he was leaving it lower in order to burn them with it if they made him angry again; and this is why it is so hot in that country in the summer.

"He said that he knew other stories, but could not relate them now because his time was up, but he promised us to tell them next day. But because we laughed a little at these yarns, which he told with great seriousness, we were never able to get him to tell us another thing, he saying that he did not know anything. All this tale or little history I have told in the language here seen, as more suitable to the style in which the Indians express themselves."

XXXVI

THE GILA PIMAS

Anza now made a right-angled turn and swung westward through the settlements of the Gileños, or Pimas of the Gila. These Indians lived close together for protection against their inveterate enemies, the Apaches, who were just across the river, so close that the smokes of their camps were often to be seen. The entire settled area of the Gileños embraced only a small stretch of country along the Gila, between Casa Grande and Sierra Estrella, a distance of some thirty miles. Indeed, the principal area of settlement was much more restricted than this. The two chief towns on the south side of the river were Uturituc on the east and Sutaquison on the west, these places being only four leagues, or some ten or twelve miles, apart. Between them were two smaller towns. On the north side of the river, some two leagues westward of Sutaquison, were Tuburs Cabors and Nacúb. Thus there were six Gileño towns in a stretch of six leagues.[1]

On November 1 Anza advanced four leagues from the Laguna to Uturituc, situated westward

[1] Diaries of Font, Anza, and Garcés (Coues), entries for November 1–6. The Pima Indians are treated by Frank Russell, *The Pima Indians* (Bureau of American Ethnology, *Twenty-sixth Annual Report*, Washington, 1908). Earlier accounts are given by Kino and Mange.

of modern Sacaton. Here his eyes met a sight that cheered him. He was welcomed by a thousand people arranged in two files, "the men on one side and the women on the other." It was as if the chivalrous days of Kino had returned. As soon as the visitors dismounted and had time to straighten their cramped legs, the natives all went in turn to salute the captain and the fathers, first the men then the women, big and little. This hand shaking took a long while, for every Indian had a verbal greeting to offer, the Pima equivalent of "May God help us." When they got through Anza's arm was as tired as a president's.

The principal Spaniards were entertained in a great arbor built by the natives for the occasion, and in front of which they had erected a large cross. To show proper appreciation of the honor of the visit the Indian women went from tent to tent of the soldiers, dancing, "linked together in their fashion." Anza knew what the hosts were expecting and he did not disappoint them. Lining the inhabitants up once more, he gave everybody presents—tobacco for the men and glass beads for the women. The distribution lasted until late at night.

Before leaving Uturituc next day the three friars set up two altars and said nine Masses, for it was All Souls' Day. "This was a very special event," says Font, "for it never before happened that in one day so many Masses should be said on the Gila River." He was doubtless correct.

Breaking camp near noon, Anza marched four leagues westward to Sutaquison, a town of some four hundred inhabitants, having passed through two smaller villages on the way. By good fortune the location of Sutaquison is fixed by Anza's former diary, in which he tells us it was near the ruin now known as Casa Blanca.[1] While here Anza rejoiced to learn of good results from his previous journey, when he had so earnestly admonished all the tribes to cease their wars. An Opa messenger now arrived at Sutaquison and reported in a long harangue that the Opas and Yumas had recently held a peace council at Agua Caliente, farther down the Gila. This was gratifying news. Beads and tobacco were distributed here the same as in Uturituc.

In his dealings with these Pimas Anza was greatly aided by Father Garcés. The friar spoke the Pima tongue. He had been several times up and down the river among the villages. Some of the leading men had visited him at his mission of San Xavier and knew him personally. And Garcés was a born actor, with ability to appeal to the imagination of the Indians he loved so well. He now carried with him, according to his custom, a curious banner—a sort of a cartoon it would now be called. On one side was a large picture of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her arms, on the other side a lost

[1] Although in a different location, I conjecture that the name Sacaton is a corruption of Sutaquison.

soul burning in eternal fire. Garcés would show the Indians first one side of the banner and then the other, asking them which one they liked. Uniformly they showed a preference for the Virgin and the Child. This Garcés regarded as a good sign. Some of the Pima mothers offered their children for baptism, but it was postponed for a future day.

Font had a keen eye, and he gives interesting data regarding these Gileños. They had well kept fields fenced in with poles and laid off in divisions, with good irrigating ditches. The Indians had not yet planted their grain because the season had been dry and the river low. To remedy the situation they were damming the stream so that the water would rise and fill the ditches. Wheat was their principal crop, for like horses wheat had kept ahead of the frontier of Spanish settlement. They also planted, spun, and wove cotton, raised sheep, spun and wove wool, and raised "Castilian hens."

Like all upper Pimas, they were very black and ugly, "especially the women," more noticeable in them than in the men because more was to be expected of them. Font also had a keen nose. He found these Pimas offensive to his olfactory sense because they ate so much péchita and other foul stuff. Robust of body, they were brave in warfare. Unlike the Yumas, these people covered their nakedness. They wore blankets of cotton, grown and woven by themselves, and gar-

ments of sayal obtained from the Spaniards, the Pápagos, and the Christianized Pimas farther south. "Of the sayal they make their cotton breeches, and those who do not have breeches supply their place with a blanket gathered up and tied, while the women cover themselves with deerskin."

"The coiffure which the men practice with their hair is peculiar," says Font. "They take a woolen cord, thin like the finger and long like a halter rope. Doubling it they insert it in the hair. With the long end they tie it together and twist it over the head from the left side to the right, and then secure it with the loose end, giving it one or two turns around the head. In this way they carry on their heads a crest like crown, in which they insert their feathers, little sticks, and other ornaments. The women wear their hair hanging down their backs and over their eyes, banging it in front even with the eyes or the eyebrows."

Malodorous as they were, Font thought the Gileños propitious for missions, being gentle and living in fixed pueblos. Since they successfully practiced agriculture they could support themselves. There were two drawbacks. The Gileños being so harassed by Apaches, a good presidio would be necessary. And the country being so short of pasturage, it would scarcely support the necessary horses, to say nothing of raising cattle.

Leaving the Pima towns behind, Anza now moved forward two leagues, and camped at a lake that came to be called Laguna del Hospital, because of the sickness there. It was near Gila Butte. On the way rain fell. The weather was cold and while clothes were drying there was shivering round the campfire.

Next day, feast of San Carlos, and the king's birthday, had to be celebrated. Garcés said Mass and Font assisted with his psalterio. But this was not all. As part of the celebration Anza gave each soldier a pint of aguardiente, whether in honor of the king or for some other purpose is not recorded. In consequence, says Font, "there was more than moderate drunkenness, and more than one man remained tipsy till morning."

Halt had been made here after the short march of only two leagues, in order to have water and feed before plunging into the desert just ahead. But the camp proved to be a disastrous one. Evidently both water and feed were bad. A woman became ill, and no march was made on the 4th. Next day another woman fell ill, and yet another on the 6th, and still no march. Here, too, Father Font began to have tertian ague, which lasted till after he had crossd the Colorado River. But this did not prevent him from making a sketch of Casa Grande, based on measurements made a week before. It is this sketch which he included in his great diary.

XXXVII

OPAS AND COCOMARICOPAS

The November sun smiled, the patients got better, and on the 7th the march was resumed. Anza now left the land of the friendly Gileños and likewise the friendly river, for he must strike across the Great Bend. Turning southwest from the Hospital, in the next two days he swung around Sierra Estrella, threaded a gap through Maricopa Range, Sierra de Comars they called it, crossed the wide plain, and camped at the bend of the Gila at San Simón y Judas de Uparsoitac. This was the Opa town where Garcés had stopped on his return with Anza the year before. He was now on his fourth visit, and there were warm greetings as between old friends. According to his custom, Garcés showed the assembled natives his picture of the Virgin and the lost soul, and preached a sermon. As was true of the others, they liked the Virgin best.

Anza's troubles now began to multiply. From here to the Yuma junction he conducted a moving sanitarium. His office of doctor at times overshadowed his position as captain. The water at Laguna del Hospital had proved disastrous to

the horses. After leaving there three died and others were abandoned sick on the way. So no march was made on the 9th. Next morning a woman and a man were under the weather, and Font again had a chill, so another day's rest was taken. If Anza became impatient he did not show it in his diary.

But he must press forward. On the 11th the stock was rounded up, packs and saddles were cinched, and a new start was made. But the march was short. After traveling some two leagues, camp was pitched at another village, called San Martín, to take shelter from a heavy rain. Next day they advanced to the village of San Diego, at the eastern base of Painted Rock Range. Font's chills were worse that day, and to him the halt was welcome.

Still forward! On the 13th Anza crossed the range, traveled four leagues, forded the Gila, and camped at Aritoac. The ford was at Oatman's Flat, scene of a gruesome massacre some seventy-five years later. Four leagues more on the 14th took the wayfarers to Agua Caliente, or Hot Springs. Still called Agua Caliente, the place is now a rather dismal health resort, frequented by sad faced rheumatics. There was some pasturage in the vicinity, the horses were badly in need of it, so another day's halt was made. Another good reason for the stop was the hot water, which, as Anza tells us, afforded "fa-

cilities for the families to wash, of which they have great need." We can well believe him.

On his former journey Anza had found this place deserted because of Apache raids. But now there was a settlement of Cocomaricopas at the site, estimated by Font at two hundred souls. "They are the same as the Opas," he says, "but are distinguished in name by the district which they inhabit." Thus in a sentence Font disposes of what has been an ethnological puzzle.

Anza here saw a chance to extend the reach of the royal arm. On Carlos and Francisco, two Indians chosen by the natives, he bestowed the canes and titles of governor and alcalde. They now became king's officers. Their jurisdiction, extending downstream nearly to Mohawk Range, was called San Bernardino del Agua Caliente. Before he so honored Carlos and Francisco he required them, and all the people present, three times to pledge their fidelity to the Spanish king. They complied, but the honor was not regarded with gratitude alone. Garcés tells us what one old Indian philosopher thought. The friar advised the natives to accept Spanish rule, so that Anza might appoint officers "to give justice." The old man replied, "Behold, to give justice is to punish the bad; but since none of us is bad, what purpose will justice serve?"

Governor Carlos's feelings were not unmixed, either. He accepted the office, but vanity was tempered with misgivings. When Anza im-

pressed upon him the seriousness of his duties as governor the poor Indian was "so frightened that for more than an hour he did not cease to tremble so hard that he appeared to be shivering from the severest cold." This is what Anza tells us. Garcés, on the other hand, says that as soon as they got their appointments Carlos and Francisco behaved very haughtily, "saying that now their names would reach the king."[1]

Before leaving Agua Caliente Anza sent soldiers ahead to notify Palma of his coming. The message delivered, they were to cross the Colorado and learn the condition of the waterholes on the old routes, or if possible, to find a better road, as far as San Sebastián. "For," says the anxious Anza, "to find such a one as this and learn whether the old ones have water, is what now most occupies my attention."

Onward! On the 16th the caravan again took up the march toward the setting sun. Since this was Font's bad day, he and Eixarch went ahead with the two soldiers, Font's servants, and his two pack loads. The guide missed his bearings and went beyond the appointed place. Font, worn-out with suffering, finally balked and camped for the night in the brush, sick from fever. Since misery loves company, he may

[1] A distribution of tobacco and glass beads followed. The Indians hung round the camp until midnight, "singing in their key, which is very funereal," says Font. It was so cold that the water froze in bottles at night.

have found some solace in the fact that Father Eixarch also was ill, for he too had a fever. Anza followed with his train, and traveled nine hard leagues. The weary cattle reached camp late at night, for the march had been long.

Next morning Anza moved down the river, picked up Font and Eixarch on the way, crossed the stream, and camped at Cerro de San Pasqual (Mohawk Range). Here Carlos and Francisco, governor and alcalde of Agua Caliente, with a following, overtook the train, on the way to Yuma to ratify in Anza's presence the peace treaties recently made with Palma. Thereupon Anza sent word to the Jalchedunes asking them to meet him at Yuma for the same purpose.

Young Joseph Felix, born at La Canoa, had offset his mother's death and maintained the colony at a stable number. The balance was now tipped in the other direction. Here at San Pasqual Anza was called up at two in the night to serve as midwife for the señora of a soldier. Dr. Anza hurried on his clothes and ushered into the world another "fine boy." Appropriately Font baptized the youngster Diego Pasqual, "because it was the octave of San Diego and because the place where they were was called San Pasqual." Young Diego, puissant infant, held up the train for three whole days. The weather man gave the newcomer a chilly reception. While in camp at San Pasqual it was so cold that ice formed on the water, and in the course of four

days six saddle animals died, a loss which Anza could ill afford.

The land of the Opas and Cocomaricopas had now been left behind. These tribes occupied several villages, from Uparsoitac down the river to San Bernardino, near the site of Palomas. They spoke a Yuman tongue, but they had long been hostile to the Yumas and friendly to the Pimas, whose language they could not understand. Uparsoitac, the Gila Bend town, was a populous place, straggling for an entire league along the river. When the distribution of tobacco and beads was made there Font estimated the assembled crowd at a thousand.

Like the Pimas, these people had good fields of wheat, maize and calabashes. Irrigating ditches were not necessary at Uparsoitac because the life-giving Gila was subject to large overflows. The Opas practiced the same style of head dress as the Pimas. Some wore cotton fabrics, others black wool blankets from Moqui. They painted their faces and bodies, with soot if necessary, when they could not obtain red ochre. They decorated the painted parts with various stripes, "and this is their gala dress," Font tells us. They had good bodies, and were brave, like the Pimas, but their weapons were inferior.

At Uparsoitac the Spaniards began to see women wearing little skirts like those of the Yuma women, made from the inner bark of cottonwood and willows. Some, richer than these,

wore deerskins tied round the waist and worn like a skirt. The men went partially covered with blankets. Bead collars encircled their manly necks and a variety of pendants hung from their ears and noses. "But," says Font, "I did not see a single woman with so much adornment, a situation, it seems to me, which ought to be just the reverse."

Anza's sincerity in all his doings is reflected here in his frank confession of an error. On his way up the Gila, on his former journey, he had estimated the Opas and Cocomaricopas at several thousand. Now, when at Mohawk Range, he confessed that they were not so numerous. "For," he remarks, "most of this tribe having come before me with the intention of not living hidden now, because of the peace which they enjoy, as well as to receive the presents which are given them in the name of his Majesty, for which purpose I have convoked them, there have assembled on the way from San Simón y Judas de Opasoitac to here scarcely more than fifteen hundred persons."

Font, however, put the Opas and Cocomaricopas at three thousand souls, which he considered a small population for so large a district. "This is a proof of the poverty of the country, for since it is so unfruitful and sterile it is almost uninhabitable. The same thing is proved by the misery and poverty in which the Opas live." From this Font concluded that two missions

From Bartlett, *Personal Narrative*

Fort Yuma as it appeared in 1852. Father Eixarch's mission stood on the same site.

would suffice for these people, one at Uparsoitac, where there could be a fairly good one, and one at Agua Caliente (or in a better place if possible)—"and this will be a mission with few people and few advantages." With these and two for the Pimas at Uturituc and Sutaquison all the Gila people would be cared for, Font thought.

Slowly down the Gila the caravan moved. The brush along the river bottom was thick and tangled. It scratched the traveler's hands. Cactus needles worked through their clothing. The glistening alkali of the flats caused eyes to smart and the dust cracked faces and burned throats. Backs ached, legs became cramped, saddles hard, stirrups too long or too short, and feet heavy. By now some of the weary emigrants were wondering if the trail would ever end. But no one turned back. They jogged on, and on, and on, and on.

Six more days were spent in reaching the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, a distance of only twenty-two leagues. On November 22, as they crawled over the sandy, barren river bottom, other saddle animals died of starvation and cold. Camp was made that night at Cerro de Santa Cecilia, now less romantically called Antelope Hill.[1]

Next day no march was made because the stock had become so scattered, seeking pasturage, that they could not be assembled in time. It took

[1] Font's ague was better now, perhaps because the wife of a soldier two days before gave him "a potion," he thought.

nearly all day, "with imponderable labor," to extract them from the brush in which they hid. So averse were they to travel that some of them charged their herders like wild bulls. Endurance with them had reached the limit. Still another day was lost here because another woman became ill. The march was resumed on November 25, and Laguna Salobre was reached. It was just west of the present Wellton. On the way another horse died of exhaustion.

Every lane has its turning. Here at Laguna Salobre spirits were revived by cheering news. A Yuma messenger arrived on horseback. He had been sent by Palma to say that the Yumas and likewise a delegation of Jalchedunes from up the river were waiting at the junction to welcome the Spaniards. For four days the faithful Palma had awaited Anza near the Gila Range, but he had now returned to his home to assemble provisions and prepare lodgings for his visitors. If the colonists had felt any fears for their reception they were calmed by this friendly message.

Father Font, in spite of his illness, kept watch over the manners and morals of his flock. Before setting out on the 26th he made a talk reprimanding especially an abuse which he had noticed in some of the soldiers, "who were so jealous of their wives that besides not permitting them to talk to anybody, they even prohibited them from coming to hear Mass."

Four leagues on the 26th and three on the 27th, with a northward swing, took the train into the pass made by the river through the Gila Range. Here a real event occurred. The colonists now set eyes on the great chief. About three o'clock Palma arrived in person, accompanied by a brother, Captain Pablo, and a following of some thirty men, all unarmed.[1] At their approach an expectant silence came over the Spanish camp.

[1] Diaries of Font, Anza, and Garcés (Coues), entries for November 7–27; Frederick Webb Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, I, 805–807. Earlier accounts of the Opas and Cocomaricopas are given by Kino and Mange.

XXXVIII

GUESTS OF PALMA

Dismounting, Palma embraced Anza and made him a present of some beans. Then he went through the camp, "giving an embrace to each, men, women, and children alike, as a sign of good will." This greeting over, he made a speech of welcome. He asked for the health of King Carlos, and of Viceroy Bucareli. He said that Anza was fortunate for having heard these great men speak and that "in order to hear them he would gladly take off his ears and put on some Spanish ears so that he might understand what they would say." One question most concerned Palma. Were these the Spaniards and fathers whom he had asked the governor to send to his country? He hoped so, for he had long desired such a favor. In order to deserve it he had strictly obeyed all of Anza's commands. He had maintained peace with all his neighbors, except the tribes of the western mountains, who, he had heard, had stolen horses from the Spaniards of California, and killed one of their number. These he must still count among his enemies. (He was alluding to the murder of Father Jaume at San

Diego.) All this peacefulness, to a warrior like himself, had been a great sacrifice, he said, made in order that Spanish settlers and missionaries might come to live with them. Especially was he anxious that his tribe be Christianized, and he hoped that Anza and his people had now come for this purpose. In the name of his subjects he offered them all their lands.

Anza explained that he and his colony were on the way to California, and could not stop with the Yumas now. But he assured Palma that his prayer would be answered at no distant date. Palma accepted the explanation, and added that if when Anza returned Spaniards had not already come to settle, he would go with him to Mexico, to urge his petition before Bucareli in person. Anza agreed.

Homely Captain Pablo was affable, too, and he made a good impression, especially on Father Font. "He appears to have much spirit, indeed quite as much or more than Palma," the friar wrote. Not to be outdone in speech making, at night Pablo exercised his deep bass voice in a harangue to his people, warning them not to injure the Spaniards in any way.

All was excitement among the pilgrims now, for the Yuma settlement was near. It would furnish a diversion, at least. Then there was the great river to be crossed. Tongues were loosened and limbs moved faster. After Mass on the 28th

the caravan moved down the Gila, crossed it, and made camp between the two streams near the junction.

The scene had changed since Anza's first visit. The camp site the year before had been an island, but the water had subsided and there was no island now. But Palma's hospitality was not lessened. Anza and the fathers were housed in a large bower made of branches. Here they were welcomed by the wives and families of Palma, Pablo, and other dignitaries, who spread before their visitors an abundance of provisions. There were beans, calabashes, maize, wheat, and other grains, "and so many watermelons that we estimated that there must have been more than three thousand." This was not the season for harvesting watermelons. They had been preserved since harvest time by being buried in the dry sand.

A large crowd of Indians of both sexes assembled to visit the strangers, "very festive and joyful and very much painted in various modes and colors." To reciprocate the friendly welcome the soldiers fired a volley. "This pleased the Yumas greatly, and they responded with a great shouting and hullabaloo." It was an event for both the natives and the trail weary emigrants.

Anza's next problem was the crossing of the wide Colorado, no slight task with his large train of women and children, baggage and stock. Most of the landlubber emigrants had never seen so

large a stream before. Some of them, afraid of water, now doubtless wished they had never come. Why go to California, anyway? Sinaloa and Sonora were beautiful lands.

Being informed that the ford used the previous year was no longer passable, next morning Anza went out personally to explore. Finding the report to be true he considered crossing the river on rafts. The Indians objected that it was too cold for the swimmers who would have to guide the craft, and that each raft load would require a day's labor. This meant a delay of several precious days. So Anza again mounted his horse, took a soldier "of spirit" and set forth once more to seek a ford. All the morning they worked, struggling through marsh and brush, whirlpool and mire, but at last they found a ford where the river ran in three channels, making two islands. Returning to camp Anza sent men with axes to open a road to the place.

Next morning (November 30) the camp moved upstream a quarter of a league to the ford and unloaded, in order to take the packs over in half loads. Anza again showed the quality of his leadership. Putting the women and children on the largest and tallest horses, the animals were led over by the bridles. As a precaution against accidents, ten men were stationed on the down stream side of the ford. The water was from three to six feet deep and the width of the three

branches was three or four hundred yards. The train was long and it took three hours for all to get over, but by one o'clock the crossing was finished—people, pack animals, stock herd, and most of the baggage, without any serious mishaps. There were of course minor causes of excitement, giving the pioneers a tale to tell in after years. A man wandered from the best ford; he was submerged, and a little girl mounted in front of him slipped from his arms; but by the aid of the Virgin she was promptly rescued.

Father Garcés was carried over on the shoulders of three Yumas, "two at his head and one at his feet, he lying stretched out face up as though he were dead." Father Font, although he rode a tall horse, got wet to his knees. He says of himself, "I crossed over on horseback, and since I was ill and dizzy headed, three naked servants accompanied me, one in front guiding the horse, and one on each side holding me on." Father Eixarch evidently shifted for himself.

After the people followed the pack mules, each carrying but one tierce at a time. Then came the cattle and horse herd. The only pack that got wet was the one in which Font carried the vestments. All other property was safe, but many of the people got wet, and in order to dry their clothing halt was made on the farther bank.

On the first night after their meeting, while in camp near Gila Range, Anza had presented to Palma the gorgeous suit of clothes sent him by

Bucareli. The chief's eyes sparkled as he showed the gift to his people, and they "admired it with the same show of pleasure as its owner." Now, the night after the crossing, Palma donned the gala outfit. "It consisted of a shirt, trousers, a jacket with a yellow front and some decorations, a cape or cabriole of blue cloth decorated with gold braid, and a cap of black velvet adorned with imitation jewels and a crest like a palm." It was quite proper that the great Yuma chief should be singled out for this special distinction. But the rank and file could not be overlooked, so next day Anza gave tobacco to all the men and beads to all the women assembled. *Que buen Capitán!*

Here at Yuma Anza was gratified with many evidences that his efforts toward intertribal peace had borne good fruit. Carlos and Francisco, the new officials of Agua Caliente, had come to Yuma in his company to ratify the peace treaties with Palma. Such an event of course called for a ceremony. It was staged on the very day of arrival. Carlos began an harangue while on horseback, riding in front of the Indians. Palma's dignity was offended, and he told him that if he wished to talk he must dismount, and show better manners. Carlos complied. He and Palma now sat down, canes of office in hand, and talked for a while. Then Pablo "the preacher" took the helm. Rising to his feet, in his deep voice he delivered an oration, urging peace, because Anza

and the fathers wished it. Now, he said, with people in all four directions the Yumas wished to be Queyé, or friends. At the end of Pablo's talk Palma and Carlos embraced. The ceremony over, Palma took Carlos and his followers to dine, and the next day he gave them food for the return journey. The Jalchedunes, too, came into the peace circle. While Anza was here a delegation arrived bringing friendly words to the Yumas.

Commerce as well as peace had resulted from Anza's diplomatic efforts. Last year hardly an Indian was seen with a blanket. Now a number of them had cotton blankets made by the Opas, and black woolen ones obtained from the Moquis through the Jalchedunes. All this was very gratifying. The king's business was prospering.

Other good results of his former visit were visible. Formerly the Yumas had been polygamists. "Now when they show us their wives they boast that they have only one." When Anza first visited them all the men went naked. Now they were so well covered for modesty's sake, "that this has surprised us as much as their nakedness surprised us before." Finally, they preserved "the slight touch of good manners" which Anza had formerly taught them. They still remembered how to say "Ave María."

Father Font had come as diarist and chaplain, but he did not forget his character as missionary. The first night in camp at the junction

the Yumas and Opas had a long talk around the fire, singing in their funereal fashion, playing on a drum with a corita or little basket. This entertained the emigrants, but Font had more serious business. Taking Palma into the arbor, through an interpreter he had a long talk with him. He asked the great chief if he wished missions for his people. Palma replied emphatically in the affirmative. This was pleasing but Palma must not be deceived. He must know the obligation involved in conversion. So Font explained that the Indians would have to learn the catechism, masonry, carpentry, farming, and to live in fixed towns; and that they would have to build a church and a house for the fathers. Palma was not discouraged. Smiling, he replied that "although now his head was pretty hard for learning," he would do all this gladly. Pointing out the hill at La Concepción as a good site for a mission, he said he hoped the friars would come at once, and not "soon." There they would be shown every attention. Giving the chief hopes that he might return next year, Font closed the session by singing the *Alabado,* joined by Palma. The chief embraced the friar, saying that now he was a Spaniard, Font a Yuma, and the two Queyé—friends or fellow citizens. God's business, too, was prospering.

The principal matter to attend to here was the preparation necessary for leaving Fathers Garcés and Eixarch at the junction to work among

the natives. As soon as the crossing was completed (November 30) Anza went with them to Palma's village, a short distance downstream, to select a site for a cabin for the missionaries. The place chosen was near Palma's house. Next day the same three went with muleteers to the site and worked all day on the building. While thus engaged, in the middle of the afternoon, Anza was called to camp by the report that three of his colonists were gravely ill. Hurrying to the scene, Dr. Anza administered such medicines as he had, and the patients survived. Next day work was continued on the cabin, Lieutenant Moraga going with the muleteers to assist, Anza remaining with the invalids. On December 3 camp was moved down the Colorado to Palma's village, where the rest of the day was spent in trying to complete the cabin. It was not quite finished, but Anza must move on.

It was decided that with the fathers should remain their two servants, three interpreters, and two muleteers. The interpreters were three Indians who proved practically useless, "for they were very poor Castilians." One of the two muleteers was our Sebastián Tarabal. The other was a young fellow who came attached to a soldier, but remained at the Colorado because he had no horse on which to continue. He proved to be a good servant. One of the two mozos was a useless fellow who had volunteered to come with

Garcés. The other was a small boy who came as hostler for Father Eixarch. Such waifs of fortune formed this first Yuma colony.

A supply of provisions designed to last four months was left at the cabin for the fathers and their seven companions. Vital for them, they do not lack interest for us. They consisted of a tierce of tobacco, two boxes of glass beads, an arroba of chocolate, one of sugar, one of tallow, five beeves, three tierces of dried meat, a pack load of beans, one of fine flour, a little superfine flour, an almud of chick peas, a box of biscuits, three hams, six cheeses, a frying pan, a comal or griddle, an ax, two cakes of soap, twelve wax candles, a bottle of wine (which proved to be spurious). Font remarks, "All this was something, but not much in view of the nine mouths to feed and the time they were to remain and during which the provisions had to last them, which was until our return." And yet he adds, "the fathers were well satisfied." We can still see this list of goods signed in Anza's beautiful hand.

It was a lonely vigil which Eixarch and Garcés were to keep among the river people. They expressed no fear, but Font was anxious. The night before the march was resumed he called Palma and Pablo to his tent and made a talk, through an interpreter, impressing on them their obligations to take good care of the two plucky friars. "Never fear," said Palma. Having re-

ceived the cane, and now his suit of clothes, he was remaining in place of Don Juan, and would take perfect care of the fathers. Pablo, more savage, declared that he would kill anyone who molested them. Font protested that killing was bad, and that instead Pablo should bind and beat any offender. This so tickled Pablo's risibles that he threw himself full length on the ground, extending arms and legs, and shouting "Ajot! Ajot!" "Good! Good!"

Father Font's conference with the chiefs was cut short by a message from Anza, summoning them to his side. He had arranged that "by the light of the fire the Indians should dance for a while in front of his tent." The commander was doubtless weary and welcomed a diversion. Besides, he knew how to manage Indians.[1]

[1] Diaries of Font, Anza, and Garcés (Coues), entries for November 27–December 2; Anza, list of supplies left for Garcés and Eixarch, Santa Olalla, December 8, 1775.

XXXIX

AGAIN AT SANTA OLAYA

All was ready to go forward once more. Soon after arriving at Yuma Anza learned that the four scouts sent ahead from Agua Caliente to inquire about the water holes had returned and were just across the river. Anza sent for the corporal of the squad. He crossed over and reported that they had spent six days looking for new water holes, without finding any. Then, exploring their old trail they had found the *aguajes* just as they were on the first expedition. They had also found a way through the sand dunes which had baffled them before. With this information, Anza decided to descend the Colorado and cross the desert where he had first attempted it. The other way was too roundabout.

On December 4 the march was resumed. Before leaving, Father Font sanctified the combined chapel and cabin by saying in it the first Mass. Goodbyes were now said to the two friars left at their lonely mission station. Garcés was getting ready for a new journey down the Colorado to revisit the tribes, but his preparations were not complete, otherwise he would have joined the march for two days.

A league from camp the train stopped to drink in the inspiring view from the hill at Con-

cepción—Cabeza del Gigante to the northeast, Cerro de la Campana to the north, and the vast expanse of country both above and below the pass. It was a site fit to elevate the soul. Swinging west now along the brush covered bottom lands, the caravan passed Cerro de San Pablo (Pilot Knob) and camped a league beyond at Pablo's village. Mesquite, tornillo, and cachanilla delayed pack mules and cattle, some of which were lost and left behind. It was bitterly cold now, the sick list lengthened, and the animals were so worn that next morning a mule and a horse were found dead.

On December 6 Santa Olaya was reached. Again the place proved to be a land of plenty for man and beast. The Indians brought calabashes, beans, and more than two thousand watermelons "of enormous size." Yes, ripe watermelons by the thousand in December. Of these there were more than they could eat, and they had to throw the rest away because they had no way to carry them. Anza tells us, too, that three fishermen, in less than an hour, caught for his colonists more than a thousand fish, among them being curbinas and skates. This is a pretty sizable fish story. Then, too, the region was well provided with pasturage. Before Anza lay the desert which had once defeated him. His horses and mules were in bad condition. In order, therefore, that they might recuperate for the hard

task ahead, he decided to give them a few days' rest to gain strength from the plentiful forage.

Father Font gives an excellent description of the country here. "The Laguna de Santa Olaya is narrow like a ditch," he says, "and more than a league long, running almost in the same direction as the river, but apart from it about two leagues or somewhat more." It must have been at the old Abejas River channel, through which the Colorado now runs, since its recent change of course. "From this may be inferred how many leagues of country are flooded by the river when it rises, for it fills this lake, and the water rises more than two varas, according to the débris which we saw high up in the trunks of the willows which are on its banks, this débris being left by the river when in high water it runs through these lands. For this reason it is a moist country with plenty of grass. Likewise in the brush there are plenty of quails, and in the lake there are some fish, including matalote, some of which we caught."

To celebrate the safe arrival in such a land of plenty the people of the expedition were given a special treat, consisting of aguardiente, "as a result of which," says Font, during the night "there was a great carousing and noise making among the rabble." Among those out of commission was Anza's cook, whose condition was such that the commander and the friars went without supper.

For furnishing the liquor Anza was called to account. In the morning Father Font, although he was ill, forced himself to say Mass, then he went to see Anza in his tent.

"Sir, it appears that some men were drunk last night," he said.

Anza admitted that such was the case.

"Well, why did you give them aguardiente if they must get drunk?"

Anza replied that he did not give it to them with that intention.

"It is well that this is the case," said Font, "for if such had been your intention it would have been doubly wrong, because drunkenness is always bad. Anyone who gets drunk sins, and anyone who contributes to the drunkenness of others also sins. Only ignorance can absolve him of his guilt, and you are not ignorant of the intemperance of these people when they have aguardiente."

Anza replied with some moderation, says Font, "although somewhat offended, and without any signs of repentance."

Shortly after camp was made Father Garcés hove in sight on his way down the river to see his old friends. Traveling rapidly, he had overtaken the slow moving train. At Santa Olaya he showed his usual skill in drawing the Indians to him. He assembled the mob and distributed a few beads and a little tobacco. Then he drew forth from his pack his precious picture of the

Virgin Mother and the Child Jesus in her arms. The Indians were pleased, and said they would gladly be baptized. Then Garcés turned his picture around. The other side showed the lost soul, condemned to eternal punishment, at sight of which they raised a great outcry. Font remarks, "The same was done with the Gileños, the Opas, and the Yumas, and all replied in the same way, without manifesting any repugnance to Christianity."

Commenting on this scene, Font gave a graphic characterization of his brother Franciscan, idol of the natives. "Father Garcés is so well fitted to get along with the Indians and go among them that he appears to be but an Indian himself. Like the Indians he is phlegmatic in everything. He sits with them in the circle, or at night around the fire, with his legs crossed, and there he will sit musing two or three hours or more, oblivious to everything else, talking with much serenity and deliberation. And although the foods of the Indians are as nasty and dirty as those outlandish people themselves, the father eats them with great gusto, and says that they are good for the stomach, and very fine. In short, God has created him, as I see it, solely for the purpose of seeking out these unhappy, ignorant, and rustic people."[1]

[1] Diaries of Font, Anza and Garcés (Coues), entries for December 4–8; Anza to Bucareli, Santa Olalla, December 8, 1775 (five letters).

XL

KEEPERS OF THE GATE

The picture which Father Font gives of the Yumas and their country is classic, and is inserted here in his own words, omitting only one or two paragraphs. It is a good supplement to the account formerly given by Anza.

"And since the Yuma tribe ends here and the Cajuenche begins, I will put down what I have learned of this tribe in the course of passing through, and of the land which they inhabit, remarking that what I say of the Yumas may be applied almost in the same terms to the Cajuenches and the tribes farther down the river, and likewise to the Jalchedunes, and even the Jamajabas or Soyopas upstream; for all these Indians in customs and in everything else are almost the same.

"The Yumas dwell on the bottom lands of the Colorado River and on both of its banks. Its waters, although always more or less turbid, are fresh and good, and are not salty like those of the Gila River, for this stream, on account of the Rio de la Assumpción, has such muddy waters, making the Colorado River somewhat impure

after the Gila joins it. The bottom lands extend on one side of the river and the other for about two leagues, and in some places more. In them are many cottonwoods, and also mesquite, and other scrubby trees; and the cottonwoods, although very tall, are usually very slender because they grow so close together. Of these and of all the willows there are many that are dry, for they die because the Indians strip off the bark and use it to make the little skirts of the women, as I said.

"The river appears to have only a small amount of fish, and this is bony. Each year the river spreads out for a long distance through the bottom lands in the season of floods, which come from the melting of the snow in summer in the mountains to the north and far in the interior. For this reason it does not rise suddenly but gradually. Indeed it rises and falls nearly all the year, for it begins to rise in March and April, and from that time each day it gets larger until June, when it begins to go down, and then every day it gets smaller until the end of the year. The lands which it waters are generally good, and since the water spreads over them so gently it does not injure them. On the contrary, from this irrigation they are greatly fertilized and have moisture for the crops which the Indians plant in them when the water recedes, and for the abundant harvests which they get. In a word,

this Colorado River appears to me very much like the Yaqui, both in its floods and in other circumstances, as well as in the nature of the Indians who inhabit it, although in everything this river excels the other, especially in the cottonwood groves, which the Yaqui River lacks.

"The climate in winter is very cold, and in the mornings there are ice and very heavy frosts, this weather lasting three or four months, from November to February inclusive. The rest of the year the climate is very hot, with excessive heat in the height of the summer, when it usually rains a little, as it also does in the winter. The crops raised by the Indians are wheat, maize, which they call Apache maize, and which matures in a very short time, orimuni beans, tepari beans, cantaloupes, watermelons, and very large calabashes, of which they make dried strips, which in Sinaloa they call bichicore, and seeds of grasses. With these things they have plenty to eat. They likewise gather a great quantity of tornillo and péchita, although this is more for variety than for necessity.

"The territory which the Yumas occupy must be about twenty leagues long. Its center is the Puerto de la Concepción, which is the best place that I saw, and near which Captain Palma has his dwelling and village. This captain, as I said, is at present the one of greatest authority amongst the Yumas; and although Captain Pablo is chief

of more people and of a larger village, he also recognizes Captain Palma, doubtless because he sees that he is so much favored by the Spaniards, by Captain Urrea, by Captain Ansa, and even by the viceroy. Captain Palma succeeded to the command through the death of another chief whom they formerly acknowledged, and of whom the Indian called by us the Prince was the son, as I said above. According to what I have been able to learn, his dominion was not acquired through descent (for he is not the son nor, as I believe, is he a relative of the former captain), but through aggressiveness, valor, and eloquence, for it usually happens among Indians that the one who talks and boasts most makes himself captain or ruler and is recognized by the rest. Proof of this is the fact that the lands which Captain Palma formerly had inherited from his ancestors are on this side of the river and near the Gila before it joins the Colorado. Palma himself pointed them out to us when with us as we passed through them on the 28th of November, and they are not very good, whereas those which he at present possesses on the other side of the river in his village and which are better, were ceded by the Indians just a few years ago.

"This rule and authority should not be understood as very rigorous; for since the Indians are so free and live so like animals and without civilization, sometimes they pay no attention to their

chief, even though he may give them orders, as I noticed on several occasions. Indeed, I think they probably recognize him in order that he may avenge any injury or lead them to war on other tribes, their neighbors, the Jalchedunes, the Cajuenches and others, who are in no manner subject to Captain Palma, and do not recognize him, for they regard themselves quite as valiant as the Yumas.

"These Yumas, and likewise the Cajuenches and the rest, are well formed, tall, robust, not very ugly, and have good bodies. Generally they are nearly eight spans high and even more, and many are nine and some even above nine, according to our measurements. The women are not so tall, but they also are quite corpulent and of very good stature.

"Their customs, according to what I was able to learn, are the following: In religion they recognize no special idolatrous cult, although it appears that there are some wizards, or humbugs, and doctors among them, who exercise their offices by yelling, blowing, and gestures. They say that there is a god, and that they know this because the Pimas have told them so; and that the Pimas and the Pápagos, with whom they maintain peace and have some commerce, have told them that above, in the heavens, there are good people, and that under the ground there are dogs, and other animals that are very fierce.

They say they do not know anything else because they are ignorant, and that for this reason they will gladly learn what we may teach them, in order that they may be intelligent. And since the basis of a well-ordered monarchy, government, or republic is religion, even though it may be false, and since none is found among these Indians, they consequently live very disorderly and beast-like, without any civilization and with such slight discipline as I have previously said, each one governing himself according to his whim, like a vagabond people.

"Their wars and campaigns usually last for only a few days, and they reduce themselves to this: Many of them assemble with the captain or some one who commands them; they go to a village of their enemies; they give the yell or war cry, in order that their opponents may flee or become terrified if taken by surprise. They usually kill some woman, or someone who has been careless, and try to capture a few children in order to take them out to sell in the lands of the Spaniards. These captives are called Nixoras by us in Sonora, no matter where they come from, and this commerce in Nixoras, so unjust, is the reason why they have been so bloody in their wars. Their arms are a bow, taller than themselves, badly tempered, and a few arrows, of which generally they carry only two or three, as I say, and these somewhat long,

bad, and weak. Very few carry quivers, if indeed they carry any at all, for I did not see a single one.

"Their houses are huts of rather long poles, covered with earth on the roofs and on the sides, and somewhat excavated in the ground like rabbit burrows; and in each one twenty or thirty or more live like hogs. These houses are not close together in the form of towns, but are scattered about the bottom lands, forming rancherías of three or four, or more, or less.

"The clothing of the men is nothing, although as a result of the peace treaties which they have been able to establish since the first expedition, it is noticed that they have had some commerce with the other tribes, so that now we saw some Indians wearing blankets of cotton, and black ones of wool which come from El Moqui, which they have been able to acquire through the Cocomaricopas and Jalchedunes. These they wear around their bodies from the middle up, leaving the rest of the body uncovered. . . .

"All the females, even though they may be small, and even infants at the breast, wear little skirts made from the inner bark of the willow and the cottonwood. This they soften a little, tear it into strips, enlace or interweave them, and make of them a sort of apron which they tie around the waist with a hair rope, one piece in front and the other behind, the one behind being

somewhat longer than the one in front and reaching clear to the knees. Since they are made of so many strips or narrow ribbons the thickness of a finger, and hang loose, with the shaking which they are given in walking they make quite a noise. Likewise, some women, although not many, are accustomed to cover the back with a kind of cape or capotillo which they make from the skins of rabbits or of beaver, cutting the skin into strips and weaving it with threads of bark; but generally they go around with all of the body uncovered except for what the skirts conceal.

"On cold nights, and especially in the winter, they make a fire and crouch around it, lying down huddled together and even buried in the sand like hogs. In the daytime they are accustomed to go around with a burning brand or tizón in the hand, bringing it close to the part of the body where they feel the coldest, now behind, now in front, now at the breast, now at the shoulders, and now at the stomach. These are their blankets, and when the fire goes out they throw the brand away, and seek another one that is burning.

"The men are much given to painting themselves red with hematite, and black with shiny black lead-colored earth, whereby they make themselves look like something infernal, especially at night. They use also white and other

colors, and they daub not only the face but all the body as well, rubbing it in with marrow fat or other substances, in such a way that even though they jump into the river and bathe themselves frequently, as they are accustomed to do, they cannot remove the paint easily. And those who have nothing else, stain themselves with charcoal from the top down with various stripes and figures, making themselves look like the Devil; and this is their gala dress. The women use only red paint, which is very common among them, for I saw only one large girl who, in addition to the red hematite, had some white round spots in two rows up and down her face.

"The men have their ears pierced with three or four large holes (the women not so many), and in them they hang strings of wool or chomite and other rags. Likewise they wear round the neck goodsized strings of the dried heads of animals that look like tumblebugs which are found here. They are very fond of *cuentas* or glass beads, for which they barter their few blankets, and with which some members of the expedition provided themselves. They likewise traded their grain and other things which they brought, so that yesterday about five hundred watermelons and great quantities of calabashes, maize, beans, etc., were sold at the camp, and today more than twice as much. Besides this, nearly all the men have the middle cartilage of

the nose pierced (I did not notice this among the women), from which the richest men, such as Captain Palma, hang a little blue-green stone, others a little white stone, half round, like ivory or bone, such as Pablo wore. Others wear beads or other gewgaws in the nose, and although I saw several with nothing, on the other hand I saw some who were contented to wear a little stick thrust through the cartilage.

"The coiffure of the men is unique. Most of them wear their hair banged in front at the eyes; some have it cut at the neck, others wearing it quite long. They are accustomed to make their coiffure or dress their hair by daubing it with white mud and other paints, in order that it may be stiff. They usually do this on the banks of the water and with great care. They raise the front hair up and fix it like a crown, or like horns, and the rest they make very slick with the paints and mud, and they are accustomed also to decorate it with figures in other colors. The women do not practice all this, their ordinary coiffure being to press the hair together and fix it with mud as in Europe the women use flour paste. Their usual custom is to have the front hair cut off even with the eyebrows, wearing the rest somewhat long, hanging down the shoulders and back.

"They are very fond of smoking, and are very lazy, and if this were not so they would reap

much larger harvests; but they are content with what is sufficient to provide themselves with plenty to eat, which, since the soil is so fertile from the watering by the river, they obtain with little trouble. This consists solely in the following: before the river rises they clear a piece of land which they wish to plant, leaving the rubbish there. The river rises and carries off the rubbish, and as soon as the water goes down and recedes, with a stick they make holes in the earth, plant their seeds, and do nothing else to it. They are likewise very thievish, a quality common to all Indians. Their language is not so harsh as that of the Pimas, and to me it appeared to be less difficult to pronounce; for there is a pause like an interrogation at the end of each clause or thing which is said.

"As a result of our persuasion the Yuma tribe at present is at peace with all of its neighbors, except the Indians at the mouth of the river, who are still hostile because of a war which Palma made on them a short time ago, in which he killed about twenty of their people. But this breach has now been composed by Father Garcés during his journey there, as he says in his diary. In virtue of this peace some Jalchedunes came down to the junction of the rivers, bringing their Moqui blankets and other things to barter with the people of the expedition. They did not find us there, but Father

Thomás, who remained there, received them well and gave them presents.[1]

"Finally, these people as a rule are gentle, gay, and happy. Like simpletons who have never seen anything, they marvelled as if everything they saw was a wonder to them, and with their impertinent curiosity they made themselves troublesome and tiresome, and even nuisances, for they wearied us by coming to the tents and examining everything. They liked to hear the mules bray, and especially some burros which came in the expedition, for before the other expedition they had never seen any of these animals. Since the burros sing and bray longer and harder than the mules, when they heard them they imitated them in their way with great noise and hullabaloo.'"[2]

[1] Font was writing this after his return to Sonora.

[1] Font, Complete Diary, entry for December 7, 1775; A. L. Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 181–195; C. Daryll Forde, *The Ethnography of the Yuma* (in press, University of California Press).

XLI

OVER THE DESERT

To conquer the desert before him Anza decided to march in three divisions, starting a day apart, in order that the watering places might hold out, for he knew that they would not provide enough for the whole train at once. The first division, commanded by Anza, included Father Font, twelve soldiers and their families, a pack train, and some loose horses and mules. The second and third divisions, of similar composition, were led by Sergeant Grijalva and Lieutenant Moraga. The cattle herd, with the cowboys and the rest of the soldiers, were to set forth on the 10th, with orders to go directly from El Carrizal to San Sebastián and thus still further to relieve the water holes. For their own use the herders carried water in skin bags. The cattle would go without.

Anza had profited by his former experience with the desert. He was assured of water at Santa Rosa. On his return journey he had learned that the sand dunes which formerly had blocked him were not so bad as he had feared, and the scouts sent ahead from Agua Caliente had found a way through them. So now he

headed straight for the Cerro del Imposible and the Wells of Santa Rosa. Before setting forth he had everybody, not excepting himself or Father Font, fill their water bottles, and carry a supply of maize and a bundle of grass for emergencies.

It was a terrible journey for a company of women and children. The hardships were multiplied by cold winds and a snow storm which swept the whole plain from the Colorado River to the California mountains. Imperial Valley came into history with weather it would not now advertise.

On the 9th Anza's division marched seven leagues over the old trail to El Carrizal, "a deadly place, with no pasturage except a little carrizo, and with extremely bad water." Near by, however, a fairly good well was opened.

The second day was harder, because the fatigue was cumulative. Part of the way, as far as Las Angustias, they were still on Anza's old trail. With each step westward the road became increasingly sandy and more difficult for horses. Seven leagues took them to a dry barranca, evidently in the channel of New River. The gorge contained a few dead mesquite trees, which served as fuel for the benumbed wayfarers, but there was no water. Now Anza's forethought was justified. The filled bottles provided water for the people, and the maize and

bundles of grass afforded a little supper for the tired animals. Every ounce of strength had to be conserved.

Now came the most grilling day of the whole march. It was Monday, December 11, memorable in after years to every old timer who had held a rein on that grim jornada. At three o'clock in the morning Anza was up, feeding the horses grain to prepare them for the ordeal. Women and children were bundled up with all the extra clothing that could be coaxed out of the packs. At daybreak men were sent ahead to open the wells at Santa Rosa. Starting at seven o'clock, for eleven continuous hours the colonists followed, pushing their mounts and threading their way between dunes. Some horses carried a parent and one or two children. By six at night, well after dark, they had covered fourteen leagues, or thirty-five miles, and reached Santa Rosa, just around the end of Signal Mountain. What pioneers they were, these women and children who first crossed the California Desert! What an example of fortitude they set to Warner, Kearny, and those other late comers over the same trail.[1]

[1] Font writes, "The road would not be very bad if it were not so long, but for this reason we arrived very tired out. . . . Only in the afternoon, when we came opposite the Cerro del Imposible . . . did we enter a very difficult terrain, where all the country is full of little heaps of hard earth which they call *almondigones*, very apt for tiring the riding animals; after which we crossed a sand dune for about a league."

The long day's work did not end when camp was reached. Finding the wells running but slowly, Anza took off his coat and set himself at the task of deepening them. Some of the poor animals had long to wait, for, to water them all, the men worked continuously from six at night until ten the next day. Six wells were opened, but they were so deep that the water had to be given the horses in coritas or baskets. "At first we were worried," says Font, "because the water did not flow. But we labored hard to deepen the wells somewhat, and the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, our patroness, was pleased that the water should run. But if it had not been thus there was great risk that the expedition would perish for lack of water on the day of her feast, which was the next day." He might have remarked that the Virgin was greatly aided by Anza and the other men who wielded the shovels so vigorously all night. The weather was bitterly cold, firewood was scarce, and in the dark it was hard to find any. A comfortless night followed a gruelling day. Many who slept through it from sheer exhaustion awoke next morning numb, stiff, and sore.

People and animals were weary and worn, but Anza had to push on. Two divisions were close behind him, and the water and grass at Santa Rosa must be spared for them. So on the 12th he went forward. At two in the morning he

was up again working at the wells. Packs and saddles were adjusted to sore backs, and a little after noon the train began to crawl northward over the shapeless hills strewn with flat black rocks. This march was a short tardeada of four leagues, to Arroyo Coyote, north of Plaster City. There was no water here, but there was galleta grass and some firewood. Both were needed, for the animals were hungry and the weather was cold. Seven hard leagues on the 13th, over sandy country punctured with treacherous rat-holes, took Anza past Superstition Mountain to San Sebastián. The desert had again been conquered.

Camp San Sebastián was at the junction of San Felipe and Carrizo creeks. Harper's Well marks the spot today.[1] It had been Anza's plan to go to Santa Catharina to await the three other divisions of the train. But here was a spring of fair water, the brush furnished firewood, and roundabout there were grass, carrizo, and mesquite for the animals. So Anza decided to await the rest of his people here.

The weather was now bitterly cold, the wind was raw, and the sierras were covered with snow. As soon as he arrived Anza set everybody to gathering a supply of wood, and for a time there was lively scurrying through the brush, and the sound of axes echoed in the distant hills. Next morning it snowed for an hour, and then it

[1] It was four miles west of Kane Spring.

rained till night. Font spent most of this day in Anza's tent because it was more sheltered than his and had a fire in it. Evidently the others did not. The next night was so cold that ice was formed. On the 15th the weather was fair but still cold, and the mountains roundabout were all covered with snow from top to bottom.

To the poorly equipped immigrants from sunny Sinaloa, these snowy days at San Sebastián were a time of the utmost misery. From Eixarch's diary we learn that he, too, at the same time, was suffering from snow and cold at his Yuma mission—weather such as the oldest Indians had never experienced before.

During these days Anza anxiously scanned the southern horizon. The first of the other contingents to arrive was the cattle herd, which came in on the morning of the 14th. They had set out from Santa Olaya a day behind Anza, and arrived less than a day behind. Starting the same time as Moraga's division, they came in ahead of it, for they had come by a direct route. The cattle had experienced a hard march. When they arrived, "since they did not drink in all these days they made for the water like a streak of lightning," says Font.[1] On the way eleven

[1] Anza gives a strangely different version. He says, "these animals, notwithstanding that they had not been watered for four days, needed so little in this present season that even when they were taken to the verge of the water most of them preferred to eat rather than to drink."

head had been lost. The four soldiers and the vaqueros who drove the stock arrived half dead from cold and hunger, for their provisions had played out. Next morning Anza found eight cattle and one mule frozen to death, "for since they came so thirsty, and gorged themselves with water, the bitter cold of the night killed them." This again is Font's version.

On the 15th Anza was relieved to descry horsemen toward the south. At noon Grijalva arrived with the second division, which had lost one day on the way. "They came half dead with cold from the cruel weather which caught them yesterday on the way, several riding animals remaining behind, used up and out of commission." On the road a number of persons were frozen, one of them so badly that in order to save his life "it was necessary to bundle him up for two hours between four fires."

Judged by Anza's speed, Moraga, coming over the same trail, should have arrived on the 15th. But the 16th passed and he did not appear. Morning dawned on the 17th, and the train was not in sight. Something must have happened! Anza now sent two soldiers with twenty mounts to assist the lieutenant and his people. The relief party did not have far to go, however, before it met Moraga, and in the afternoon the whole expedition was reunited at San Sebastián. The arrival of the stragglers was hailed by hearty vivas!

Moraga's division had experienced tremendous hardships. Because of the snow, three days had been spent on the road between El Carrizal and Santa Rosa. Anza had made it in two. Several persons in Moraga's party nearly perished from cold. The weather was so hard on the mules and horses that fifteen remained behind on the road lost or dead. In after years the trail could be followed by the skeletons of horses, mules, and cattle along the way, picked bare by hungry wolves and buzzards. "And may God be thanked that the people escaped with their lives, without anyone dying or becoming ill, for this was no small marvel," says Font. The friar failed to mention that Moraga contracted a cold so severe that for the time being he entirely lost his hearing.

Not only did nobody die, but the general health of the camp improved, for, says Anza, "whereas nine days ago we counted more than fifteen invalids, three of them dangerously ill, today there are less than five of the first class and none of the second. Their sudden recovery . . . is attributed partly to the many watermelons which were eaten at the Lake of Santa Olaya." Anza noted another blessing. On his former journey the saline pasturage at San Sebastián had nearly ruined his horses. Now, in the rainy season, they suffered no evil results from it. The cattle, on the contrary, continued

to die of exposure. Anza tried to salvage the carcasses and prevent a total loss. "We have made such use of them as has been possible," he says, "making of them jerked beef and salting it well, but even so it is unpalatable because of its odor, color, and taste.[1]

Fortunately, when the pain ceases troubles are soon forgotten. So it was with these splendid wayfarers. "At night with the joy at the arrival of all the people, they held a fandango," says Font. "It was somewhat discordant, and a very bold widow who came with the expedition sang some verses which were not at all nice, applauded and cheered by all the crowd." The sweetheart of the naughty widow proceeded to remonstrate with her. Anza, hearing the row, sallied forth from his tent and reprimanded the man for chastizing the woman. Father Font put in, "Leave him alone, Sir, he is doing just right." "No, Father," said Anza, "I cannot permit such excesses when I am present." Font comments hereupon, "He guarded agains the excesses, indeed, but not against the scandal of the fandango, which lasted until very late." Next morning after Mass Font "spoke a few words" about the

[1] At this point Father Font observes that these disasters might have been avoided if Anza had consented to pasture the stock for two weeks at Santa Olaya, as he, Moraga, and the soldiers advised. Font had suggested it on December 1, but Anza replied that he could allow no more than seventy days for the journey, and could not stop so long. Font also criticises Anza for starting out with too slender a supply of horses. In this he may be right.

last night's dance, telling the people that instead of holding such festivities in honor of the Devil they should have been thanking God for sparing their lives.

The list of colonists shows that there was only one widow in the colony, and from it I conclude that this popular entertainer was Señora Feliciana Arballo. Perhaps I should not have disclosed her name. Suffice it to say here that she led a most exemplary and a somewhat distinguished life in California.

One day at San Sebastián a few Serranos made the camp a visit. Next morning some horses were missing. A herdsman followed them for some distance, but his mule played out and he returned to camp. Anza then sent Sergeant Grijalva out with four soldiers to pursue the marauders. He was instructed to be bold with them "in order to instill in them fear and respect," but not to resort to arms except in case of resistance. Following the track of the thieves four leagues, Grijalva found the horses at some villages in the mountains, evidently on the eastern slopes of the Santa Rosas. Two horses were found hobbled and one tied to a mesquite tree. The natives of course denied the charge of thievery, and were "very polite and obsequious," but this did not convince Father Font. "Sorry examples these Indians have made of themselves!" he remarks.[1]

[1] Diaries of Font and Anza, entries for December 9–17.

XLII

CHRISTMAS IN A CANYON

Anza now turned west and prepared to cross the snow covered sierra. His most distressing difficulty was a lack of suitable horses. Many of the mounts were completely tired out. Recently more than one poor animal had been carrying a soldier, and two, or even three, of his progeny, in front, behind, or in panniers on the sides. What with the slender pasturage, the bad water, the long marches, and the heavy loads, many horses and mules had fallen behind, played out or dead. The rest had become so scrawny and lean that they bore little resemblance to their former selves. This was especially true of those which came from the warm regions of Sinaloa and Sonora. The hardy stock taken from the presidios on the frontier had stood the journey much better. In fact, of these not one had been lost. But every cloud has a silver lining. There was some relief, for, with the consumption of provisions, some twenty of the mules were now carrying empty pack saddles, or only grass for emergencies, and were available for saddle animals. In this way some of the

people were supplied, but not all, "for from today some began to go on foot."

The route over the mountain was the same as before. At 1 p.m. on December 18 the march was resumed. The sun was now shining, the first time for six days. Spirits were consequently higher, and the march more comfortable. Four leagues were covered that afternoon, and camp was made without water in the flat in front of Borrego Valley. On the way five head of cattle fell behind, worn-out or dead. Next day the company passed the two small red mountains that stand like sentinels guarding the valley, and camped at San Gregorio. Four cattle and three horses were this day's toll of death. There was a little forage here, but the pozo of good water was soon exhausted. To eke out the supply the horses were led by halters to drink. Other wells were opened, but dig as hard and long as the soldiers might, they could not squeeze enough from the thirsty sands of the arroyo. Anza himself took a hand, and wells were dug an *estado* deep—nearly six feet—but all in vain. So most of the animals went a second night without water. Some, driven by thirst, drank harmful water farther down the arroyo, and were greatly injured. Part of the thirsty cattle stampeded, turned tail about, and ran as fast as their unsteady legs would carry them back to San Sebastián. This episode had a sequel.

The night spent here at San Gregorio was as miserable as any at San Sebastián. It was so cold that most of the people did not sleep, but occupied themselves in feeding the fires. Meanwhile five more cattle and three more horses died. Next morning it was so frigid that Font could not say Mass, and this was a real test.

Sending Grijalva with a squad of men to recover the stampeded cattle, Anza pushed ahead with the train. Only four leagues were made, but this was enough, for at half past one the welcome waters of the arroyo of Santa Catharina[1] were reached, at the place where it disappeared in the sand—the mouth of Coyote Canyon, just above Beatty's Ranch. The worst of the march was over, for water from now on was certain at convenient distances. But pasturage was still scanty. Here at camp there was a little galleta grass, and the cattle "entertained" themselves with million needled choyas.

Another two days' delay now occurred. The 21st was spent in camp awaiting Grijalva and the vaqueros who had been sent back for the runaway and abandoned stock. Anza became anxious and sent two men with a relay of mounts to meet them, but by night they had not arrived. All of the 22d was likewise spent in camp, still awaiting Grijalva and his men. At last, near night, they arrived, bringing only a part of the derelicts.

[1] Arroyo del Coyote.

Grijalva had a sad story to tell. He had caught up with part of the runaways before they reached San Sebastián, and these he had brought safe with him. About fifty head, running for the water, had beaten him to San Sebastián, and when he arrived there he found them all dead in the mires. Still others were left behind, lost or dead. To Anza this news was a severe blow. He had brought the herd with the greatest care. Seven vaqueros had come solely for this purpose. The cattle had gone ahead or followed behind as circumstances required. None had been abandoned if they could possibly be saved. And now this terrible mishap had occurred, "as distressing as it is irreparable."

But Anza did not stop to weep. He was not of that kind. Next day, through a drizzling rain, he moved a league and a half upstream to the spring of Santa Catharina.[1] Stopped by the bad weather, here he made camp "at the foot of the willow on whose trunk Father Garcés wrote during the last expedition, telling of the attempt of the mountain Indians to wound his animals." Pasturage was scant here but the water was fine.

As he rode up the canyon slope Father Font got a dismal impression of the Sierra. "This place," Santa Catharina, "is a canyon which continues to ascend, and along which runs the road that crosses the Sierra Madre de California. The

[1] Reed's Springs.

canyon is formed by various high and very rocky peaks, or better, by great mountains or rocks, boulders and smaller stones which look as if they had been brought and piled up there, like the sweepings of the world. Consequently it is arid, fruitless, and without trees or any green thing. Of grass in this place there is none, and on the way there are only a few small willows on the banks of the arroyo. The road in places is somewhat broken, and grown with shrubs or brush and a little hediondilla, for since this is a shrub of evil augury, it is not lacking in these salty and worthless lands."

Four leagues next day—this was December 24th—past good water at Middle Willows, took the train to camp at the village Los Danzantes, at Upper Willows, or Fig Tree Spring. The place afforded some water, a little galleta grass, and less firewood. Bad weather continued, and the cattle were so used up now that in the two short marches of the last two days four head played out. They were butchered and the lean and scanty meat was distributed.

Here in the canyon, near the spring by the willows, amid the "sweepings of the world," the San Francisco pioneers spent Christmas Eve. In honor of the event, and of the conquest of the desert, Anza distributed refreshments. Fearing too boisterous merriment Father Font protested that the people might drink to excess.

"Well, Father, it is better that they should get drunk than do some other things," was Anza's rejoinder. Then to his men, "Be careful that you don't get drunk, for if anyone is found intoxicated outside of his tent I'll punish him." "With this he satisfied his conscience," says Font, "and the people that night were very noisy, singing and dancing from the effects of the liquor, not caring that we were in so bad a mountain in the rain, and so delayed with the saddle animals and the tired and dead cattle."

We can understand the good father's protest about the aguardiente, but we are glad the brave pioneers could sing and dance amid their hardships, and keep up the courage needed to meet the trials ahead of them. Perhaps Anza understood his people better than the friar.

But there was more serious business that Christmas Eve than singing and dancing. One poor soul could not enter into the holiday spirit, for she faced an ordeal that only woman can meet. Since the day before, Señora Gertrudis Linares had been suffering. In the afternoon Father Font confessed her and consoled her as best he could. Dr. Anza offered his ministrations. The inevitable battle was fought, and before midnight another lusty boy was born—the third since leaving Tubac. Salvador Ignacio, Father Font christened him, and he, too, survived and became a *primer poblador*. Now the

Señora could share in the rejoicing, at the same time that she felt a joy that was not theirs. Small as he was, young Salvador held up the train for a whole day, and thus proved his prowess from the very start.

The halt gave the chaplain time to preach a Christmas sermon. He had a duty to perform and he did not shirk it. *Ministerium tuum imple* —fulfill thy ministry—he remarks in his memorandum. His people had desecrated a holy day, and they must not go unrebuked. He left us the notes of what he said.

"Why do they call it Christmas Eve? Is it because it is a night for much eating and drinking, and fandangos and drunkenness, and noise and lewdness? Oh, earth, earth, how you corrupt everything! The most sacred days are turned into days of greatest profanity.

"No, my faithful, it is called Christmas Eve because this is the night when Christ, so much desired by the Ancients, was born, in order to free us from slavery, and to open a way for us to Heaven. We became slaves because of the original sin. . . . You see the circumstances of the time when he is born. He is born at the time of the edict of Caesar. But just as the Emperor wished to tax all the world, so God wished that all men might be saved. *Omnes homines vult salvus fieri.* Nevertheless, there remain so many heathen as we now see outside

of the Church. . . . He is born in Bethlehem. *Domus Panis;* and being born like bread, there are few who like it. For they are content to confess once a year and even less if they can (I said this to suggest that the people should confess, which I had not been able to induce them to do during the whole journey).

"He was born not in his own house, nor in his fatherland, in order that we may understand that all the world is his fatherland. . . . How many of you who have come, sigh for your fatherland, for Sinaloa, for Culiacán, and do not sigh for your true fatherland, Heaven?" There were homesick tears now. Quoting St. Leo, Font continued, "Christian, acknowledge thy dignity and, becoming a partner in the Divine nature, refuse to return to the old baseness by degenerate conduct." He had delivered his rebuke, and by now some of his hearers were feeling remorseful, so, kind shepherd that he was, he closed by wishing everybody a happy Christmas.[1]

[1] Diaries of Font and Anza, entries for December 18–25.

XLIII

RABBI, QUIS PECCAVIT?

In crossing the mountains, between San Sebastián and the San Jacinto River not a great many Indians were seen, and this notwithstanding that the mountains were more thickly populated than the plains. Not so many appeared, indeed as on the previous journey. The little difficulties formerly experienced in Coyote Canyon, and events that had recently taken place at San Diego, evidently made the natives distrustful. These mountain people Font collectively called the Serranos or Mountain Cajuenches, among whom the Quèmeyas, Jecuiches, and Jeniguiches were distinguished by tribal names. Both Font and Anza were impressed with their poverty and their physical inferiority to the stalwart and well fed Yumas and Cajuenches of the Colorado River.

The natives of San Sebastián went under the general name of Mountain Cajuenches. But, on the word of Father Garcés, who had been at San Diego and twice through San Sebastián, he thought them to belong to the Quèmeya tribe, the same as the people of San Diego. Their lan-

guage he regarded as entirely distinct from that of the Yumas, but similar to that of the River Cajuenches.

"They are very miserable, hungry, weak, emaciated and of degenerate bodies," he says. "With the cold which is experienced here, it is a surprising thing to see these Indians naked, but so hardy that the first thing they do in the morning is to go and bathe at the spring, as we have seen." Merely to read this makes us shiver, for it was December and snow was falling. "They have bows and arrows, although the latter are few and inferior. They have another weapon, a sort of *macana,* which is made of hard wood, thin, about three inches wide, shaped like a crescent or a sickle, and about two-thirds of a vara long." This was the widely used rabbit club. "With this stick they hunt hares and rabbits, throwing it in a certain way and breaking the animal's legs. They are accustomed to hunt them also with nets which they have, made of a thread very well spun, and so soft that it appears like hemp; but through lack of an interpreter I was not able to learn or understand how they made it.

"For food they have now and then a jack-rabbit, when they catch one, for they are not plentiful, and sometimes mescal, which they go to hunt far away in the sierras; but regularly they live on the beans of the mesquite, and the

tule which grows in the lagoon of the spring, for which reason their teeth are very black and rotten. They are so hungry that, with the dirt and everything, they gathered up in a hurry some grains of maize which remained on the ground from that which was given to some mules. These Indians, who I think must be of the Quèmeya tribe, according to what Father Garcés said, and those which I afterward saw at the Pass of San Carlos,[1] appeared to me the most unhappy and unfortunate of all the people that I have seen."

Because of a little horse stealing here and of the hostilities of the Indians in Coyote Canyon on the previous journey, Anza called these mountain people "the Apaches of the Sierras." In the mouth of a Sonoran this was a harsh epithet, indeed, for to him an Apache was nothing less than a son of Satan.

The Indians seen farther on, in the mountains, made a similar impression on Font, and imparted a lugubrious note to his diary. At the mouth of Coyote Canyon three women of the same Jecuichi tribe were seen. They were gathering "a little seed like spangles which grows on a scrubby bush and is somewhat fragrant," says

[1] Anza's testimony agrees with Font's. In his diary he remarks that having described these Indians of San Sebastián, he will "only note that the misery inseparable from all Indians abounds in these more than anywhere before reaching this place, but we shall be able to equal them with those from here forward."

Font. "But as soon as they saw us, leaving their guaris and baskets, which are rather well made, they fled in a hurry, and although a soldier pursued them on horseback to bring them back, he was not able to overtake them. For, since they had never seen soldiers, they hid in the canyons, climbing like deer, and during the whole day not one appeared. The commander ordered that nobody should touch their things, and that they should be left as they were. Afterward he assembled them near his tent so that if the Indians should come he could return them uninjured."[1]

"In my opinion these are among the most unhappy people in all the world," says Font. "Their habitation is among the arid and bleak rocks of these sierras. The clothing of the men is nothing at all, and the women wear tattered capes made of mescal fiber. Their food consists of tasteless roots, grass seeds, and scrubby mescal, of all of which there is very little, and so their dinner is a fast. Their arms are a bow and a few bad arrows. In fine, they are so savage, wild and dirty, disheveled, ugly, small, and timid, that only because they have the human form is it possible to believe that they belong to mankind."

[1] Next day, at the same place, "after noon three very timid, lean, and dirty mountain Indians came, perhaps drawn by hunger and need. They were given something to eat, and one of them took the guari of little seeds which the women left as they fled when we arrived, and the other things belonging to them, and departed."

The natives further up Coyote Canyon were little different from those behind. They, too, were called Jecuiches. At Santa Catharina, Font tells us, "We saw several Indians on the tops of the hills, hiding among the rocks, totally naked, and so wild that they appeared like fauns. But since they saw that yesterday we did not do them any harm, and since today the commander, as soon as we arrived, went to a village to see them, two came, bringing a little firewood. To the commander, whom they and the Jeniguiches, who are farther ahead,[1] call Tomiár, they gave as a present a piece of mescal bread, which I tasted and thought very good. Since this is the time for gathering mescal, perhaps this is the reason why more Indians were seen here now than formerly; but they were so distrustful that they did not come from behind their high, rocky fastnesses, and no woman permitted herself to be seen."

Still farther up Coyote Canyon, near the springs at Middle Willows, they saw a village of Indians perched in the crags, from which they watched the Spaniards pass. The commander called them and showed them glass beads, but only one woman had the courage to come near. To her Anza gave a string of beads. Shortly before halting near Upper Willows they saw another village, whose houses were "some half

[1] In San Jacinto Valley.

subterranean grottoes formed among the rocks and partly covered with branches and earth, like rabbit warrens." Font continues, "The Indians came out of their grottoes as if they were angry, motioning us with the hand that we must go back and not forward, talking in jargon with great rapidity, slapping their thighs, jumping like wild goats, and with similar movements, for which reason since the other expedition they have been called the Dancers. One especially, who must have been some little chief, as soon as he saw us began to talk with great rapidity, shouting and agitated as if angry, and as if he did not wish us to pass through his lands, and jerking himself to pieces with blows on his thighs and with jumps, leaps, and gestures. The women did not show themselves, but the men were unarmed, ugly, emaciated, disheveled, and dirty, like all those who live in this sierra. Their language is entirely distinct from that of the Cajuenches, but is as ugly, precipitate, and ridiculous as theirs. The clothing of the men is nakedness; the women wear little skirts made of mescal or from the skin of deer."

Of course, Father Font always looked at the natives through his missionary eyes, but what he saw here did not fill him with an enthusiasm such as Father Garcés would have felt. He remarks, "although an attempt might be made to found in this neighborhood a mission for the Jecuiche

tribe, even in case it were possible it would be as difficult to reduce these Indians to a settlement as to confine wild sheep to a domestic fold; for it will not be easy to get them out from among the rocks, unless God does it all, because they climb with the ease and speed of deer."

These natives of San Sebastián and the mountains along the trail aroused Father Font's compassion. It was these people especially, rather than the Yumas, whom he had in mind when he wrote his reflections about the chances of the heathen souls for salvation. Because of their constant warfare, one village with another, he said, they went about "like Cain, fugitive and wandering, possessed by fear and in dread at every step. Indeed, it seems as if they have hanging over them the curse which God put upon Nebuchadnezzar, like beasts eating the grass of the fields."

But why this awful fate? In the words of the Apostle, *Rabbi, quis peccavit?*[1] What sin had these poor people or their ancestors committed that they should be so cursed, and doomed to live in such poverty and blind ignorance, without even the idea of God, and distinguished from beasts only by possessing the human form?

The answer was plain: *Necque hic peccavit.* Neither they nor their ancestors had sinned.

[1] "Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind" (John, IX, 2).

Their blindness was but to manifest in them the works of God. He created them, and only He knew why they were born to such misery, or that they should live in such ignorance. *Judicia Dei abyssus multa.*

But God is merciful, and He wishes that all men shall be saved. *Qui omnes homines.* So God must have some special providence, hidden from human curiosity, to the end that these poor people should not all be damned. Surely, men in the wilds, *in sylvis* as the theologians say, without means of knowing about God, must somehow be given such an opportunity. To provide this means surely God would make use of his angels.

"Shall we think that God created these men merely to condemn them to Inferno, after passing in this world a life so miserable as that which they live? By no means! Shall we say that the Devil is more powerful than God, and rules so many souls who live in the shades of a negative infidelity, and that God shall not communicate to them some light, in order that they may be freed from his tyrannical and eternal powers? Even less! Well, then, we must believe that God has some hidden means for saving those souls whom at such cost He redeemed by His most precious blood." Was it not written that "everyone that shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?" Consult the Book of Joel for this. *Et erit omnes.*

These poor beings had never been given a chance to learn of salvation, Font continued. True, the Apostles spread the Word to the ends of the earth. But "when the Apostles divided the earth among themselves to preach the gospel to all the world, it does not appear that they took America into account, because it was then a region totally unknown and unheard of by anybody, perhaps even by the Apostles themselves." If St. Thomas ever preached in these regions, as was supposed, it was so long ago as to be wholly forgotten, and he has had no successor here.

So these poor souls are not to blame for their blindness, Font concluded. And shall they be condemned without guilt on their part? This cannot be! But will God save them without merit? No, this is repugnant to reason. Then how shall they be redeemed? Who knows? We can only exclaim with St. Paul, "O, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways!" God only knows how they will be saved, how, when, and how many. *Cui soli cognitus est numerus electorum in superna felicitate locandus.*[1]

[1] Font, Complete Diary, entries for December 7, 12–29. The Kamia, Cahuilla, and Jenigueche Indians are treated by A. L. Kroeber in his *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 617, 692–708, 723–725.

XLIV

DOWN THE SUNSET SLOPE

The weather continued wet and cold. But the plucky mother of little Salvador "had the spirit to continue the journey," so the day after Christmas the march was resumed. The cattle herd went ahead today. The colonists had scarcely started when the rain turned to sleet. The canyon narrowed, then widened where the forks were reached. One branch, now called Horse Canyon, turned off to the eastward. Anza passed this by, for it led away from his objective. A little farther on came the main forks. One, now called Tule Canyon, swung off to the west; the other, Nance Canyon, came in from the northwest. Anza took the ridge between them and with a short stiff climb—a mile, perhaps—he reached the first summit. A league along this ridge, and a second summit was reached. Then, passing some isolated large, round rocks, still seen beside the trail, they descended to a flat, or bajio, at the head of Nance Canyon, where it swung around to the west. Here Anza camped for the night, with springs of the finest water and plentiful grass. The top of the sierra had

been reached, for, a quarter of a mile beyond was the Paso Real de San Carlos.[1]

A note of optimism now enters Font's diary. "The hediondilla, shrub of evil augury, for it can live only in such bad country, which is appropriate to it, lasted to the top of the ridge. Then at once I noted the change in the landscape, for now we saw some scrub live oaks and other small trees; and they said that in the sierra in this vicinity there were pines with pine nuts, though I did not see any."

Of the camp site he writes, "This place has a spring of water and a small arroyo near by with plentiful and good grass; and the sierra hereabouts appears to be very fertile and moist, quite in contrast with the former, which appeared to be rather mountains of boulders and rocks than a sierra." Near the springs at the camp there was a village, but the Indians had fled. "Being so savage and wild, when they saw the cattle, which went ahead, God knows what they thought they were. And so we were not able to see a single Indian." But the Indians saw them. If one will climb the high cliff to the right of the pass, he will find, in a cave under the shelter of the rocks, a group of Indian drawings that must surely record the visit of these strangers. They represent men on horseback, unmistakably Spaniards.

[1] It is marked now by Fred Clark's corral. The fine springs are on his land, just back of his barn.

Font saw no Indians here, but there was another kind of diversion. About five in the afternoon the people were thrown into excitement by a temblor—a short earthquake shock accompanied by a sharp rumbling, followed after a time by a lighter shock. The place is right along the San Jacinto fault line, where earthquakes have been frequent in modern times.

Next day a pull up the ridge for a quarter of a mile took the caravan to the top. "Here the country is better than the foregoing," says Font, "for after leaving the Pass of San Carlos this region completely changes its aspect, in contrast with that left behind on the other side. From a height near the place whence we set out, formed by large stones, rocks, and boulders, through which the road runs and which form the pass of San Carlos, as if the scenery of the theatre were changed, one beholds the Sierra Madre of California now totally different—green and leafy, with good grass and trees, whereas in the distance looking toward the California Sea it is dry, unfruitful, and arid, as I have said." The desert had been left behind.

Anza had continued to hope that he might go directly to Monterey without touching at San Gabriel—following Fages's trail, perhaps—but the condition of his mounts now forbade. Before leaving the Puerto de San Carlos he therefore

dispatched three soldiers to mission San Gabriel, more than a hundred miles ahead, to report the coming of his colonists, and to ask for a relay of horses, for some of his people were still on foot.

Going forward now, on the 27th he crossed Cahuilla Valley, through miry ground much of the way, and camped at San Patricio, near the head of Bautista Canyon. As they traveled along that day, the colonists saw on either side mountains all covered with snow. "This sight," says Anza, "has been terrifying to most of the people of our expedition, who, since they were born in Tierra Caliente, have never seen such a thing before. As a result they have become so melancholy that some of the women had to weep." Through their tears they said, "If so many animals died in places where there was less snow, how will it be in the place where we see so much of it?" But Anza consoled them and dried their tears.

Little Salvador's mother was ill, and a day was lost at San Patricio. Then the weary march was resumed, down Bautista Canyon, whose swollen stream the people had to cross, Anza says, "about two hundred times." Two more mounts died on the way. Camp was made on San Jacinto River, near Vallevista. Next day they continued down San Jacinto Valley, on the left side of the river, to camp near Lake San Antonio Bucareli (San Jacinto). Breaking camp next day

they swung past the site of Lakeview, through a little pass in the hills,[1] across Alessandro Valley, treading the ground where March Field is today, and camped on Santa Ana River, at Anza's former crossing. This long march of seven leagues had been made necessary for lack of firewood on the way. Two horses and two cows were this day's death toll. Here on the banks of the Santa Ana the emigrants watched the Old Year out.

After Mass on New Year's Day Father Font said a few words to the people about the occasion and exhorted his flock to make good resolutions, such as we make on January 1 and break on January 2. The day was devoted to crossing the river. It was more difficult than one might suppose. The stream was so swift that the people could not ride across. So Anza made a bridge of two cottonwood logs, that the people might go over on foot, at the same time opening a path for the animals to the ford. Now the crossing was made. First the women and children were taken over, then the perishable goods. Next followed the rest of the packs, and finally the stock. A cow and a horse were drowned, so strong was the current and so weak the animals.

While this work was in progress everybody was cheered by the arrival of a relay from San Gabriel, for Father Paterna, responding to Anza's appeal, had generously sent seventeen

[1] Bernasconi Pass.

mounts. Now some of the weary people who had been on foot could ride, and some of the fagged out horses were relieved of their burdens. It is impossible to say whether colonists or the men from San Gabriel were the more cheered by this meeting on the river bank below Mt. Rubidoux.

Emigrants' hearts and horses' feet were lighter now. Next day, climbing the long slope past the site of Pedley, and crossing the wide plain, Anza camped on sycamore bordered Arroyo de Los Alisos, right where he had camped before. This stream was San Antonio Creek, and camp was near the site of Ontario. Here Father Font was pleased to hear the soft whistle of meadow larks. Anza on the former journey had carved on a large sycamore the letters I H S. Father Font had a knife, and this carving was a challenge, so he added below, "In the year 1776 came the San Francisco Expedition"—writing, of course, in Spanish.

The wayfarers were all expectant now. There was a bit of New Spain just ahead. Camp was made on the 3d at Arroyo de San Gabriel, and next day, at eleven o'clock, the mission was reached, the first Spanish settlement since leaving San Xavier, nearly six hundred miles behind. The colonists were still a long way from their destination, but the hardest part of the journey was over. They had reached New California.[1]

[1] Diaries of Font and Anza, entries for December 20–January 3.

XLV

AT SAN GABRIEL

Since Anza's former visit to San Gabriel the mission had been moved about a league north of its first site to a better one, where it now stands. A pleasing view it presented to the way-worn travelers, after their weary ride of a thousand miles or more since leaving Sinaloa. Its crude buildings must have looked to them like palaces, and its fields like an oasis in the desert. On the other hand, unwashed and bedraggled though they were, the immigrants were a welcome sight to the men who had so long been exiled in the wilderness, without sight of a woman or child of their own kind. At least one swain's heart was made to beat faster when he looked into the face of a señorita who came in the colony.

The hospitality afforded by the mission was humble, but the welcome extended to the way-farers was warm and heartfelt. Father Paterna, the superior, and Rivera y Moncada, the long bearded military commander from Monterey, went out on the road to meet them, and there were hearty embraces. Everybody rejoiced. The soldiers of the mission guard fired a volley and

fathers Cruzado and Sánchez clanged the mission bells. Next day Father Paterna sang a special Mass in thanksgiving for the colony's safe arrival.

San Gabriel was not then the imposing establishment that it later came to be. It was yet in its pioneer stage. The buildings, chiefly of logs and tule, were rough and without architectural beauty. There was a church, a house for the fathers, a guardhouse, and an Indian village of tule huts housing five hundred neophytes. Other signs of civilization met the observer's eye. An acequia ran past the house of the fathers and the cabins of the Indians. The cows were fat and gave rich milk, from which the fathers made butter and cheese. There were hogs, a small flock of sheep, and Castilian hens. In honor of the guests three or four sheep were killed. Font remarked, "I do not remember having eaten fatter or finer mutton." He adds, "In short, this is a country which, as Father Paterna says, looks like the Promised Land."

Font's diary gives an excellent idea of mission practice and routine in these pioneer days. "The method which the fathers observe in the reductions is not to oblige anyone to become a Christian, admitting only those who voluntarily offer themselves, and this they do in the following manner: Since these Indians are accustomed to live in the fields and the hills like beasts, the fathers require that if they wish to be

Christians they shall no longer go to the forest, but must live in the mission; and if they leave the ranchería, as they call the little village of huts and houses of the Indians, they will go to seek them and will punish them. With this they begin to catechize the heathen who voluntarily come, teaching them to make the sign of the cross and other things necessary, and if they persevere in the catechism for two or three months and in the same frame of mind, when they are instructed they proceed to baptize them.

"The routine for every day is as follows: In the morning at sunrise Mass is regularly said; and at it, or without it if none is said, they assemble all the Indians. The father recites with all of them the Christian doctrine, concluding with the *Alabado,* which is sung in all the missions and in the same key. Indeed, the fathers sing it even though they may not have good voices, since uniformity is best. Then they go to eat their breakfast of atole, which is given to everybody, making the sign of the cross and saying the *Bendito* before eating it. Afterward they go to work at whatever they can do, the fathers encouraging them and teaching them to labor by their example. At noon they eat their pozole, which is made in community for all, and then they work for another spell. At sunset they again recite the doctrine and conclude by singing the *Alabado.*

"The Christians are distinguished from the heathen in that an effort is made to have them go somewhat clothed or covered, so far as the poverty of those[1] lands will permit. And in distributing the pozole account is not taken of the catechumens unless it be that they are given some of what is left over. If any Indian wishes to go to the mountain to see his relatives or to hunt acorns, they give him permission for a specified number of days. As a rule they do not fail to return, and sometimes they come bringing some heathen relative, who remains for the catechism, either through the example of the others or attracted by the pozole, which they like better than their herbs and the foods of the mountain; and so these Indians are usually caught by the mouth.

"The doctrine which is recited in all the missions is the short one of Father Castañi, followed with complete uniformity, no father changing a single word or being permitted to add anything to it. It is in Castilian, even though the fathers may be versed in the native language, as is the case at the mission of San Antonio, whose father minister, Fray Buenaventura Sitjár, understands and speaks well the language of the Indians of that mission. Nevertheless the doctrine is recited in Castilian, and although the father translated the doctrine into the native language, the most that is done is to recite once each day in the ver-

[1] Font was writing in Sonora.

nacular and once in Castilian, thus conforming with what so many times has been ordered since the first Mexican Council, as is set forth by Señor Solórzano, to the effect that the Indians shall be taught the doctrine in Castilian, and that efforts shall be made to have them speak Castilian, since all the languages of the Indians are barbarian and very lacking in terms.

"In the missions an effort is made to have the large unmarried girls sleep apart in some privacy. At the mission of San Luís I saw that a married soldier served as mayordomo of the mission, thus giving the father some relief, while his wife looked after the unmarried girls, they being under her care and calling her *maestra*. In the daytime she kept them with her, teaching them to sew and other things, and at night she locked them in a room where she had them secure against insult, and for this reason they called them the nuns. This appeared to me to be a good arrangement.

"In short, this method which the fathers observe in those new missions appeared to me to be very good, and I may note that what is done in one is done uniformly in the others, which is what pleased me most. The mission of San Diego is an exception. There, since it is the poorest, and the country, because of its few villages, does not permit it, there are no common fields or even private ones, nor is pozole distributed there in

common. There the Indians have been permitted to live in their rancherías with the obligation to come to Mass on Sundays in their turn, the same as is done in Baja California; and this is the reason why this mission is backward, aside from the fact that its Indians are the worst of all in those new missions.'"[1]

[1] Diaries of Font and Anza, entries for January 5–6; Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, *San Gabriel Mission and the Beginnings of Los Angeles* (San Gabriel, 1927).

XLVI

THE SAN DIEGO UPRISING

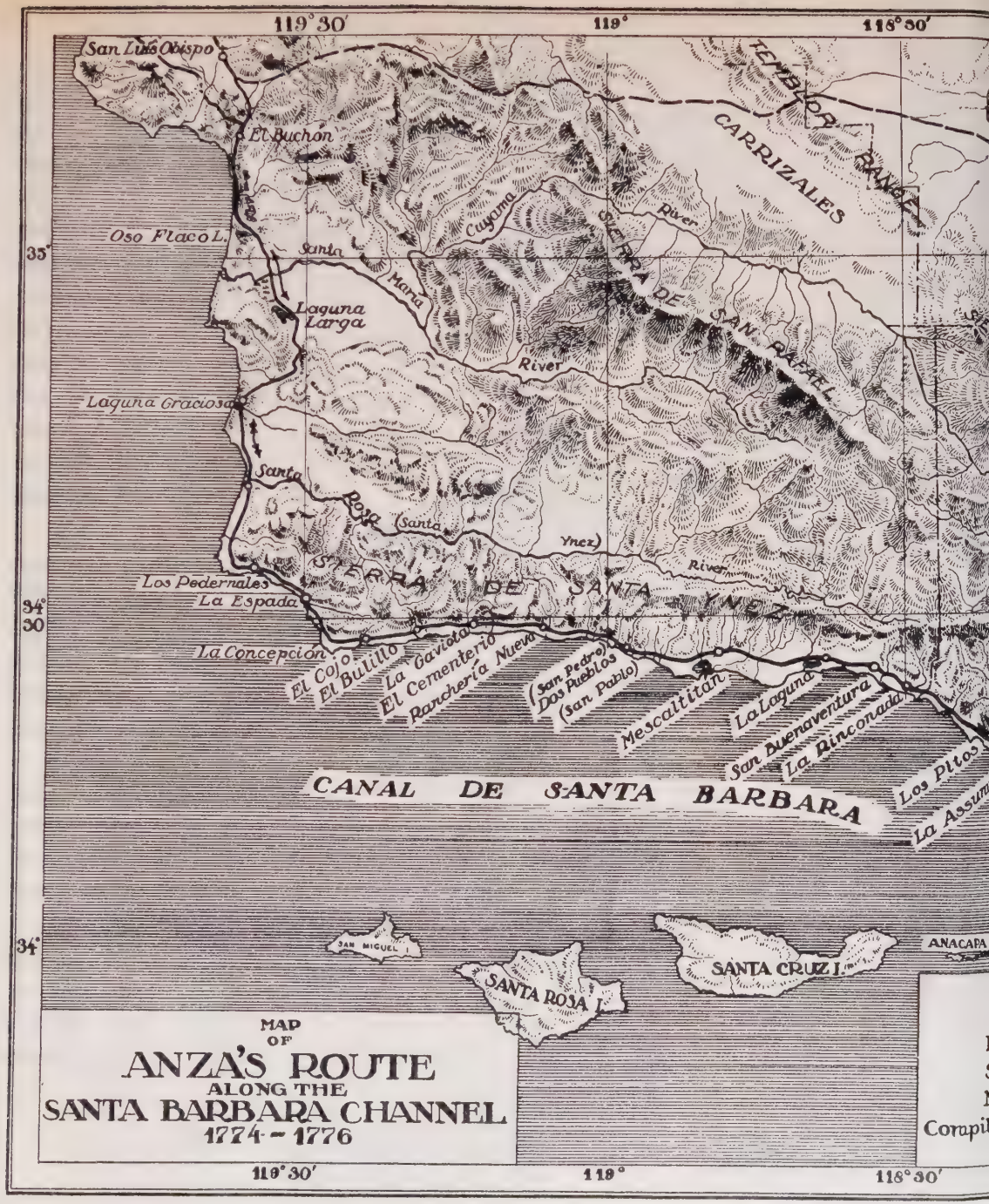
At the Santa Ana River Anza had learned of an uprising of Indians at San Diego and that the slender colony at San Gabriel was living in fear of a like occurrence. On reaching the mission he was told more of the distressing details, and found Rivera there on his way south to set matters to rights.

The story of the rebellion at San Diego was quite typical of Indian uprisings in the Western Hemisphere, repeated with varying detail on every frontier as the advancing white man imposed his authority on the original inhabitants of the land. In brief it was this: The friars at San Diego had baptized some five hundred Indians, but for lack of water and crops they were allowed to live in their villages round about for a considerable radius. Prayers were led at each village by a trusted neophyte, and on feast days each village went in turn to Mass at the mission. As a result "the Christians were such only in name," says Font. Besides, the Indians had grievances. The outcome was a conspiracy to destroy the mission and presidio and plunder the

supplies. Carlos and Francisco, two able chiefs, fanned the flame of discontent. Baptized Indians connived with heathen of the sierras. Forty villages were said to be implicated.

An opportune moment was awaited. It came when Lieutenant Ortega, with part of the guard, went to San Juan Capistrano, seventy-five miles north, to found a new mission. The outbreak came at midnight on November 5. The confederates divided into two bands, one to destroy the presidio, the other to raze and sack the mission. The firing of the presidio by one band was to be the signal for the other band to light the torch at the mission, in sight up the valley some five miles. But the igniting of the mission was premature. Seeing the blaze, and fearing discovery, the presidio bound party returned and joined in the work of destruction at the mission.

When the blow fell everybody, including the soldier guard, was asleep. Breaking into the church, the Indians stole vestments and statues, and set fire to the building. The wooden structures, with their tule roofs, burned easily, and soon the church, the guardhouse, and the huts of the village were in flames. Awakened by the noise, Father Luís Jaume rushed out to inquire what was the matter. The answer he got was to be seized by a mob, murdered, and mutilated almost beyond recognition. The loss of Father Jaume was all the more serious because he had made


119° 30′
119°
118° 30′
San Luis Obispo
El Buchón
Oso Flaco L.
Santa
María
River
Cuyama
River
CARRIZALES
RANGE
SIERRA DE SAN RAFAEL
Laguna
Larga
Laguna Graciosa
Santa
Rosa
(Santa
Ynez)
River
SIERRA DE SANTA YNEZ
Los Pedernales
La Espada
La Concepción
El Cojo
El Bulillo
La Gaviota
El Cementerio
Ranchería Nueva
(San Pedro)
Dos Pueblos
(San Pablo)
Mescalitan
La Laguna
San Buenaventura
La Rinconada
Los Pitos
CANAL DE SANTA BARBARA
SAN MIGUEL I.
SANTA ROSA I.
SANTA CRUZ I.
ANACAPA
35°
34° 30
34°
MAP
OF
ANZA'S ROUTE
ALONG THE
SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL
1774 - 1776
Compil

118°
117°30'
BUENA VISTA
SAN MARCOS
San Pasqual
SIERRA DE SAN ANTONIO
FAGES, 1772
PORTOLÁ
Santa Clara River
GARCÉS
SANTA YSABEL
ASPHALT SPRINGS
Triunfo
Agua Escondida
SIERRA DE SANTA MONICA
Puente Pueblo
1776
San Gabriel
Old Site
Los Angeles River
San Gabriel River
33
34
30
SCALE OF MILES
0
8
16
First Expedition
Second Expedition
Missions
Portolá, 1769
Fages, 1772
Garcés, 1776
Based from original data and personal explorations
by HERBERT E. BOLTON
118°
117°30'
CHAMBERLAIN.

great progress in learning the native languages, so important in missionary work. In the mêlée the mission carpenter and blacksmith also were killed. The four sleepy soldiers of the guard rubbed their eyes, seized their weapons, and resisted as best they could. Two of them were wounded and put *hors de combat*. The other two, with Father Vicente Fuster, fortified themselves behind bales of goods, and while his companions fought, with his habit and cloak the plucky friar protected the powder bags from the shower of burning brands. At daybreak the murderous mob withdrew.

Through all the confusion the presidial soldiers down the valley slept with easy conscience. The sentinel, under inquiry, admitted seeing a light, but said he thought it was the moon. Unfortunately for his case, it happened that the moon was in the west that night, while the burning mission was in the east.

In the morning Father Fuster moved the dead and wounded to the presidio, and a messenger galloped north to notify Lieutenant Ortega at San Juan Capistrano. Fearing more serious troubles, the new establishment there was abandoned, and Ortega hurried with fathers Lasuén and Amurrio to San Diego. Other messengers on fleet horses carried the news to San Gabriel and Monterey. But help came slowly. Rivera reached San Gabriel on his way to San Diego

just ahead of Anza, two months after the tragedy occurred. The above story of the unfortunate uprising is essentially as Font heard it from the lips of Father Fuster, the martyr's companion.

News of the disaster at San Diego changed Anza's plans. He had hoped to push on at once with his colony to Monterey. But here was a crisis. Rivera needed help. Moreover, Rivera argued that the roads were so bad now that it would be difficult for the colony to go to Monterey till after the winter rains. So it was agreed that Anza and Font should go with Rivera to San Diego. On the 7th they set forth, Rivera with ten men, Anza with seventeen, and an empty pack train to bring back supplies for lean lardered San Gabriel. Font took with him the precious quadrant in order to observe latitudes. The road followed was essentially that opened by Portolá six years before, and now a well beaten trail. The first night camp was made at Santa Ana River, the second at La Quema, near the abandoned mission of San Juan Capistrano, the third at San Luís Rey River (then called San Juan Capistrano), and the fourth at La Soledad (near Sorrento). Early on the fifth day San Diego was reached.

The arrival of Rivera and Anza with soldiers was hailed with cheers. For two months the little colony had been living in dread, and had received no reply to their call on Rivera for help. Since the first attack another had been threatened.

Aided by Anza, Don Fernando proceeded leisurely to investigate the uprising with a view to detecting and punishing the conspirators. First he interrogated five petty chiefs who had been imprisoned at the presidio before Rivera's arrival. Two others were arrested by Ortega and whipped so hard that one died and the other was made ill.

Rivera next set about sending expeditions to outlying settlements to round up suspects. First, the sergeant and seventeen men went secretly to the village of San Luís to capture some culprits reported to be there. Smoke signals showed that in spite of all caution their movements were being watched by the Indians. However, at the end of three days they returned with four prisoners, including two chiefs; others had fled up the sierra, making fun of their pursuers. "As a welcome," the new prisoners were given fifty lashes each, and then were interrogated. They testified that the uprising had been planned entirely by mission Indians.

A few days later the sergeant went again to San Luís. Next day he returned with a bigger catch—nine prisoners, including a chief of San Luís. But the big fish, as usual, had got away. Carlos and Francisco, ringleaders in the attack, escaped. Like the others, these new prisoners were given fifty lashes each "as a welcome." There was no rest for the sergeant. He had scarcely arrived when Rivera sent him to the village of La Soledad to capture Carlos, but he

returned next day without his prize. Rivera and Anza now drew up a joint report of the uprising and of what they had done, and sent it to Bucareli by way of Old California.

Since Rivera made no move to go out in person on a campaign against the Indians, and none could be made till after the rainy season, Anza now decided to return to San Gabriel and from there push on to Monterey. His eagerness to get away from San Diego, where he was idle, was doubtless stimulated by uncomfortable quarters. For Anza and Font slept in one room. Rivera and three friars slept in another, which was likewise dining room and living room for all during that lugubrious rainy weather. If tempers became a little bad it is not surprising.

Anza's anxiety was increased by a message from Moraga.[1] The lieutenant, who had been left in charge of the colony, reported that provisions at San Gabriel were nearly played out. Father Paterna with all his generosity had been forced to put the colonists on half rations, and in consequence there was murmuring. Anza hurried to provide a remedy. He made arrangements to send at once to San Gabriel a pack train of supplies, and to follow promptly himself. Rivera would remain at San Diego until the Indians were pacified.

Rivera's procedure here, Font tells us, was colored by hostility to the colony for San Fran-

[1] Received on February 3.

cisco. He had explored the peninsula in 1774, and reported that there was no site for a colony on the bay. From that time forth he became an open adversary of the new presidio. He therefore opposed going with Anza to explore the bay and select a site, as Anza's instructions required. The uprising at San Diego played right into his hands, for it gave him an excuse for not going to San Francisco Bay. So he declared that he would not leave San Diego until the Indians were pacified, and suggested that Anza should turn over the colony to him, leaving it at San Gabriel. This the colonel did not choose to do. If we had Rivera's version his case might appear in a little different light.

Anza's return journey to San Gabriel was without major event. One minor incident related humorously by Father Font helps us to realize, what we are prone to forget, that these men whose story we are recounting were human beings, much like our ordinary selves. Anza was not only a furious rider, but an abstemious soldier. On the way Font remarked to him:

"Señor, where shall we stop tonight?"

"At Los Batequitos, or at whatever point we reach," he replied.

"That is all right," said Font, "but aren't we going to eat a bite? When you are on horseback you never think of eating anything, or of what we shall eat."

"Since we ate breakfast this morning I have been so well satisfied that I am not hungry," said Anza.

They had made breakfast on a couple of eggs and it was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Well, what are a couple of eggs?" Font replied. "I must confess I am a man and that I eat because I am hungry. Isn't there something on hand?"

At the presidio they had put up some provisions for the road, and a servant now remarked:

"Here is some bread and cheese."

"Well, bring it along," said Font. "That's fine." The friar continues:

"I took some and ate it and Señor Anza took some bread, although he had just told me that he was not hungry, and then he wanted some cheese. He was somewhat angry with what I had said, but he got over it, and from here forward he always arranged that a servant should have on hand boiled meat, bread, and cheese. About noon he would ask me if I wished to eat something, and although we might be traveling we would eat a mouthful, which formerly had not been done."

Camps were made at Agua Hedionda, La Quema, and Santa Ana River. On the way Font amused himself by counting the hills, and between Agua Hedionda and San Gabriel he num-

bered no less than a hundred and twenty-five, not including the smaller ones. At Santa Ana River they overtook the pack train, which had started five days ahead of them but was delayed by the rains and swollen streams. San Gabriel was reached on February 12. There was another joyful meeting of soldiers with their families.[1]

[1] Diaries of Font and Anza, entries for January 7–12; Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, *San Diego Mission* (San Francisco, 1920); Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California,* I (San Francisco, 1884).

XLVII

MORAGA CHASES DESERTERS

Anza's pleasure at the reunion with his people was offset by bad news. Just the night before his arrival five men had deserted. They were a soldier of the mission guard, a servant, and three muleteers of the expedition. They did not go empty handed. In fact, they carried off a variety of stolen goods, including two muskets, a saddle, and twenty-five or thirty horses and mules belonging to the mission and to individual members of Anza's company.

There was a woman in the case. While Anza was at San Diego the corporal of the mission guard at San Gabriel fell in love with one of the señoritas of Anza's colony. We will assume that she was pretty, although this is not necessary, for in that day Spanish women were scarce in California. And besides, opinions differ. At any rate, as a means of winning the señorita's heart the corporal thought of a present for her. But he had nothing worthy of the cause, so he turned to a muleteer who had charge of the supplies of the expedition. Would he help a fellow out? The muleteer yielded, rifled the packs, and gave the

Photo by Bolton

The coast at the mouth of Dos Pueblos Creek.

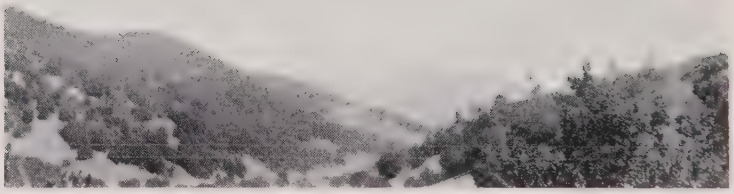


Photo by Bolton

Down Santa Margarita Grade.

Photo by Bolton

The coast west of Ventura.

pining swain some chocolate for his novia. Soon several others were drawn into the pilferings, just how we do not know. But the thefts did not stop at one cake of sweets. *Facilis descensus Averni!*

Realizing that they would be found out when the commander returned the offenders decided to flee. So they turned to the corporal. He had gotten them into trouble, now he must help get them out. They did not appeal in vain. The corporal himself was a malcontent who also wished to abscond. The fellow had a bad record. Once before, when in Old California, he had deserted his post and fled on a tule raft, but after sailing round the gulf for a day at the will of the wind he was wafted back to the place whence he had started. Since coming to New California he had been under suspicion.

Well, then, it was arranged that on a certain night when he was on guard at San Gabriel, the thieves and the corporal should flee with the horses in the latter's charge. Not even his novia held him back. On the principle of "a sheep as well as a lamb," the thieves now plundered the packs for glass beads and other things with which to hire the Yuma ferrymen to take them across the Colorado on their arrival there. Once in Sonora they would divide up the horses and spread the report that the Indians had killed all the rest of Anza's colony, they alone escaping.

When the time came, the muleteer who had first opened the packs got cold feet, fearing to enter the settlements of Sonora without a passport from Anza. The others, having better nerves, carried the thing through.

The theft of the goods was discovered during the same night that the runaways left. Moraga, suspecting a desertion, lined his men up, counted noses, and found five missing. Next morning, preparing to pursue them, he sent to the horse herd for mounts; then it was that the theft of the horses and mules was discovered. This much the record tells us, but nothing is said of maiden's tears.

Here was a serious affair. The horses were needed, and discipline was at stake. So Lieutenant Moraga took the best mounts that were left, and with seven men set forth at once in pursuit of the deserters. He had been gone only a few hours when Anza arrived.

Moraga rode hard after the runaways, who had taken the old trail back toward the Colorado. With so large a horse herd of course it was useless for them to try to hide their tracks from an experienced frontiersman like Moraga. By the first night the lieutenant had reached Lake San Antonio (San Jacinto), seventy-five miles distant from San Gabriel. This was fast riding. Losing the trail here on account of a thick fog, he turned back to meet the relay which was fol-

lowing behind. He now learned that the relay had passed him while he was looking for the trail. So, sending two men back to San Gabriel to report, Moraga pushed on over the mountains.

The deserters had not stopped except to change horses, and since they had better mounts than Moraga they gave him a hard chase. Nevertheless, on the fifth day of the pursuit he overtook the fugitives some four leagues before they reached Santa Olaya. In a little over four days Moraga had ridden more than two hundred and fifty miles. The deserters were now losing their nerve. The night before, one of them said, "Compañeros, my heart tells me that tomorrow we shall be captured." Demoralized by this presentiment, and unable to sleep, they started to travel in the night. But they lost their trail, wandered around, and returned at daylight to their own camp fire. Here Moraga fell upon them. "Halt, by command of the king!" he shouted. Three of them complied immediately. Though they were armed, "on hearing his voice . . . they stopped and surrendered to him at once, which was a very remarkable and prodigious thing." The two others ran a short distance, then they also threw up their hands. Moraga disarmed and bound his prisoners, turned about and took them over the same trail to San Gabriel.

So hard did Moraga and his men ride on that exciting chase that they lost seven horses, be-

sides three which the hostile Indians of San Carlos and San Sebastián wounded. Enroute he saw evidences that these Indians had taken part in the sacking of the mission of San Diego. He recovered with the deserters nearly everything they had stolen, except a few horses which had become lost and a few others which had been killed by these same mountain Indians. On his way back through San Sebastián he recovered and brought with him some of the cattle which had stampeded that winter night at San Gregorio. Moraga had done an efficient job. This bold feat of his when he first came upon the California stage was never forgotten by a people who loved a brave and dashing man.

Arrived at San Gabriel, the lieutenant put his prisoners in the *calabozo*. Making an investigation, he now learned the part played in the case by the muleteer who had opened the packs. At the moment this worthy was on his way to San Diego, but Moraga gave orders for his arrest when he should return.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza and Font, entries for February 12–20.

XLVIII

THE CANOE BUILDERS OF THE CHANNEL

Before Moraga returned from his exciting chase Anza had left San Gabriel. The news of the desertion was very discouraging to him. He had planned to push forward to Monterey, but now he must wait for Moraga. This presented a problem, for Father Paterna was already nearly eaten out of house and home. Anza's despondency was accentuated by bad food and serious stomach trouble. Font's description of the crude conditions under which he and Anza lived while at San Gabriel helps us to realize what a raw frontier California then was—as raw, perhaps, as the contemporary Anglo-American frontier of Tennessee and Kentucky, where Daniel Boone was then making history. Moreover, Anza found the colonists dissatisfied, and complaining that their salaries were paid in inferior goods at exorbitant prices. The root of the trouble doubtless was that they were idle, uncomfortable, and anxious to get to their destination. Father Font tried to cheer up the commander "by drawing him into conversation and diverting him a little with the instrument," his precious psalterio. But this did not seem to help much.

During the delay Father Font whiled away the time viewing Paterna's wheat field and other parts of the mission. He was "pleased to see how those recently converted Indians applied themselves to the plow and to their tasks, and to witness the manifest success of those fathers, who with their own example are showing them how to work, Father Paterna putting his own hand to the plow." Font did his best to reciprocate the pleasure. Paterna assembled all his neophytes and Font played them a few tunes on his psalterio. This audience was more appreciative.

Father Font had probably never heard the term psycho-analysis, but he understood the art, which, like so many things supposed to be ultra modern, is ages older than the name. He knew that action was the medicine needed by both commander and colonists. So he urged Anza not to wait any longer for Moraga. He argued that Anza's health was the first consideration. Provisions were being fast consumed by the delay, and the people were restless. If the march were begun they would have something to do and would cease to murmur. Thus urged by word and by necessity, Anza set forth on February 21, leaving with Grijalva twelve families, instead of ten as planned, to follow with Moraga. The cattle herd also was left to travel more slowly behind.

From San Gabriel to Monterey Anza was not a path breaker. Portolá, Rivera, and Fages

had opened the way. Anza himself had twice traversed it. But the diaries contain interesting incidents and descriptions. Many of the place names then used along all this stretch are still on the map. Camp the first night was at the Portezuelo, near the site of Glendale, the second night at Agua Escondida in the mountains west of Calabasas. The third day's march was long, fifteen leagues, or nearly forty miles, camp being made at the Santa Clara River, east of the site of Ventura. That day, when they descended the long, steep Cuesta Grande (Conejos Grade), most of the women, frightened at the declivity, dismounted and made their way down the rugged mountain on foot. Right at the bottom Font noticed the famous asphalt spring which is still an object of interest by the roadside.

Now followed the Santa Barbara Channel. The march along the coast was a delight to the landlubber colonists. "The people of the expedition who had never seen the sea found many things to marvel at," says Font. He and Anza were much interested in the Channel Indians, and especially in their launches and stone work.

The shores of the Santa Barbara Channel were the most densely populated part of California at the coming of the Spaniards. Between San Buenaventura River and Point Concepción there were about thirty towns, with a population that was estimated at from ten to twenty thousand souls. Father Font thought that some

of the villages would number a thousand each. So large a population was made possible by the plentiful supply of fish all along the coast. These people had no agriculture, but lived on the bounty of the sea, supplemented by wild fruits, seeds, and nuts. They were expert fishermen and builders of fine canoes in which they made daring voyages. They traded with interior tribes as far as the Colorado River, bartering shells for various articles of foreign make.

The Channel people were of good stature and not very corpulent. The women made a brave effort to cover themselves with deerskin skirts and little capes. The men dressed in pristine innocence, but were fond of ornaments. Around their necks they wore long strings of shells. In their hair they stuck feathers, and frequently a *cuchillo,* a sort of dagger or knife blade made of bone or of wood with a flint point. They pierced their ears and noses, and hung in them various gewgaws, among which were to be seen hollow reeds filled with tobacco. Some of them carried sweat sticks, with which they scraped their bodies when heated by exertion. For weapons they carried good arrows and short, strong bows carefully wound with sinews.

The women all along the Channel were timorous, because of abuses committed by soldiers who had passed to and fro in previous years. When Anza's caravan went by, most of the

women hid in their huts and peeped out at the strangers through cracks or partly open doors. One of the ruffians had become notorious for his outrages. His name was Camacho, and now the Indians called every soldier Camacho. "In fact, they all kept asking for Camacho, and where was Camacho, and if Camacho was coming."

The habitations of the Channel people were superior to those built by the Yumas and infinitely better than the brush and cave shelters of the mountain folk. These houses, said Font, "are round in form, like a half orange, very spacious, large and high. In the middle of the top they have an aperture to afford light and serve as a chimney, through which emerges the smoke of the fire which they make in the middle of the hut. Some of them have also two or three holes like little windows. The frames of all of them consist of arched and very strong poles, and the walls are of very thick grass interwoven. At the doors there is a mat which swings toward the inside like a screen, and another one toward the outside which they ordinarily bar with a whalebone or a stick." Font went to one of the houses to examine it more closely, but he says, "they shut the inner door on me and I withdrew unenlightened. This is the result of the extortions and outrages which the soldiers have perpetrated when in their journeys they have passed along the Channel, especially in the beginning."

Font also described their community play grounds, cemeteries, and sweat houses or temescales. "All the settlements or rancherías of the Channel have a community place for playing, consisting of a very smooth and level ground, like a bowling green, with low walls around it, in which they play, rolling a little half round stick. Likewise, near the villages they have a place which we called the cemetery, where they bury their dead. It is made of several poles and planks painted with various colors, white, black, and red, and set up in the ground. And on some very tall, straight and slim poles which we called the towers, because we saw them from some distance, they place baskets which belonged to the deceased, and other things which perhaps were esteemed by them, such as little skirts, shells, and likewise in places some arrows. Over the deceased they place the ribs or other large bones of the whales which are customarily stranded on those coasts." A creek just east of Gaviota where Anza's people saw one of these graveyards is still called El Cementerio.

"They also have a common temescal," Font continues. "This is a hot, closed room for sweating, made somewhat subterranean and very firm with poles and earth, and having at the top, in the middle, an opening like a scuttle, to afford air and to serve as a door, through which they go down inside by a ladder consisting of straight poles set in the ground and joined together, one

being shorter than the other. I peered into a temescal and perceived a strong heat coming up from it. In the middle of them they make a fire. The Indians enter to perspire, seated all around, and as soon as they perspire freely and wet the ground with their sweat, they run out and jump into the sea, which is close by, to bathe themselves."

These Channel Indians were highly industrious, and made ingenious baskets, wooden trays, and various utensils of stone. Anza said he had never seen finer baskets. He marveled at what they could accomplish in stone work with their primitive tools. They made stone cooking utensils, hollowing them out "with such perfection that it looks as if done with a wheel, and this not only with small pieces, but with large ones and of different forms, some of which likewise I bought from them."

The most remarkable feature of the material civilization of these Channel Indians was their expertness in building and managing launches. Father Font writes: "These Indians are great fishermen and very ingenious. Above all, they build launches with which they navigate. They are very carefully made of several planks which they work with no other tools than their shells and flints. They join them at the seams by sewing them with very strong thread which they have, and fit the joints with pitch, by which they are made very strong and secure. Some of the

launches are decorated with little shells and all are painted red with hematite. In shape they are like a little boat without ribs, ending in two points somewhat elevated and arched above, the two arcs not closed but remaining open at the points like a V. In the middle there is a somewhat elevated plank laid across from side to side, to serve as a seat and to preserve the convexity of the frame. Each launch is composed of some twenty long and narrow pieces. I measured one and found it to be thirty-six palms long and somewhat more than three palms wide. In each launch, when they navigate or go to fish, according to what I saw, ordinarily not more than two Indians ride in each end. They carry some poles about two varas long which end in blades, these being the oars with which they row, alternately putting the ends of the poles into the water, now on one side and now on the other side of the launch. In this way they guide the launch wherever they wish, sailing through rough seas with much boldness. In this place of La Rinconada I counted nine launches, besides one that was to be mended, and I concluded that with some instruction those Indians would become fine sailors." He adds, "it is a marvel to see how they navigate those seas."

The launches were so light that when empty two men could carry them with ease. But when they came in loaded with fish it was a different

matter. Then ten or twelve men would go to the beach, lift the loaded launch to their shoulders and carry it to the village.

The Indians were just as skillful at fishing as at launch building and seamanship. They used large and small nets made of fiber like hemp, and hooks made of shells "as perfect as those made of iron." The quantity of fish which they caught was astonishing. At El Bullillo Creek,[1] to the west of Gaviota, when Anza arrived a launch had just come in. It was loaded with sardines about a palm long. Anza purchased a supply for his entire colony and some of the fish was left behind because they had no way to carry them.

The Channel people were clever pick-pockets. When the Spaniards passed through the village at Ventura, since it was the first one on the coast, they stopped to see the sights. Anza, Font, and others dismounted "and right there in front of so many people" an Indian stole a sun cloth which the commander had left on his saddle. The article was not missed till after the march was resumed. Anza then sent a servant back. The Indians were all very innocent, and passed the servant on from house to house, but when threatened with a musket they found the sun cloth without difficulty.

They had a similar experience at the other end of the Channel. Near Point Concepción the

[1] Now misspelled El Bullito.

natives offered to clean Anza's fish for him. To facilitate their work the commander loaned a fellow his silver handled knife. "The Indian, who doubtless liked the knife better than his flint one, waited till nobody was looking, and then departed with it unnoticed by anybody." When Anza missed his knife he sent an Indian to the village for it. He brought it back with the explanation that the recipient had thought it was a present. "This incident is proof of the inclination which every Indian has to steal," says Father Font. Father Garcés perhaps would have made a gentler comment.

Font thought the Channel an unpropitious region for missions. The Indians, though friendly and unwarlike, had been so badly abused that they were displeased. In all the length of the coast, he thought, there was no good site for a mission, for lack of level lands and a permanent water supply. He did not foresee the two excellent missions at Ventura and Santa Barbara.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza and Font, entries for February 21–27. The Channel Indians are described by Pedro Fages, *Historical, Political, and Natural Description of California.* Translated by Herbert I. Priestley, *Catholic Historical Review* (January and April, 1919). See John P. Harrington, *Exploration of the Burton Mound at Santa Barbara, California* (Bureau of American Ethnology, *Annual Report,* Washington, 1928) for village sites and a remarkable list of artifacts excavated in the vicinity of Santa Barbara.

XLIX

SIMILE EST REGNUM

Turning north at Point Concepción, Anza followed his old trail, across Santa Rosa River, past Laguna Graciosa, Laguna Grande, the village of El Buchón, to Mission San Luís Obispo, reached after an eleven days' ride from San Gabriel. This was fast going for such a party. All the way from Camarillo the route was close along the line of the present railroad.

San Luís was another little germ cell of civilization in the wilderness. At daybreak on the last day before arrival there Anza sent a messenger ahead to report his coming. Before reaching the mission the colonists primped up for the occasion, and then, worse luck, their horses bogged down in the mires and some of the people fell off and soiled their best clothes. *Que lástima!* But soiled or immaculate, clothes did not matter. To the lonely friars the coming of the colonists was an event. They were human beings of their own kind. And there were families come to plant the seed of the Spanish race in a glorious land. Too excited and eager to await its slow pace, Fathers Caballer and Mugár-

tegui went out on the road to meet the caravan. On its arrival Father Figuer, vested with a cope, bearing a censer, and with a broad smile on his face, was awaiting the pilgrims at the church door. Amid peals of mission bells and volleys of musketry the whole colony entered the temple chanting the *Te Deum,* "and thus our arrival was a matter for very great and mutual joy."

Mission San Luís Obispo then stood where it stands now, near a small stream of the finest water. It had fertile lands and flourishing fields. The mission buildings consisted of wood and adobe structures ranged round a patio. Font thought the Nochi Indians the most attractive of all the tribes he had ever seen, for they had good features, "well rounded eyes, lively, bright, black, and rather large." Less shy than the women elsewhere, the girls here had played havoc with the hearts of Fages's soldiers three years before, during the famous bear hunt. More than one Pocahontas had married soldiers of the mission guard and were now dandling half-breed babies. These Nochi people were great basket makers, and for Anza they contrived one in the shape of a sombrero.

One day's rest was taken here. Father Font celebrated it with a sermon of thanksgiving, "comparing the glory of Mt. Tabor to the joy which we all felt in reaching that mission." The tired people were probably never better prepared

Photo by Bolton

Oso Flaco Lake, near Pismo Beach.

Valley of San Antonio de los Robles, looking east.

Photo by Bolton

by experience to understand a simile. After Mass and a sermon, Font, 'mid ringing bells and noisy muskets, baptized a boy of the place, for whom Anza stood as godfather. Thus again was the event suitably celebrated.

On March 4 they started once again. Climbing the steep Cuesta by which we now roll easily along in automobiles, they wound down the Santa Margarita River, along the Salinas, over the oak covered ridge by the Paso de los Robles, across the Nacimiento River, and up mountain walled and oak bordered San Antonio River to Mission San Antonio. This pull from San Luís lasted only three days. It was quick travel for such a train.

Here the wayfarers were welcomed by fathers Dumetz and Sitjár, both Mallorcans, like Father Font. Embraces were hearty and the hospitality was generous—a shoat to Anza's soldiers, another to the muleteers, and a present of suet for the families, "who for a long time had not tasted any."

Mission San Antonio had been moved a league northward from its old site where Anza had seen it two years before, and the padres eagerly pointed out to him its superior advantages. This mission was better built than any of those previously seen by Font, being made of adobe, whereas the others were chiefly of wood. There were five hundred neophytes, but Font thought

them a most ugly and degenerate race, altogether unlike the handsome people of San Luís. Their speech was rough, and difficult to pronounce because it had so many "crackling sounds." But in spite of its barbarity, the assiduous Father Sitjár had already written a catechism in the language. It is still one of the treasures preserved from the olden days.

Here in the valley of Los Robles another day of rest was taken. Looking forward now and not back, Font saved for another occasion a sermon of thanksgiving, and instead sang a special Mass in honor of San Antonio, the finding saint, to implore success in exploring the great River of San Francisco, and in seeking a good site for the colony. Here, too, Anza was overtaken by Lieutenant Moraga, who told the story of his recapture of the runaways from Mission San Gabriel. It had been the plan that he should bring the twelve families who had remained there, but he left them to follow later under Grijalva.

Another three days' march took the colonists to Monterey. The way led over the ridge and down Kent Canyon by Portolá's trail to Salinas River, down that stream past the site of Spreckels, thence to the presidio over a route essentially along the modern highway. From the last camp, at Los Correos, Anza sent couriers to Monterey, to give notice of his coming, and joined Font in

a note to Serra asking him to send some father to the presidio to sing a thanksgiving Mass. The name of Los Correos (the Couriers) which they gave to this camp, is still on the map.

On Sunday, March 10, the last jornada was made, during an almost continuous rain, and so the colonists arrived with clothing thoroughly soaked. Since leaving Tubac they had been on the road one hundred and thirty days, with eighty-eight days of actual traveling. They had covered about fourteen hundred miles counting the detour to San Diego. Those from Culiacán had come nearly two thousand miles.

The reception met here exceeded in exuberance all preceding ones. "When we arrived at the presidio everybody was overjoyed in spite of the fact that we were so wet, for we did not have a dry garment," says Font. "We were welcomed by three volleys of artillery, consisting of some small cannons that are there, and the firing of muskets by the soldiers."

This was just a beginning. Next day Father Serra, Father Palóu, and three other friars came from Mission Carmelo to add their Bienvenidos. "Great and very special was the joy which we all felt at our arrival," continues Font, "and after we had saluted each other with many demonstrations of affection it was arranged to go and sing the Mass. . . . I sang it at the altar, and the five fathers assisted, singing very melo-

diously and with the greatest solemnity possible, the troops of the presidio and of the expedition assisting with repeated salvos and volleys of musketry, so that everybody broke forth in tears of joy."

So important an event must be signalized by something very special, so after Mass Father Font preached a sermon of thanksgiving for all the favors received by the people on the long march. Did they realize how many blessings there were? They had come safely through the Apache country, "where even soldiers and men of valor tremble"; over the "formidable Colorado River"; through the sand dunes, "a land so bad that not even birds inhabit it"; through the snows of San Sebastián; past the hostile Indians of Coyote Canyon; and through the surly population of the Channel. Right in the rainy season they had marched the entire distance from San Gabriel to Monterey with not a single shower till the very last day. Their soaking then was merely that they might appreciate this special favor, just as "by means of his infirmity a sick man understands the blessing of health."

It must not be forgotten that all these blessings God had bestowed on them through their three patrons. This was not only self-evident, but it could be demonstrated mathematically. Since leaving Horcasitas they had been on the road 162 days, and Father Font showed very

clearly how the *1* symbolized the Virgin of Guadalupe, chief patron, the *6* Prince San Miguel, and the *2* Our Father San Francisco. All this was now clear to everybody.

The text of the day was *Simile est regnum:* "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net which he casts into the sea with which are caught all kinds of fish." So it was with this school of immigrants. "Notice what happens to the net, for it is all very applicable to this expedition," said Font. The fisherman casts the net into the sea and immediately many fish begin to enter it; but with different motives, some drawn by the bait, others by curiosity, some to follow the example and to be in the company of others, some perhaps by their evil nature to disturb and break the net; some, finally, because they are naturally good, and others, and they are the most numerous, because they are thoughtless. Afterward the fisherman draws the net out on the beach, and, choosing the good fish, he throws away the bad.

"And so it is with this expedition. The commander, in the name of the king our Lord, cast the recruiting net in Sinaloa. I have no doubt that you entered the net and enlisted with the good intention of serving God on this journey. But who knows how many were moved by the wax of wealth and advantage which they are seeking? Who knows whether some joined the expedition drawn, perhaps, by bad example and by bad company, with the intention to destroy

more than to build up, seeking liberty of conscience, etc.? I do not assume this of anybody. But I do say that if any came to Monterey for any crooked purpose, they should try to rectify their intention, and being among those called let them be among those chosen. Let it not be that in the Day of Judgment there be found fish rejected by God after having taken the trouble to come to a land in which suffering is the chief advantage."

"Let us then give thanks to God. And in the name of God and of the king our Lord, give thanks to our commander, Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, for the patience, prudence, and good conduct which as chief he has shown in commanding this expedition, and I promise him that God will reward him for his labors." The sermon was a great success, says Font. "God willed that everything should come out so well and so much to the purpose that I was not able to finish without tears." We trust that all the rest were equally edified.

After Mass all the friars but Serra returned over the hills to Carmelo. He remained to dine. Then, in the afternoon, Font and Anza with a few soldiers accompanied him to his mission, partly because Serra urged it, but principally because there was no fit place to stay at Monterey. At Carmelo the seven friars welcomed the visitors with peals of the bells; the soldiers replied with a salvo; and Father Murguía awaited

them at the church door vested with a cope. Font sprinkled Anza with holy water, they adored the holy cross, and entered the church in a procession, intoning the *Te Deum,* and shedding tears of joy for their safe arrival.

Font gives us a graphic picture of Monterey, the California capital of that day. Less than six years old, it was not imposing. "Its buildings form a square, on one side of which is the house of the commander and the storehouse in which the storekeeper lives. On the opposite side are a little chapel and the quarters or barracks of the soldiers, and on the other sides there are some huts or small houses of the families and people who live there. All are built of logs and mud, with some adobe; and the square or plaza of the presidio, which is not large, is enclosed by a stockade or wall of logs." Such a place afforded but poor hospitality for the wayfarers, and since they were expected soon to pass on to San Francisco, no special accommodations had been made for them. "It is all a small affair, and for lack of houses the people live in great discomfort. The commander, indeed, had to lodge in the storehouse," says Font, "and I in a dirty little room full of lime, while the rest of the people accommodated themselves in the plaza with their tents as best they could."

Of Mission Carmelo Father Font had kindlier things to say. Indeed, he was much pleased with its site, its buildings, its four hundred In-

dians, its fish, Father Palóu's fine vegetable garden, and the fields of wheat, barley, and other crops. "In short, although the rest of the missions are very good this one seemed to me the best of all."[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza and Font, entries for February 28–March 21. The Indians of San Luís Obispo, San Antonio, and Carmel are treated in Kroeber's *Handbook*, and by Fages in his *Historical, Political and Natural Description of California*.

121°30′
121°
118°30′
PUERTO DE MONTEREY
Punta de Pinos
Punta de Cipreses
Monterey
Carmel
Buena Vista
Rio de los Correos
San Benito River
La Soledad
Monterey
Los Ositos
SIERRA DE SANTA LUCIA
SAN BERNABE
Roble Caido
San Antonio
Salinas
Antonio
Rio Nacimiento
Primer Vado
PASO DE LOS ROBLES
Estrella
La Assumpcion
PORTOLA
Santa Margarita
San Luis Obispo
El Buchon
36°30′
36°
35°30′
MAP OF ANZA'S ROUTE FROM SAN LUIS OBISPO TO MONTEREY 1774 – 1776
SCALE OF MILES
8 0 8 16
First Expedition
Second Expedition
Presidios
Missions
Compiled from original data and personal explorations by HERBERT E. BOLTON 1930
CHAMBERLAIN.

L

FIRST THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

The San Francisco colony had arrived. But as yet no definite site had been chosen for it. The friars assigned to the prospective missions were also on hand. Indeed, fathers Palóu, Murguía, and Peña had been waiting at Carmelo for two long years. But they had not been idle. In the interim Peña had gone as chaplain and diarist with Pérez to the North Pacific. Palóu in his spare time had written half of his great history of New California. Most persons will agree that the precious treasure, comparable with Lescarbot's history of New France, was more than worth the delay. Meanwhile he had taken part in two expeditions to explore San Francisco Bay and select sites.

The first of these explorations he made with Rivera. This officer had expected to meet and coöperate with Anza on his first expedition to California, but he was too late. Recruiting a colony of fifty-one persons in Sinaloa, he arrived with them at Loreto in March, 1774, just when Anza was crossing the California sierras westward. Leaving his colony to follow later, he

hastened north, and arrived at Monterey on May 23, just a month after Anza had left there for Sonora.

Rivera came instructed by Bucareli to make a new exploration of San Francisco harbor, co-operating with President Serra to select sites for missions. Some time elapsed before he could get to the task. But in November his colony reached Monterey, and as soon as their horses had time for a little rest he set forth. With Rivera Father Serra sent Palóu, his favorite pupil, his right hand man in the missions of Mexico, his successor in Old California, and now, the ablest of the four men selected for the projected missions of San Francisco Bay. It was Palóu who was so set on fire by Anza's first visit to Monterey. From that day forth his career was inextricably intertwined with the beginnings of San Francisco.

The start was made on November 23, 1774, just when Anza and Bucareli were working so energetically to raise the San Francisco colony. Besides Rivera and Palóu, the company consisted of sixteen soldiers, two servants, a muleteer for the pack train, and provisions for forty days. To the Santa Clara Valley they followed in general the route opened by Fages and Crespi nearly two years before, approximating the present day highway through Salinas, San Juan Bautista, Hollister, and Gilroy, to Coyote.

Swinging westward now, and skirting the hills on the left, on the third night they camped on San Francisco Creek (now San Francisquito) near the tall redwood (*palo alto*) that gave its name to Palo Alto, and that still stands to bear witness to those days of romance. The unsurpassed beauties of the place charmed the explorers, and here they selected a site for one of the two missions. To mark the spot they set up a substantial wooden cross near the ford, "fixing in it our earnest desires to found on this same site a church dedicated to my Seraphic Father San Francisco," says Palóu.

Rivera and Palóu continued northwest for several miles along the beautiful oak covered plain, near the shore of the bay. Then, fearing the marshes ahead, they swung over the ridge. Now ascending San Andrés Valley, giving it the name it still bears, they made friends with its numerous people. Among them, according to Palóu, was a woman eighty years old accompanied by her mother. But it was a ruddy faced though melancholy boy of twenty who touched Palóu's heart. "The Sorrowful," Palóu called him. "*Me apam.* Thou art my father," he told the friar, begging permission to go with him. "Not now, but *mas tarde,* my son," the kindly Palóu replied.

On December 4 Rivera halted on the lake now called Merced.[1] Pitching camp here, with Palóu

[1] He gave this name to a smaller lake further south.

and four soldiers he continued north, over hills and sand dunes, turned to the beach, and followed it half a league till they climbed a cliff which cut off their passage. They were on Point Lobos near the site of the Cliff House. Below them huddled Seal Rocks. From the cliff they gazed with wonderment on the Boca (the Golden Gate). "We saw the great bay . . . and that its waters are as quiet as those of a lake," said Palóu. But he was still thinking of Drake's Bay as the main objective. "There would be nothing to prevent the launches from crossing and loading or unloading, even horses, for the purpose of going to Point Reyes, near which it is said is the harbor of San Francisco." Since "no Spaniard nor any Christian" had set foot on the cliff, Rivera and Palóu now erected a cross on its summit, "making it of two timbers and leaving it planted on the spot." This done, they returned to camp at the lake.

Rivera had made his expedition at a bad season. It was rainy, windy, and cold, and the ground was getting soggy. So, fearing that the roads would become impassable, and that the mules, worn by their long jaunt from Lower California, would play out, he returned to Monterey, following Portolá's route by the coast. On the way south Palóu noted spots for missions. Near the site of Watsonville they traversed a heavy forest of redwood trees, where now there

is none. One of the age-old giants had a cavity, caused by fire, so large that a mounted soldier rode into it, saying, "Now I have a house in case it rains." Monterey was reached after an absence of twenty-one days.

The only site on the bay selected by Rivera and Palóu was the one at the *palo alto.* Rivera even reported unfavorably on the Peninsula. With our twentieth century hindsight it is easy to call him a stupid dunderhead, but we must be charitable until we know all the circumstances.

Such was Palóu's introduction to the San Francisco Peninsula. He soon paid it another visit. At the same time that he was assembling Anza's colony in Mexico, and without awaiting a report from Rivera, Bucareli ordered a new exploration of San Francisco Bay. Objectives were now better defined. A site for a presidio as well as for missions was included in the instructions—a homesite for the Sinaloa immigrants. And this exploration was to be by water as well as by land, for as yet no sail had entered the Golden Gate.

No time was lost. In March, 1775, three vessels sailed from San Blas for the north. Big things were in prospect up there. The *San Antonio,* commanded by Fernando Quirós, carried supplies for San Diego and San Gabriel. The frigate *Nueva Galicia,* commanded by Bruno Hezeta, set sail to continue the explorations of

Pérez in the North Pacific. In its hold it had supplies for the northern California missions, including those to be founded on San Francisco harbor. The *San Carlos,* commanded by Juan Bautista de Ayala, in place of the demented Manrique, its former commander, carried supplies for Monterey and for the new presidio projected for San Francisco. Besides, Ayala bore instructions to go with his vessel, after unloading at Monterey, to explore the harbor of San Francisco.

Ayala's orders had to do principally with the Estuary, rather than with old San Francisco Bay (Drake's Bay). He was to see if the Boca (the Golden Gate) was navigable, and if the Estuary were a harbor or contained a harbor. He was to explore the great River of San Francisco of which Fages and Crespi had written. And he was to seek a passage between the new found bay and the old. Rivera was to coöperate by sending a land party overland from Monterey.

Ayala reached Monterey on June 27, 1775, while Anza was busy in Horcasitas fitting out his colony with horses and provisions. In preparation for his task Ayala made at Carmelo a cayuco, or dugout canoe, hewed from a large redwood tree. The *San Carlos* was already equipped with a launch. Ayala planned to employ part of his men in exploration by water, while the rest, assisted by the land escort, were building tempo-

rary lodgings for Anza's colony when it should arrive.

Ayala sailed from Monterey on the historic cruise on July 27. On the day they left, Father Santa María, chaplain of the vessel, began a novena, a nine days period of prayer for the success of the voyage. After a toilsome journey, late in the afternoon of August 5 the *San Carlos* found itself in front of the Boca. At sunset Cañizares, first pilot, with ten men, went in the launch along the coast to find anchorage.

Fateful moment! Cañizares soon found himself in a strong current which to his surprise carried him through the Boca and prevented his return to the bark. This, so far as we know, was the first passage through the Golden Gate by white men, and to Cañizares goes the honor of commanding the little craft. But Ayala was close behind him, for he likewise, and to his surprise, drifted through the Boca with the tide. Finding anchorage, he spent the night there. The safe landing of the *San Carlos* that night in the great harbor was accomplished just at the end of the novena which Father Santa María had begun when it left port in Monterey. As explorers of the superb harbor, Ayala and Cañizares now took places in the list beside Portolá, Ortega, Fages, and Crespi.

Next day Cañizares explored Richardson Bay, calling it Ensenada de la Carmelita, because of

a rock that looked like a Carmelite nun. On the 7th anchorage was found on the north side of Raccoon Strait. A week later, the 13th, and not on the 6th as most writers say, the *San Carlos* moved about a mile across the strait and dropped anchor in sheltered Hospital Cove on the north side of Angel Island. Here the ship remained at anchor for three weeks. For some ten days the natives were shy, then a party visited the *San Carlos*. A few presents worked wonders. The news spread, and thereafter bands daily arrived on rafts from all directions. Things had gone so well that a celebration was in order. On the 27th the men went ashore, Father Santa María said a thanksgiving Mass, and while the naked heathen looked on with open-eyed wonder, "Viva el Rey" was shouted nine times. It was a sort of *toma de posesión*[1] of Angel Island.

Meanwhile the launch and the cayuco had been kept busy exploring. Angel Island, Yerba Buena Island, Horseshoe Bay and other points were reconnoitered. Cañizares made three voyages in the launch to the north, exploring San Pablo Bay, Mare Island, Carquinez Strait and Suisun Bay as far as the mouth of San Joaquin River. He found the Indians everywhere friendly, and skilled in making and using their tule rafts. First Aguirre, and then Cañizares, explored the southern arm of the bay to its head, finding many good anchorages, but only three

[1] Taking possession.

Photo by Bolton

Mountain Lake, where Anza camped. Now on the Presidio Reservation.

Photo by Bolton

The hills near Coyote.

Ayala's map of San Francisco Bay. 1775

Indians. Because these three were weeping copiously, Aguirre called the place where he saw them the bay of Los Llorones (the Weepers). It was the inlet later called Mission Bay. Twice Aguirre went with the cayuco to Point Lobos to look for the overland party which Rivera had promised to send. On each journey a letter written by Father Santa María was left under Rivera's cross giving news of Ayala's party.

Having completed his task, Ayala on September 7 left his anchorage and prepared to return to Monterey. But wind and wave prevented, and he found it much harder to get out of the bay than to get in. In fact, the effort cost him eleven days and some misfortunes. Having been so long neglected the harbor was loath to give up its white-winged visitor. Finally, on the 18th Ayala succeeded in getting through the turbulent waters of the Boca, and next day he safely reached the port of Monterey. To crown his work he drew a map and wrote a report in which he declared San Francisco Bay to be "one of the best he had seen in those seas from Cape Horn up," and that it was "not one port, but many, with a single entrance."

But what of Rivera's men? They were late in getting started. Perhaps Rivera could explain why. When at last they got away they were headed by no less a personage than Don Bruno Hezeta, who, since leaving San Blas in

March, had written his name indelibly in history by discovering the Columbia River—seventeen years ahead of Gray. Following instructions, on his return down the coast Hezeta attempted to explore San Francisco harbor. But fog intervened, as it had done so oft before, so he passed the Golden Gate without being able to see it, and not knowing that the *San Carlos* was inside. Next day (August 29) at four in the afternoon he anchored at Monterey. At once he asked Rivera for an escort to enable him to go overland to explore the bay and coöperate with Ayala. But fate intervened to cause further delay. That very day messengers arrived from San Antonio reporting that Indians had attacked the mission. Responding to the call, Rivera hurried soldiers south to give aid. Consequently he could furnish Hezeta no escort until he "should finish the business" at San Antonio.

When Hezeta finally got started it was already past the middle of September. His party consisted of Fathers Palóu and Campa Cos (Hezeta's chaplain), nine soldiers, three sailors and a carpenter. On a mule they carried a canoe for use in exploration. It must have presented a curious sight to the peeping Indians. Following Palóu's former trail all the way, it was September 22 when they reached the beach near Point Lobos. Here they found Ayala's cayuco stranded on the shore, full of water and sand, and not far off the oars. The historic craft

had drifted through the Boca with the tide. Climbing to Point Lobos, underneath Rivera's cross they found the two letters written by Father Santa María. In the first he told of their easy passage of the Boca and their safe anchorage within; in the second he explained how to find the *San Carlos.* Hezeta was instructed to travel a league along the shore within the harbor, and light a fire on the beach, which could be seen from the Isla de los Angeles where the *San Carlos* was anchored. The same letter reported that Ayala's exploration was concluded and that he would soon return to Monterey.

Hezeta's party followed instructions, but getting no reply to their signal they returned to camp at Lake Merced. Once again they went to the harbor, but got "no glimpse of the bark or any sign of it." Concluding, rightly, that Ayala had departed, they now turned their faces toward Monterey, arriving on October 1, and finding the *San Carlos* safely anchored. Hezeta's tardiness had defeated the plan to build temporary houses on the bay shore for Anza's people.[1]

[1] Palóu's diary of his exploration of the Peninsula in 1774 with Rivera is contained in his *Noticias de la Nueva California.* Another version of the same diary is printed in *Anza's California Expeditions,* Vol. II. The primary source for Ayala's exploration is Juan Manuel de Ayala, Diario de la Navigacion que va á hacer . . . desde el Puerto de San Blas . . . al Presidio de Monterrey y descubierta (sic) del Puerto de San Francisco. (MS, Archivo General de Indias, Sevilla. Papeles del Ministerio de Estado, Audiencia de Mexico, Legajo No. 19. Transcript in the Bancroft Library). See also Bancroft, *History of California,* I, 244–248, and authorities there cited.

LI

THE HARBOR OF HARBORS

After all these journeys to the bay, no site had yet been selected for the San Francisco colony. The task awaited Anza. Rivera, after exploring the Peninsula, had reported that there was no suitable site. From that time forth, Font tells us, he was an open opponent of the plan for the new presidio. So he did not wish Anza to make the exploration ordered. The uprising at San Diego played right into his hands, for it enabled him to delay Anza's journey north, and gave him an excuse for remaining himself in the south, thus still further to delay things in the north.

When at San Diego Anza talked with him about exploring San Francisco Bay, Rivera declared that it was unnecessary.

"Why do you want to go there to tire yourselves out," said Rivera, "when I have already told you that I have carefully examined all that region, and have reported to the viceroy that there is nothing there for the purpose in mind?"

But Anza was adamant. Bucareli, his chief, had ordered him to explore San Francisco Bay,

and he would hear to nothing else. So Rivera finally yielded.

Any hesitation that Anza might have felt toward making the exploration was dispelled at Monterey by Father Palóu and his eager companions who had been waiting so long to go to their destination. They urged the immediate occupation of the bay, by the colony if not by the mission, for they feared some new delay because of Rivera's opposition. Their patience was running low, and they threatened to return to Mexico if something were not done soon. This would have been a calamity, for it would have deprived San Francisco of her first great chronicler, the inimitable Palóu. The colonists, too, lodged in temporary quarters, uncomfortable and discontented, were anxious to go to their permanent home.

So Anza at once planned to go forward to explore the bay. At the same time he wrote to Rivera urging the prompt founding of San Francisco. Indeed, though this was not required by his instructions, he offered, in case he were needed, to remain in California after his return from the exploration long enough to personally conduct his colony to San Francisco Bay and establish it, "even though for this purpose he might have to remain a month longer." He would gladly do more than his orders required, even at personal sacrifice.

While in the very act of writing this letter (on March 13) Anza became suddenly ill. He was seized with a severe pain in the groin which forced him to go to bed, "almost carried in the arms of others." He suffered intense pain, and it was six days before he was on his feet again. But he had grit, and although he was not yet able to mount or dismount without assistance, on March 22 he rode over to the presidio and prepared to set forth. He asked Serra to assign one of the friars to the expedition, but the president declined, lest Rivera should think the exploration framed up by the missionaries, and for that reason should still further delay the founding of the missions on the bay.

On the morning of the 23d Anza set forth from Monterey. The specific purpose of his expedition was to explore the port of San Francisco, the Rio Grande, and sites for two missions and the presidio. His party comprised Father Font, Lieutenant Moraga, and eight soldiers from Tubac. Corporal Robles, who had been to San Francisco Bay with Rivera, and Soberanes and one other who had been with Fages to the Rio Grande, went as guides. Besides these, there were six muleteers and servants—twenty men in all, with a goodly drove of mules and horses. In their eighteenth century garb and equipment they presented an interesting picture.

In general the route was close to the trails blazed by Fages, Rivera, and Palóu in previous expeditions, though there were minor variations. Anza crossed the Salinas Valley, the Gabilán Range, San Benito Valley, and the Pájaro River. Then, skirting the west side of the Gilroy Valley to the pass at Coyote, he swung westward along the foothills to the vicinity of Saratoga and Palo Alto, much as Rivera and Palóu had done. On the bank of Arroyo de San Francisco (San Francisquito Creek) they saw the cross set up by Palóu and Rivera when they marked the place for a mission. Continuing past the sites of San Mateo, Millbrae, San Bruno, the Cemeteries, Colma, and Lake Merced, on March 27 Anza camped "on the banks of a fine lake or spring of very fine water near the mouth of the port of San Francisco." This was Mountain Lake, now on the southern edge of the Presidio Reservation.

Now followed the historic exploration that finally determined the location of San Francisco, presidio and mission. Others had paved the way, but Anza and Font did the decisive work. Anza directed the explorations; Font recorded them in his splendid diary. They were as eager as boys. Scarcely halting at the camp site, Anza, Font, Moraga, and four soldiers set forth at once to view the harbor.

"And there we saw a prodigy of nature which it is not easy to describe," says the friar.

Going first to Point Lobos, they found the scattered remains of the cross which Rivera and Palóu had erected. Here Font at once began making observations with a graphometer borrowed from Father Palóu. He sketched Point Reyes, San Pedro Point, the Farallones, and the Golden Gate. Turning east, they descended to the beach which runs beneath Lincoln Park and to the mouth of Lobos Creek, the outlet of the lake on which they had pitched camp. Now crossing the ridge, they went to the beach south of Point Lobos. Here they found Ayala's cayuco broken into fragments, two of which Anza took away as relics. Climbing to the plateau once more, and crossing the sand dunes, they returned to camp on the lake, and continued north "to the edge of the white cliff which forms the end of the mouth of the port, and where begins the great estuary." They were at Fort Point, overlooking the inner extremity of the Golden Gate. "The cliff is very high and perpendicular, so that from it one can spit into the sea," says the graphic friar. "The spouting of whales, a shoal of dolphins or tunny fish, sea otter, and sea lions," were among the interesting things they saw. When they reached camp at five o'clock they were doubtless tired, but they had experienced a spiritual exhilaration never to be forgotten.

122° 30'
122°
121° 30'
38°
37° 30'
37°
36° 30'
BAHÍA
GRANDE
BOCA DEL PUERTO DULCE
PUERTO DULCE
Camp
Santa Angela
San Picardo
SANTA CLARA
ENSENADA DE SAN FRANCISCO
BOCA DEL PUERTO
San Francisco
SANTA COLETA
ARROYO MOCHO
Camp
SIERRA DE SAN VICENTE
LLANO DE LOS ROBLES
PALO ALTO
Arroyo de los Coyotes
Guadalupe
Camp
SIERRA DE PINABETES
Cupertino
SAN BERNARDINO
HOT SPRINGS
Camp
Punta de Año Nuevo
1769
Las Llagas
1774
Pájaro
R. del
SAN PASQUAL
A. San Benito
Natividad (Asunción)
PUERTO DE MONTEREY
SANTA DELFINA
Salinas
Monterey
Carmelo
River
CHAMBERLAIN
MAP OF
ANZA'S ROUTE
FROM
MONTEREY
TO
PUERTO DULCE
1776
SCALE OF MILES
8 0 8 16
Second Expedition
Presidios
Missions
Compiled from original data and personal explorations
by HERBERT E. BOLTON
1930

"The port of San Francisco," says Font, "is a marvel of nature, and might well be called the harbor of harbors." Round about were grazing deer, and scattered here and there were the antlers of large elk. Near the white cliff and the lake the *yerba buena* grew, and so many lilies that Font had them almost inside his tent.

A wooden cross was made, Father Font blessed it, and, assisted by Moraga and four men, next morning Anza set it up "on the extreme point of the white cliff . . . so that it could be seen from all the entry of the port and from a long distance away." At the foot of the cross, under some stones, Anza left written on paper a notice to all comers that he had been there. Ascending the green and flower covered table-land near by, Font drank in the glorious vista.

"This mesa affords a most delightful view, for from it one sees a large part of the port and its islands, as far as the other side, the mouth of the harbor, and of the sea all that the sight can take in as far as beyond the Farallones. Indeed, although in all my travels I saw very good sites and beautiful country, I saw none which pleased me as much as this. And I think that if it could be well settled like Europe, there would not be anything more beautiful . . . for it has all the conveniences desired, by land as well as by sea, with that harbor so remarkable and so spacious that in it may be established shipyards,

docks, and anything that may be wished. *This mesa the commander designated as the site for the new settlement and fort which were to be established on this harbor;*[1] for, being on a height, it is so commanding that with muskets it can defend the entrance to the mouth of the harbor, while a gunshot away it has water to supply the people, namely the spring or lake where we halted."

From the mesa Anza and Font turned eastward and descended to the south bay shore. In the vicinity of the Marina they passed a lake of fresh water. Climbing hills they entered a grove of scrub live oak and brush, and continued still over the hills for some distance along the shore. Font now turned back to observe the latitude and map the harbor. Anza and Moraga went forward, returning at five o'clock very well pleased with what they had found in a stretch of some three leagues. They had seen plentiful water in lakes or springs, abundant timber and firewood in the canyons, and pasturage and land for raising crops.

The charms of the landscape spurred Anza forward, eager to see what was beyond. Next morning he sent the pack train, by the route over which they had come, to the Arroyo de San Matheo. He, Font, and Moraga now turned eastward once more, skirting the inner shore of the

[1] The italics are mine.

Peninsula. Having traveled about three leagues they reached "a beautiful arroyo which, because it was Friday of Sorrows, we called the Arroyo de los Dolores," its banks grown with fragrant manzanita, says Font. "It enters the plain by a fall which it makes on emerging from the hills, and with it all can be irrigated, and at the same fall a mill can be erected, for it is very suitable for this purpose." Near the arroyo Moraga "planted a little maize and chick-peas to test the soil, which to us appeared very good, and I concluded that this place was very pretty and the best for the establishment of one of the two missions."[1] Anza and Moraga agreed.

At last, sites had been selected for the mission and presidio of San Francisco.

But there was more to be seen in this opulence of hills, valleys, and inlets. Going a little further they climbed a range overlooking the wide plain, from which they could observe the trend of the bay. "I saw that its extremity was toward the east-southeast," says Font, "and that a very high redwood, which stands on the bank of the arroyo of San Francisco, visible from a long distance, rising like a great tower in the Llano de los Robles, lay to the southeast." It was the now famous *palo alto* that he saw at this great distance. Continuing three leagues more,

[1] Font thought the arroyo of San Mateo would be the best site for the other, and to this opinion the other fathers were inclined.

south, southwest, and west, up Islàis Creek, the one called by Palóu the San Bruno, "making a turn around the hills," to the vicinity of Colma, they came out to the plain. Here striking their outgoing trail they followed it for a short distance to the southeast. Now they turned southwest over the hills, and explored the valley of San Andrés. The Skyline Boulevard today approximates their route.

San Luís Obispo had its bear story. Font and Anza tell one of San Andrés Valley in which Corporal Robles was the "D. Boon" of the occasion. As they traveled along in the vicinity of Crystal Springs Dam, "there came out on our road a very large bear," says Font. "There are many of these beasts in that country, and they often attack and do damage to the Indians when they go to hunt, of which I saw many horrible examples. When he saw us so near the bear was going along very carelessly on the slope of a hill where flight was not very easy. When I saw him so close and that he was looking at us in suspense I feared some disaster. But Corporal Robles fired a shot at him with aim so true that he hit him in the neck. The bear now hurled himself down the slope, crossed the arroyo, and hid in the brush, but he was so badly wounded that after going a short distance he fell dead. In this affair we spent more than an hour here. The commander took the hide to give as a present to

the viceroy. The bear was so old that his eye teeth were badly decayed and he lacked one tooth, but he was very fat, although his flesh smelled much like a skunk or like musk. I measured this animal and he proved to be nine spans long and four high. He was horrible, fierce, large and fat, and very tough. Several bullets which they fired at him when he fled they found between his hide and his flesh, and the ball which entered his throat they found in his neck between the hide and the muscle, with a little piece of bone stuck to it." This old bear served as a topic of conversation for many a day.

Turning northward now, through the hills, the explorers descended to the appointed place, on Arroyo San Matheo, where they met the pack train. "There," says Anza, "I found in our camp nearly all the men of the village, very friendly, content, and joyful, putting themselves out to serve us in every way."[1]

[1] Font, Complete Diary, entries for February 7, March 13–29; Anza, Diary, entries for March 13–20.

LII

THE TALL REDWOOD AND THE TIMID BLACK ANGELS

There was still the Rio Grande de San Francisco to explore. Rivera and Cañizares to the contrary notwithstanding, Anza's instructions required him to go, see, and report. So he went.

Next day he broke camp and started southeast, to go around the bay. Retracing his own trail, he reached Arroyo de San Francisco. Here he stopped by the *palo alto,* whose tall spire they had marvelled to see the day before from the height on the Peninsula, twenty or more miles to the north. The tree tempted Font's curiosity, and it challenged his mathematical skill, so they halted long enough for him to measure its height.

"I wonder how he did it," is the natural remark.

He tells us exactly how. To him it was a simple matter of trigonometry. "I measured its height with a graphometer which they loaned me at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo," he writes. "And I found it to be, according to the calculation which I made, some fifty varas high,[1] a little more or less. The trunk at the foot was five and a half varas in circumference, and the

[1] About one hundred and forty feet.

soldiers said that they had seen even larger ones in the sierras. The method by which I measured the tree was as follows: I set up the graphometer thirty-six varas from the foot of the tree and a vara and a half above the ground, and, pointing at its top through the site of the alidade, the angle was 52½°. Then, with the graduated semicircle, forming the triangle of those degrees and adding to it the height of the base of the graphometer, which was a vara and a half, it gave as a result the altitude stated." Native Indians from a village near the spot looked on "surprised to see what I was doing." They probably wondered what the white man's medicine was intended to accomplish.

Now, leaving his up trail to the right, Anza continued around the head of the bay, close to the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, till he reached the Guadalupe River, which they now gave its name. They struck it about a league from its mouth, in the vicinity of Agnews. Here the stream was deep, the banks were high, and it cost more than an hour to find a ford. But they found one, and camped on the other bank. In the vicinity they noted the excellent advantages for settlements, foreseeing, perhaps, the future of Santa Clara and San José.

Next day, after struggling through the marshes near the head of the bay, in the vicinity of Alviso, they swung eastward to the foot of the hills, followed them for ten leagues, and camped

at San Lorenzo Creek. San Salvador, or Arroyo de la Arina, they called it, the last name being applied in allusion to the spilling of some flour there during the Fages-Crespi expedition. On April 1 they continued along the base of the hills, past the sites of Mills College, Fruitvale, Lake Merritt, Technical High School, Berkeley, Richmond, and Pinole, and camped on Rodeo Creek, at the site of Rodeo, near the mouth of Carquinez Strait. As they traveled, the blue waters of the bay lay at their left; on the right, close by, they skirted the round hills then clothed in a carpet of green.

Like the rest of the Indians around the bay, those of the Contra Costa were timid and very poor. One fellow who carried his larder on the end of a stick invited the Spaniards to take a bite with him. History does not record the reply. About where Niles now stands some thirty Indians came out to welcome the travelers. Font thought them "totally distinct in language" from those seen further back, and to his delicate ear their speech seemed most discordant. "Their method of saluting us was as follows," he says: "They came running, and before reaching us they raised an arm, extending the hand as a sign that we should stop. Yelling with great rapidity, they said, "Au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au, au." Thirteen times Font wrote down the disagreeable syllable. "Then they halted, vigorously slapping their thighs. As they went

Crespi's map of the San Francisco Bay Region, 1772

By courtesy of Dean Derleth

The Boca del Puerto Dulce (Carquinez Strait), looking east. Mt. Diablo in the distance. Anza traveled along the cliff on the south side.

along yelling, one behind another, . . . it seemed like something infernal."

We can imagine how frightened these timid heathen must have been at times to suddenly come upon people of another race. One incident at the camp on San Lorenzo Creek helps us to understand how like apparitions from the sky the Spaniards seemed to the simple folk. "Going another league we came to the fifth arroyo,[1] where we halted," says Font. "As soon as we crossed it we came upon a poor Indian who was coming very carelessly along, carrying a bunch of grass such as they eat, like that which at the mission of Carmelo they call *morrén.* But as soon as he saw us he manifested the greatest fright that it is possible to describe. He could do nothing but throw himself at full length on the ground, hiding himself in the grass in order that we might not see him, raising his head only enough to peep at us with one eye. The commander approached him to give him some beads, but he was so stupefied that he was unable to take the gift, and it was necessary for the lieutenant to dismount and put it in his hand. Completely terrified, and almost without speaking, he offered the lieutenant his *morrén,* as if with the present he hoped to save his life, which he feared was gone. He must never have seen Spaniards before, and that is why we caused him such surprise and fear." Poor fellow! We may well

[1] This was San Lorenzo Creek.

laugh at him, but just suppose the circumstances were reversed?

Father Font, a man of critical mind, technical training, intellectual pride, and peppery spirit, took a pardonable delight in exposing error, childish beliefs, or fraud, whether by friend or foe. It was his main duty to give an accurate report on the country, and most admirably and fearlessly he performed his task.

One of the triumphs of which he was a little proud was the puncturing of the notion of white and bearded Indians around the bay shore, even though the prick was at the expense of the gentle Father Crespi. This friar and Fages had explored the Contra Costa just four years earlier. In the vicinity of Richmond Crespi reported "a good village of heathen, very fair and bearded." On the shores of San Pablo Bay he noted "five large villages of very mild heathen, with pleasant faces, and of fair complexion, bearded and white."

For this tale of white and bearded Indians Font took Crespi to task. He went through the same villages which Crespi had seen, and to his surprise the people were neither white nor heavily bearded. The error must not pass unnoticed. Duty forbade. Of the Indians along the southeastern shores of the bay Font remarks, "they are somewhat bearded, gentle, and very poor, but in color they are the same as all the rest." Of those at the camp on Rodeo Creek he says, "they

go naked like all those whom we saw on this journey, and they are very little bearded; not so much indeed, as those whom we saw on the other side near the mouth of the port." A league further on, at the site of Tormey, there was another village. "Their color, and other qualities of nakedness, slight beard, etc., are the same as those seen hitherto, and the same as those we saw farther on," says Font.

"I make this observation," he adds, "notwithstanding the report given in his diary by Father Crespi, when he says that in his journey he saw white, fair, and bearded Indians, for, although, according to what the experienced soldier told us, we saw the same ones as Father Crespi, and passed through the same villages, we saw no such white Indians but only black ones like all the rest. On the return [to Carmel] we spoke to Father Crespi concerning this report which he gave and with which we could not agree. Since he is so candid he replied to us with great simplicity and without conceit:

"They must not be white, for you men have observed them carefully. If I said that, it was because they looked white to me."

"And this must be the case," Font charitably concludes, "for the father is so good and so fond of the heathen that when he saw those Indians poor, friendly, and gentle, as they showed themselves to us, they no doubt looked to him like angels."

LIII

THE RIO GRANDE DE SAN FRANCISCO

But Father Font's greatest triumph, as in afterdays he looked back on his exploratory work, was to set people right with regard to the Great River of San Francisco. In the case of the white Indians he smiled indulgently at the childish mistake of his gentle friend Crespi. As to the river, his observations not only forced him to take issue with his beloved brother, but candor drove him into the camp of discredited Rivera. Only the sweetness of intellectual exhilaration and a keen sense of duty could offset the taste of so bitter a pill.

Fages and Crespi in an effort to reach Drake's Bay had explored the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. At the mouth of Carquinez Strait they found the way blocked, so they skirted the strait and Suisun Bay to the site of Antioch. Standing at the top of Willow Pass, and looking eastward, they saw Suisun Bay with its islands, and, opening into it, a body of water which they took to be a river. Says Crespi, "I gave to this great river the name of my Father San Francisco . . . which must be the largest river that

has been discovered in New Spain." Crespi's diary applied the name Rio Grande to the channel east of Suisun Bay, and this is the part of the waterway so designated on his map. Now for a time the "Rio Grande de San Francisco" figured prominently in the correspondence regarding the harbor. Then a bomb was exploded. It was said that Cañizares, after his exploration of the bay by water, reported that he had found no such Rio Grande.

During those tedious days at San Diego there had been much discussion of Fages's Rio Grande de San Francisco, which Anza was to explore. Rivera, quoting Cañizares, declared that there was no such river. But the commander demanded evidence.

"Is there some soldier here who went with Captain Fages?" said Anza.

"Yes," replied Rivera, "the sergeant is here, and if you wish to satisfy yourself we will send for him." He was called.

"Here you have the sergeant, talk with him until you are tired."

The sergeant maintained that there was a Rio Grande, and that he had drunk water from it, "and would swear to it." Anza closed the discussion by saying:

"Friend, I am going there, and if we find the river I will take from it an alimeta of water, and will seal it very carefully. And right now I beg

Father Pedro to promise to write me at that time a certificate that the water in the alimeta is from the Rio Grande de San Francisco, in order that I may present it to the viceroy; but if there is no such river we will confirm the report of Cañizares."

As Anza traveled north the debate was continued at missions San Luís and San Antonio. The friars there were much concerned. They had accepted Crespi's report, and heard it confirmed by others. Even Cañizares, somewhat two-faced, according to Font, for he had reported otherwise, had humored the fathers by telling them that he had seen the Rio Grande. Now Rivera was discrediting the idea, so the friars appealed to San Antonio, the finding saint. Surely he would stand by them. "They sang a special Mass, with all possible solemnity, to San Antonio, for success in our journey, and the exploration or reconnoissance which we were going to make to the Rio de San Francisco," says Font.

So he approached Carquinez Strait with a faith in the Great River that was all the stronger by reason of hostile Rivera's dissent. Moving forward a league from Rodeo Creek, on April 1 they camped at the mouth of the strait, or as Font says, "the mouth of what they called the Rio Grande de San Francisco, which I greatly desired to see." Boca del Puerto Dulce, Font now dubbed the strait.

Both Font and Anza began to be skeptical as soon as they halted. Could it be true that the detested captain was right, after all? They could not detect any current in the strait; they noticed a slight motion of the water like a tide; on the banks they saw no sign of driftwood or other débris such as a river would deposit during its floods; a launch in which Indians were fishing rode quietly east or "upstream" from the pole to which it was anchored, "which apparently would have been just the reverse if the water had flowed downstream." Some Indians crossed the strait in a canoe rowing very lightly and came out above instead of below their starting point, "whereas it appears the contrary would have been the case if the water had a current." Font evidently underestimated the force of the inflowing tide.

As they continued up the Boca del Puerto Dulce Font was confirmed in his new and unorthodox opinion. They skirted Carquinez Strait, camped near the site of Pacheco, crossed the Concord Valley, ascended Willow Pass, descended the slope, crossed the plain, and camped at the water's edge on the site of Antioch. The spot is identified by the marsh and the oak covered ridge —the Sierra Emboscada—just beyond it, of which the diaries make so much. They had followed precisely in Fages's tracks, and Anza's guide, Soberanes, who had been with Fages also,

persisted in calling the water mass a river. But his opinion had no weight.

"Here," says Font, "we were finally convinced that what was called a river is not a river, but a great sea of fresh water without current, extending through that plain."

His reasons are again stated. They tasted the water and found it very fresh and good. If it were a river it would rise and flood the plains, but there was evidence right before them that it did not. Just note carefully: The village where they were halted was the same one visited by Fages and Crespi. Soberanes was witness to that. It was on low ground, and right close to the shore. Anybody could see that if there had been a flood the village would have been washed away. But here it was still. Therefore in the two intervening years there had been no flood. This body of water could be no river.

Leaving the site of Antioch and swinging southeast for a league, they reached a hill. It was near the site of Oak Grove Cemetery. A glorious panorama met their gaze. "We climbed to the top of this hill which commands all of this plain, to view the country, and from it we saw a confusion of waters, tulares, some trees near the sierra to the south, and a level plain of immeasurable extent. In fact, in all my life I have never seen and I never expect again to see another horizon with so extended a view."

Here Font had an argument with the soldiers who came as guides, "for they wished to maintain that what we were looking at was a river, to which I could not give assent." But the guides, too, were stubborn. They told of journeys from San Luís Obispo to the upper end of the San Joaquin Valley in search of deserters. There they had found this great river divided into two branches, one of which they were unable to ford. But Font could see no such river, nor any opening in the Sierra Nevada through which it might come.

Anza was disposed to accept the statements of the guides.

"Father, is it not enough that these gentlemen say that they have seen the river which they say comes out of these plains?"

"Señor," replied Font, "it is not enough, because the gentlemen saw the river which they tell of very far from here, and from this hill no such river is to be seen, nor the opening through which they say it comes out. Here we must not be guided by conjectures, or by what might be true, but by what exists and what we see. And what we see and have before us is not a river, but much water in a pond."

This was not the end of the matter. Descending the hill, Anza and his men went northeast a league and camped at the water's edge at a place about where Antioch bridge now stands. Here

they gathered more data. They drank the water and found it fresh. It had little waves, but they could see no current. Anza threw a log into the water, and instead of floating downstream it was returned by the waves to the shore. There was no driftwood on the beach. By measurements and observations they saw that the water had ebb and flow like the sea, and in the night, by triangulation, with the aid of a level, they measured the amount of the fall.

"From the foregoing, and from these experiments," says Font, "we concluded and were finally convinced that this mass of water might better be called a fresh-water sea than a river, for it has no floods or currents like a river, and like the sea its water is clear and verging on blue, and it has an ebb and flow and little waves on the beach. Finally, if after all this someone wishes to say that it might be called a river since the water is fresh, merely because it has some movements with the ebb and flow, then with the same reason we might call the sea a river." Font had by now convinced Anza. Too bad he was mistaken, after all his trouble!

What Font saw here in the San Joaquin Valley gave him a new idea regarding Western geography in general. On returning to Sonora he read a report made by Father Escalante of a journey from Zuñi to Moqui the year before. In

it Escalante said that a Cosnina Indian told him of a high sierra, nine days from Oraibe, beyond which the Rio Grande de los Misterios, a stream impassable to the Cosninas, ran westward. He told of tribes west of the Cosninas, from whom that tribe had heard of Spaniards beyond.

My guess would be that the Rio Grande de los Misterios of which the Cosnina told was the Colorado, just south of which he lived. But Font thought differently. He reasoned that the Rio Grande de los Misterios could not be the Colorado, because this stream was not impassable, witness the frequency with which the Yumas swam back and forth across it. Font evidently had not heard of the Grand Canyon.

The Indian said the Rio de los Misterios ran west. Well, then, it might be expected to reach the ocean near the latitude of Moqui. If such a stream reached the ocean in such a latitude Anza's party would have crossed it. But they had encountered no such stream. From all this Font conjectured that the Rio Grande de los Misterios was not a river, but a body of fresh water west of New Mexico in the direction of the tulares which he and Anza saw, "or that they are these same tulares and water which extend through the immense plain which I have described." This plain, Font concluded, must cut through the Sierra Nevada "by some opening or openings" (east of the San Joaquin Valley

this would be), "and it may have vast extent from east to west just as it has from north to south, unless it may be some matter of the Sea of the West as they call it.

"This being the case, it is easy to believe that it may be impassable to the Cosninas, for indeed it is very difficult and one might say almost impossible, to pass from one side to the other. Consequently the Cosninas would not know whether there are people on the other side or not, although there might be; while *vice versa,* those on the other side would not know that there are Cosninas."

Thus Father Font visualized a great inland fresh-water sea, in southern Utah or Nevada, let us say, running west through the Sierra Nevada, and connecting with the tulares of the southern San Joaquin Valley. In his map he terminates the Sierra Nevada at latitude 36°, about east of the old Tulare Lake. Somewhere in that latitude, he assumed, the River of Mysteries communicated with the tulares.[1]

[1] Anza and Font, diaries, entries for April 1–4. Crespi's diary of his expedition with Fages is translated in Herbert E. Bolton, *Fray Juan Crespi, Missionary Explorer on the Pacific Coast* (Berkeley, 1927). Escalante's journey to the Moquis in 1775 is recorded in his own diary. Garcés's visit to the San Joaquin valley in 1776 is told in his diary (published in Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*).

LIV

THE MOUNTAIN THAT PLAYED THE JOKE

Even though convinced that there was no Rio de San Francisco, Anza decided to continue as far as he could toward the Sierra Nevada that loomed before him. So he set forth eastward once more (April 4). But almost immediately he found his way cut off by marshes. He now swung southeastward, past the sites of Oakley and Knightsen, winding about among sloughs, mires, and tulares, getting farther and farther from his goal. About two o'clock in the afternoon, when in the vicinity of Bethany, Corporal Robles, the guide, halted as if puzzled, and wondering which way to go.

"How does it look to you?" said Anza. "Are there any hopes that we shall be able to reach the sierra today, or tomorrow?"

"Señor, I do not know," Robles replied. "What I do know is that once upon a time I set out for the point of that sierra," pointing far to the southeast, "and it took me a day and a half to go around a tule marsh, and I saw that it still ran forward."

That settled it. Anza now decided to return to Monterey. But which way? The soldiers were

for turning back and retracing their roundabout trail. They believed in playing safe. To Anza and Font this seemed *una lástima*—too bad. It was a long way round and the time was passing. Font had his notes and knew his bearings. Pointing south he ventured that by going in that direction they would come out all right, either in the San Bernardino or the Santa Delfina Valley.[1]

So they plunged into the hills, expecting them to be narrow and easy. But they were mistaken. To cross them it took three long hard days. But the men took their medicine cheerfully and dubbed the succession of rough ranges encountered the Sierra del Chasco—the Mountain that Played the Joke.

First entering the squirrel tunneled range near Bethany, they skirted the southern end of Livermore Valley. Looking back from the height, Font paid his last respects to the region over which they had traveled since leaving the shores of Suisun Bay.

"In all the journey today we did not see a single Indian, finding only human tracks stamped in the dry mud. It appeared to me that the country is so bad that it could not easily be inhabited by human beings. At least I was left with no desire to return to travel through it, for besides the smarting of the eyes which I brought from there, and the fever in my mouth which I

[1] The Gilroy or the Salinas Valley.

had corrected but which today returned to assail me, I have never seen an uglier country. 'Tis true, the prospect seen at a distance, from a height, appears to be somewhat wonderful, with the level country, the vast reach of the eye, and a horizon so expansive that, the sky touching the earth, objects disappear in the distance and one can not distinguish whether beyond it is land or water. Yet in reality it is an arid, salty land, all water and mud flats, without anything which pleased me or appeared to me to be valuable except the large deer which apparently have their haunts here." Font will perhaps never be popular in that vicinity.

Going forward now, they swung southeast, climbed to the top of Crane Ridge near Eagle Mountain, dropped into Arroyo Mocho, ascended the S. S. Grade, and entered San Antonio Valley—the San Vicente, they called it. To the right of their trail towered lofty Mount Hamilton, but no Lick Observatory then gazed heavenward from its rounded peak. Font remembered the region better for its insects. "In the course of this journey," he says, "the ticks, which are small and almost black, had stuck to us, but today they were worse than ever, so that now we were covered with them. Indeed, in a short time I picked fourteen off myself."

Continuing, they dropped down to the head of Coyote Creek, followed its rugged canyon to

its southernmost turn, below Gilroy Hot Springs, swung into Cañada de los Osos, and emerged into Gilroy Valley, just as the canny Font had predicted. How they did it so cleverly is truly a marvel, for it must be remembered that they had no guide. Now quickly retracing their up trail to Monterey, they arrived on April 8. From Antioch to Gilroy, across the mountains, Anza was the pathfinder. No earlier expedition through that rough stretch has been recorded.

The waiting colonists at Monterey were well pleased with the enthusiastic reports of the fine sites at San Francisco. At the mission the explorers were welcomed with the ringing of bells, but Font had a hard time trying to convince the fathers that there was "no such river as they had been told of, and as they were biased in its favor we had our friendly arguments over the matter." During the next few days he busied himself making excellent maps of the recent explorations. Meanwhile, he remarks, "we had very large, tender lettuce in abundance, with which I improved somewhat."[1]

[1] Anza and Font, diaries, entries for April 4–8.

Photo by Chappell

The Valley of San Vicente (San Antonio), east of Mt. Hamilton.

Photo by Bolton

Coyote Canyon, near Gilroy Hot Springs.

From a sketch by Vischer

San Carlos (Carmel) Mission.

LV

PARTING TEARS

Four days Anza and Font remained at the mission. Having had no reply from Rivera about founding San Francisco, and the time specified in his letter having passed, Anza decided to return to Sonora. Accordingly, on the 12th he sent Sergeant Góngora and four soldiers ahead, instructed to ride rapidly to San Diego to notify Rivera to meet him at San Gabriel, as formerly had been agreed. Before their guests started "the fathers were so generous that they put up many vegetables for us for the journey, such as cauliflower, lettuce, and tender beans, and also a great quantity of dried sardines. But I never tasted of any, nor did I see them again, because Señor Anza kept them all," says Father Font.

Next morning Anza and Font rode across the hills to the presidio, where Anza turned over the colony and all its affairs to the lieutenant. From that moment Moraga was the central figure in the founding of the presidio of San Francisco. While Anza was busy with Moraga and Vidal the commissary, Font wrote down a precious list

of all the colonists remaining, by families and individuals, so that we know just who they were. The register included one hundred and ninety-one persons. Besides these a few others remained in California, making about two hundred out of the two hundred and forty who had come with Anza. These were the Pilgrim Fathers of San Francisco. A little later in the day Serra and other friars rode over to the presidio for a last embrace, and Father Pieras to accompany the party to his mission of San Antonio.

Anza's people were loath to see him depart. For nearly a year he had been their mainstay. Before he mounted they came to say goodbye. Here for once the reticent soldier commits to paper a record of his emotions.

"This day has been the saddest one experienced by this presidio since its founding. When I mounted my horse in the plaza, the people whom I have led from their fatherlands, to which I am returning, remembering the good or bad treatment which they have experienced at my hands while they have been under my orders, most of them, especially the feminine sex, came to me sobbing with tears, which they declared they were shedding more because of my departure than of their exile, filling me with compassion. They showered me with embraces, best wishes, and praises which I do not merit. But in remembrance of them, and of the gratitude

which I feel to all, and the affection which I have had for them ever since I recruited them, and in eulogy of their faithfulness, for up to now I have not seen a single sign of desertion in any-one of those whom I brought to remain in this exile, I may be permitted to record this praise of a people who, as time goes on, will be very useful to the monarchy in whose service they have voluntarily left their relatives and their fatherland, which is all they have to lose."

The return party consisted of twenty-nine persons: Anza, Font, Vidal the commissary, the ten soldiers of Tubac who had come as escort, and fourteen muleteers, cowboys, helpers and servants. Besides, there were Carlos Gallegos and his wife, who changed their minds and returned to Sonora. Evidently they had been "called but not chosen."[1] There were nineteen pack loads of baggage, three of them being supplies for San Antonio. "And," says Font, "in a cage we carried cats, two for San Gabriel and two for San Diego, at the request of the fathers, who urgently asked us for them, since they are very welcome there on account of the great abundance of mice."

[1] This is Font's count. Anza's is slightly different. Of all the muleteers who had come with Anza only six returned to Sonora. Part of them remained voluntarily in California as settlers, and four of them, deserters whom Moraga had chased to the Colorado, Anza left sentenced to work on the fort at San Francisco.

Amid copious tears, many adioses, and much waving of hands the party set forth. They started at two in the afternoon and camped at Buenavista on the Salinas River. To this point they were accompanied by Lieutenant Moraga, who wished to give his friends still another "last embrace."[1]

[1] Anza and Font, diaries, entries for April 9–14.

LVI

OPERA BOUFFE

Meanwhile, unknown to Anza, Rivera was riding north full tilt. He was in a terrible state of mind. After Anza left San Diego Carlos the rebel chief was captured. Lucky it would have been for Rivera if the brave had been left in the mountains. Breaking jail, Carlos took sanctuary in the presidio chapel. Rivera blustered and ordered Father Fuster to give him up. The demand was refused. Rivera entered the church and took Carlos by force. Forthwith Fuster declared Rivera excommunicated. Here was fuel for a conflagration larger and hotter than the fire which had consumed the mission a few months before. On top of this disturbing blow, Rivera received Anza's letter of March 17 proposing to lead his colony to San Francisco in person.

Rivera did not want a presidio at San Francisco. He was now beside himself with fear and anger. He acted like a mad man. He wrote to Anza refusing his request. He gave the letter to a messenger, then took it back. He left San Diego under pretence of going on a campaign, changed his direction when out of sight, and set

forth for Monterey, thus being his own courier. Perhaps he imagined that by his presence he could prevent or impede the founding of San Francisco. Moreover, in the mail there was a letter from Fuster to President Serra. He surmised, or knew, that it told the story of the quarrel over Carlos and the right of sanctuary, and he was curious to know its contents—too curious, in fact. By delivering the letter himself he could tell his side of the story. To put it mildly, Rivera had lost his head.

Of all this Anza knew nothing. Pursuing his way, when two leagues from Buenavista he was surprised enough to meet Sergeant Góngora, whom he had dispatched to San Diego two days before. He was more surprised by what he now heard. Handing Anza two letters, Góngora asked him to step aside. Then he told his story. Two days previously, just before reaching San Antonio, he had met Rivera coming north, and now he was close behind on his way to Monterey.

"Señor," said Góngora, "my captain is becoming foolish and crazy, and his companions who are coming with him say the same. He has been excommunicated from the presidio of San Diego because he took the heathen Carlos from the church. Ever since he saw me I have experienced a thousand insults." The sergeant continued with a long tale of weird doings by the excited captain.

Góngora now passed on to Monterey and Anza pursued his way south. Having traveled another league he met Rivera himself, astride a mule. All that Góngora had said was true. Even by his very dress the old man showed that something was wrong. He was bundled up in blue serapes, and wore a striped cap which nearly covered his face, leaving visible only his left eye and a little of his long flowing beard. Font and the rest supposed that he was hurrying to talk with Anza about business, before the latter should leave the country. In fact, they expected to have to turn back to Monterey for a conference. Far from it. At sight of Anza Rivera's rage boiled up so furiously that he evidently forgot the purpose of his five hundred mile ride, and almost without speaking rode angrily by.

"This incident," says Font, "was even more ridiculous than his coming . . . He and I embraced, but the two captains saluted each other very stiffly, for the venomous spirit in which Señor Ribera came was patent at once. They spoke very few words, and these impulsively, and then, leaving Señor Anza with his words in his mouth, as they say, Señor Ribera said to him, 'Adiós, Adiós!' Then, spurring his mule, he hurried on his way, so red in the face, so choleric, and so irritated with everybody that he did not say goodbye to anybody else except Anza, and in the way that I have related."

Everybody was nonplused at the captain's strange conduct. Anza, thus insulted and dismissed without a word about business matters, was touched to the quick. But he did not lose his head. Turning to the friars he said:

"Will your Reverences please be witnesses to this occurrence and write me a certificate of it, in order that it may be attested in the reports which I shall make to his Excellency?"

Father Font complied, and we have a copy of his certificate written in his own hand. Father Pieras, who was in the party, also wrote one a day or two later. Anza was assembling ammunition to use in case of need.

Next day they reached San Antonio. There the chief topic of conversation was Rivera's strange actions. "This occurrence gave us not a little to talk about," says Font. Father Dumetz remarked that "when the excommunication was reported something would happen." Four days later they arrived at San Luís Obispo.[1] Here, too, the fathers were surprised to see Anza so soon after Rivera had passed by on his way north, and, said Font, "much more surprised at our experiences with him on the road." Father Mugártegui, alluding to the removal of Fages two years before, remarked, "as compared with Señor Ribera, Captain Fages was the better, and

[1] When they left San Antonio they were equipped for the journey with a roast pig, the gift of the solicitous friars.

now we should be glad to have him back. After all, the refrain of the old woman, 'God deliver us from a worse one,' is always in point."

The surprises were not all over. In the afternoon, as Font was walking with the friars through their fields, the ringing of bells and musket shots announced some arrival. It was Father Cambón. He had come post haste from Carmelo, sent by Father Serra to give Anza some letters for Mexico. They told of Rivera's doings at San Diego and Monterey, and Serra preferred not to entrust them to soldier couriers, who might be under Rivera's influence.

Cambón had a new tale to tell of Rivera's antics. At Monterey he had quarreled with Moraga over the founding of San Francisco. Moraga concluded that the man was demented. Going to Carmelo, Rivera called on Serra. Reluctantly, after urgent inquiry, he delivered to him the letter from Father Fuster. It contained Fuster's report of troubles there, and it had been opened, both covers slit, presumably by Rivera, although he denied it. Only Father Peña's cool headed advice kept the little president from making a case over this grave offense right then and there.

Serra wrote a hurried report of the San Diego affair to Mexico. This was more vital than a matter of tampering with the mails. Next day (the 16th) the president asked Rivera for four

soldiers to send with the letter to overtake Anza. Rivera complied. At the same time Serra asked for soldiers to escort himself to San Diego, where he wished to go to look into affairs. Rivera replied that he was starting south on the 19th, and they might travel together. "Bueno." Serra accepted the invitation. But he sent the letter ahead, and for greater security he sent Father Cambón with the soldiers to carry it. In another note he asked Anza to await him so that they might travel together. He evidently preferred Anza's company to Rivera's. Cambón started on the 17th and in the middle of the afternoon of the 19th he reached San Luís Obispo, a hundred and fifty miles away. He surely was no weakling.

Still another surprise was in store. On the 21st (two days after Anza's arrival) soldiers rode into San Luís and reported that Rivera was camped in the pass a league to the north, saying that he had stopped there because he was tired and the weather was not very good. "This of course was a frivolous excuse," says Font, "the fact being that he did not come to the mission because he did not want to see Captain Ansa."

And Serra was not with the captain after all. Rivera had tricked him. The poor fellow was between the Devil and the deep blue sea. He had raced north to checkmate San Francisco. Now Serra was going to San Diego. What would happen there? He and Serra were to start to-

gether on the 19th. Without warning, on the 18th Rivera rounded up his horses, mounted, and then sent word to Serra at Carmelo, four miles away, saying that he was hurrying to overtake and talk with Anza. Font had a different interpretation of this great haste. "The real reason was that he did not wish the father president to go to San Diego. And according to what we understood, it appears that he even left orders with Lieutenant Moraga not to furnish the father president an escort in case he should ask for one." What Serra thought would be interesting.

Cambón brought a letter from Rivera to Anza. At first the captain refused to accept it, then, yielding to advice, he read it. Rivera asked for a conference. Anza replied that if Rivera wished it he would wait for him, either here or at San Gabriel, but that in order to avoid a quarrel he would communicate with him only on official matters and in writing. Rivera replied that San Gabriel would be the more appropriate place for the conference. Anza remarks in his diary, "It may be that he will change from there to another place, for his whole purpose is to get as far away as possible from the establishment of San Francisco, to which he is opposed."

"But what follows is even better," says Font, who saw the ludicrous as well as the pathetic side of it all. After noon Rivera came down from his perch on the mountain and reached the mis-

sion. Anza and Font stayed in their rooms pretending to take their siestas. Rivera asked for an audience. The captain replied that he would discuss matters, but only in writing, as he had said before. He was afraid of a scene.

Rivera now pulled his long beard with rage. He remained at San Luís for about an hour, without seeing Anza and without further communication. "Then in order to appease his anger (for if Señor Anza was angry with Señor Ribera, Señor Ribera was even more angry with Señor Anza), within that same hour he decided and resolved to go forward and await Captain Ansa at San Gabriel. And so he departed and left us in the air, and with today's journey lost on account of him."

This was not the worst of it. Rivera could be spared, but he took, or ordered to go with Anza, Father Cambón's escort of four soldiers and most of the mission's saddle animals, making it difficult for Cambón to get back to Monterey. Font's conclusion was that this was but another trick to keep Serra from going to San Diego, and to hinder the founding of San Francisco by employing the soldiers elsewhere. "From all this," he says, "we inferred what we had already surmised when we witnessed his tempestuous arrival, namely, that he aimed to leave Monterey with few soldiers, in order that with the pretext of San Diego they might not go to the

establishment of the Port of San Francisco, to which he was violently opposed; and in order that the father president might not go to San Diego."

At San Gabriel Rivera put on another act of his *opéra bouffe*. All the way from San Luís he traveled just ahead of Anza. He dare not stop for fear he would have to speak to him. On the way Anza's ire subsided, and from Los Angeles River he sent ahead a friendly message announcing his approach. Next morning he agreed with Font that if Rivera came out to welcome them "and showed himself to be somewhat humble and human," he would let bygones be bygones. "But if Señor Anza is stubborn, Señor Ribera showed himself to be even more so on this occasion." Anza and Font reached the mission; Rivera ordered his soldiers to form in line and fire a salute, according to custom, but he did not come out to welcome them. Anza remained at the mission half an hour to give the churl a chance; by that time he concluded that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"Father, I am going to do what I have told you I would do, for your Reverence now sees the conduct of this man and to what I expose myself if I remain here," said Anza.

"I told him he was quite right, and that I now shared his opinion," Font remarks. "Thereupon he ordered his tent set up some distance

from the mission and went to live in it." Font was relieved at this, for he too had feared a scandal, or even violence.

When Anza arrived Rivera inquired (by letter) how long he would remain at San Gabriel. "Three days," was the reply. Rivera said this would be enough. During these three blessed days the captain sulked. When called to dinner he refused to come till told that Anza was not to be present. During these three whole days the two communicated in writing, "discussing their affairs officially, and wasting paper, one from his room and the other from his tent, without showing their faces." It was a ridiculous performance to say the least. But Anza dared not risk any other method of communication with such a madman.

When, on the afternoon of May 2, Anza was ready to start for Sonora, Rivera had not finished his dispatches. But he requested Anza not to wait, saying that he would send a messenger to overtake him with the mail next day. Anza acted on the plan. Goodbyes were said, and the party set forth—thirty persons, eighty-six horses and mules, and twenty packloads of baggage.

The end was not yet. Even after starting Anza and Font had one more tilt with the impossible Rivera. Font divined what was coming. Next morning no courier having arrived with letters for the viceroy, he said to Anza:

"You need not expect any such letters, for I have understood that he intends to send them by way of (Old) California, because he does not wish you to carry them. I even know that he said 'Captain Anza would like to carry my letters to the viceroy, but he won't get a chance to.'" That night, when in camp near Santa Ana River, the conversation was continued. Font remarked, "Señor Ribera is writing against you to the viceroy; and for this reason he is not going to entrust the letters to you."

Before these words were cold a courier from Rivera came galloping into camp. He brought a letter for Anza and another for the father guardian of the College of San Fernando. To Anza Rivera wrote that he was sending no dispatches for the viceroy because he lacked one paper, for which he must go to San Diego, whence he would send his mail by way of Old California.

"The lost paper was only a pretext," said Font. And Anza so treated it. He wrote to Rivera an "appropriate" reply, and to Moraga a letter instructing him what to do in case Rivera should be pronounced crazy.

Font took the opportunity to say a last goodbye. He wrote to Serra reporting the whole journey since leaving Monterey, and to Father Paterna, enclosing at his request plans for a church and a house which he wished to build. One wonders if it was the plan of the beautiful church which later arose at Mission San Gabriel.

"With this was concluded our farewell to Monterey, and the key was turned on the story of all the experiences of the expedition with Señor Ribera."

Commenting on Rivera's strange conduct, Anza showed clearly that he was more concerned for the public service than for his own pride, strong though that was.

"Aside from the mortification which I felt, I cared not so much for his impoliteness as I feared that his lack of respect for the superior orders of his Excellency, requiring that he should confer with me concerning the matters entrusted to him, which he had failed to do in my former interviews, might lead to the perdition of us both.

"All the letters mentioned which I have written to this commander . . . contain nothing except to beg him to effect as soon as possible the establishment of the port of San Francisco. On this subject alone could he find a reason for being resentful to me, and on this only because he is opposed to it, as is evident to the father missionaries and other inhabitants of this region . . . He has no other reason than that he thinks the troops under his orders are not sufficient for such an enterprise."

Anza was not altogether an angel in the case. But he was unfortunate to have to deal in so serious a matter with so trifling, jealous, irritating, impossible, and unbalanced a man.

5. Valencia.
Hijos.
Maxia Josepha.
Maxia del Carmen.
Claudio.

6. Domingo Alviso.
Su Mugex Maxia Angela Chumasero.
Hijos.
Francisco.
Xaviex.
Juan Ygnacio.
Maxia Loreto.

8. Valexio Mesa.
Su Mugex Maxia Leonor Boxboa.
Hijos.
Joseph Joachin.
Joseph Ygnacio.
Joseph Doloxes.
Joseph Antonio.
Juan.
Maxia Manuela.

4. Ramon Bojorques.
Su Mugex Maxia Francisca Romexo.
Hijos.
Maxia Sextxudis
Maxia Michaela.

2. Carlos Gallegos.
Su Mugex Maxia Josepha Espinosa.

8. Juan Antonio Amézquita.
Su Mugex Juana Saona.
Hijos.
Salvador Manuel.
Maxia Josepha.
Maxia Doloxes.
Maxia Mahlde.
Maxia de los Reyes.

Rosalia Samoxa, Mugex de Salvador Manuel.

6. Ygnacio Linaxes.
Su Mugex Sextxudis Rivas.
Hijos.
Joseph Ramon.
Salvador Ygnacio.
Maxia Sextxudis.
Maxia Juliana.

4. Justo Robexto.
Su Mugex Maxia Loreto Delfin.
Hijos.
Joseph Antonio.
Joseph Mathias.

6. Gabriel Pexalta.
Su Mugex Francisca Manuela Valenzuela.
Hijos.
Juan Joseph.
Luis Maxia.
Pedxo.
Sextxudis.

Soldados Reclutas.

6. Juan Athanasio Vazquez
Su Mugex Sextxudis Castelo
Hijos.
Joseph Tibuxcio.
Joseph Antonio.
Pedxo Joseph.
Maxia Antonia Bojoxques, Mugex de Joseph Tibuxcio.

7. Joseph Antonio Garcia.
Su Mugex Petxonila Josepha.
Hijos.
Joseph Vicente.
Joseph Francisco.
Juan Guillexmo.

page of Font's list of the San Francisco colonists, from the original manuscript.

From an old painting

San Francisco Mission.

They had seen the last of Rivera. Now they quickly retraced or shortened old trails to the Colorado. The party now included thirty persons, instead of twenty-nine with which they left Monterey. The added person had joined them at San Luís Obispo. He was no other than Pedro, a ten year old Indian boy, the son of Chief Buchón and one of his several wives who, after Buchón's death, had married a soldier at San Luís. Pedro was the best interpreter at the mission and the fathers would miss him. But they consented to his going, "in order that the viceroy might see a Christian of this mission, and one who already was very well versed in Castilian and knew how to read," says Font. Pedro on the other hand was eager for the journey, and said goodbye to his friends "with much jauntiness and grace."

In the baggage there were various mementos of the historic visit to California. With their devotion to duty Anza and Font humanly combined something of the spirit of the traveler. When they reached Sonora, after all the hard labor was over, they would have a tale to tell and curios to show. Many of the trophies were the gift of generous Father Cavaller, Font's fellow-countryman, at Mission San Luís. He gave them thirty-odd beaver skins, several fine baskets, for which his Indians were so famous, and the skins of eight bears, the animals for which

the region was renowned. On the way down the beach below San Luís they added to their collection some very rare shells, "although few, because all the coast is very short of them."

If there was anything besides Rivera of which Father Font was so glad to see the last it was the California fleas. They were plentiful everywhere, but especially in the Conejos Mountains. Here "they were so bad that wherever we halted everything was alive with them, and very hungry ones. No country is without its plague, and that one has the plague of fleas."

On May 11, after a journey of ten days, Anza and his party reached Concepción, at Yuma junction. "Reciprocal and great was the joy which I felt on seeing Father Fray Thomás," says Font.[1]

[1] Anza and Font, diaries, entries for April 15–May 11. It is unfair to judge Rivera by this episode alone. He had a long and useful career on Spain's frontiers.

LVII

A LONE WATCH ON THE COLORADO

For five months Father Eixarch had labored at Yuma. It was December 4 when Anza moved down the river with his colony bound for San Francisco. Father Garcés left one day later and made a long tour among his friends on the lower Colorado River, leaving Eixarch with servants and interpreters to toil at his half-way post. The faithful diary kept by Eixarch during the long, lonely sojourn gives us a remarkable picture of a single-minded missionary at his unselfish task among the Indians. He worked on his cabin, moved to another site, built a new habitation, made friends with the natives, and taught them the Gospel. All the while he was sitting over a smouldering fire of personal and intertribal jealousy which might at any moment burst forth and envelop him in a consuming flame.

Palma was most attentive, and at first Pablo was little behind him. "These two captains do not leave me alone at all during the entire day, and they are so prompt with everything that I request of them that it is a matter to marvel at," Eixarch wrote. "And so when I get up in the

morning they are already at the fire awaiting me, and at night they do not leave me until I retire." There is no note of boredom in this testimony such as might have been expressed by fastidious Father Font.

Anza had built a rude cabin for the fathers. Eixarch's immediate task was to make it habitable, for "since it was new it lacked nearly everything." So he cut willow poles to make an altar, contrived "an atril for the missal," fashioned tables for his kitchen dishes, fenced in a plot of ground, and planted beans, peas, onions, cauliflower, and other garden truck. All this pointed toward permanence.

Sometimes Father Eixarch worked with cold fingers, for the same spell of frigid weather experienced by Anza and his people, as they crossed the bleak western desert in December, was felt nearly as keenly at Yuma. Eixarch's weather reports during that hard winter are most interesting. On December 9 he wrote in his diary: "After sunrise I said Mass, but it was so cold that my fingers were numb and I could scarcely finish." This entry is typical of many that he made.

The chiefs had promised that the friar should not go hungry, and their word was made good. The Yumas lived in a bounteous country, and their simple hearts were generous. As might be expected, the women looked after the mission-

ary's larder. On the second day after Anza left they "brought a great quantity of beans, maize, calabashes, and some wheat, and to show my pleasure and happiness I gave them some glass beads and tobacco," Eixarch writes. This generosity was oft repeated by the kindly dames and damsels. Eixarch was thankful both for the liberal gifts and that he had a good cook.

The monotony of mission routine was broken by visitors from neighboring tribes. Friendly people came to gossip in the circle round the fire and to feast on the fat of Yuma Land. Former enemies came to make peace, as Anza had urged; others out of curiosity to see the white medicine man, hear his good talk, and receive his never-failing presents. When these strange and sometimes ferocious looking visitors came, the friar must have felt grateful for Palma's firm friendship and his recognized power. On these occasions, to show his importance, the great Palma would don his gold-braided capingot and make his visitors a long harangue.

In the midst of his material labors Father Eixarch did not forget the principal aim of his ministry. Palma set his subjects a good example by devout attendance at Mass. At night, in the circle round the fire, the teacher explained the essentials of the Christian faith. "Tonight, I began to talk about God to Palma and the others assembled, very glad to listen," he writes. "This

Palma does not go to bed until after the Rosary is said, and, although he does not pray, because he does not know how, as he says, he does all that he sees us do, such as crossing himself and other ceremonies." This is just one of numerous entries of the kind to be found in Fray Thomás's "Mirror of Yuma."

For a few days Father Eixarch said Mass regularly and happily, then he ceased. He discovered that the wine left for his use was not pure. He tried to clarify it by straining it through a cloth, but without avail. Surely Anza, the comfort of the friars, must have been deceived, otherwise he would never have left him such stuff for so holy a purpose.

No wine, no Masses. Wine must be had. So Eixarch sent a messenger to Altar. He needed also more wax for candles, and soap for washing the corporals, and he had some letters to send. Palma, too, was anxious that the Masses should he resumed. So he drafted two Indians, Pablo and another, to accompany Eixarch's messenger. On December 11 they set forth on their six hundred mile journey for a bottle of wine!

Father Eixarch became lonesome. Pablo did not appear with the wine, Garcés did not return from his wanderings, and the weather continued to be cold. So Fray Thomás decided to go to Caborca "for a few days to visit the fathers." He might meet Pablo with the wine on the way.

He started, but his guide was far from satisfactory. Eixarch had to saddle and bridle the fellow's horse, and afterward help him mount. The first day they crossed the sandy plain to the southeast and camped without water. Next day the guide deserted. Not knowing the road, and being no Garcés, Eixarch turned about and followed the tricky fellow back to Yuma. He had not seen his friends at Caborca, but the experience was an exciting diversion and thus served its purpose. It cured the friar's ennui. When he told the big chief about his unfaithful guide, "such was the wrath Palma felt that he was about to beat the poor Indian." But Eixarch charitably interceded.

Loneliness was now relieved, for that very night Garcés arrived, accompanied by his Man Friday, Sebastián. "I was greatly delighted, for I was anxious to see him. After supper we talked a good while and he recounted to me many notable things," says Eixarch. To give added cheer, the very next day the messenger returned from Sonora bringing welcome gifts. In his pack he brought altar breads from Caborca, two bladders of tallow and twenty-six candles from Oquitoa, and from Altar an alimeta of white wine and a little soap.

Eixarch was disappointed at getting so little wine. It would not last long and there would soon be another shortage. But there was a way

out of the difficulty. Sebastián had returned, and he was always game. So one day, about a week later, Eixarch asked him if he would like to go to Tubutama. Go! Of course he would! "Well, then, get ready to go in the morning." And so Sebastián set forth for Tubutama, three hundred miles away—for some more wine.[1]

Now for six weeks Fray Thomás had a companion. Eixarch extolled Palma's virtues, and Garcés regaled his associate with tales of adventure down the river. To Garcés writing was a weariness, so he had Eixarch copy out his diary in a fair hand. Faithfully, with cold, benumbed fingers, Fray Thomás performed this brotherly task, and we are grateful to him. The other friar's chirography is anything but easy to decipher.

Garcés was chiefly interested in the frequent visits of neighboring Indians, with whom to lay plans for more wandering. Eixarch, on the other hand, turned his attention to moving his habitation to a safer site. At present he was living in the house built by Anza in the river flats above the junction, near Palma's winter home. But the Indians told him of the floods which were certain to come in the spring. Danger lurked in the peaceful bottom lands.

[1] Garcés took advantage of Sebastián's going to send to the viceroy a brief report of his journey down the Colorado. It was dated January 12, 1776.

Fray Thomás decided to be beforehand. On January 25 he went to the hill at the Pass of Concepción to look for a location. This was the place which Palma had pointed out to Father Font during that midnight conference. Almost at the top, right where the Indian school now stands, he found a level mesa which pleased him. Here he chose the new site.

Now followed a lively building scene that lasted ten days. In it Father Garcés took no part. His mind and heart were wandering with brown skinned Indians over distant trails. The principal actors were Eixarch and Palma. A hundred naked tribesmen were quick to do their bidding. The friar, his interpreters, and bands of Indians went back and forth, cutting, carrying, building. Like busy ants Palma's men moved from river bottom to mesa top. All decked out in his braid trimmed suit, Palma shouted his orders. Fray Thomás, chief architect, directed the placing of the timbers. The completion of the edifice was celebrated by "singing and dancing all night and eating a great quantity of atole." The cabin was ready for occupancy. February 3 and not May 1 was moving day. It was a simple process. Eixarch loaded two mules and transported the furniture; Indians carried packs of provisions on their backs. The moving was finished. Fray Thomás now went fishing.

In one particular Eixarch was disappointed. He had thought that by moving to Concepción he would not be so molested by the Indians. But just the contrary happened. Palma, Pablo, and others moved their domiciles to the slope of the hill, so that from the daily assemblage of men and women the new settlement looked "like an established pueblo."

In the middle of February Garcés, accompanied by Sebastián, went up the Colorado on another exploring tour. Loneliness again beset Fray Thomás, and two weeks after Garcés's departure he sallied forth once more to visit the friars at and near Caborca. Taking Pablo as his guide—not the tricky one he had tried before—on March 4 he started. Sitting on a raft "like a crate," he was ferried across the Colorado. Following Pablo he now rode hard over the Kino-Anza trail. In four days they were at Sonóita, nearly a hundred and fifty miles away. Here Pablo left his tired horse and continued on foot all the way to Altar, another hundred and fifty miles. The friar's horse swung along at a goodly gait, and the medicine man trotted by his side or close behind. Here was loyalty! They reached Caborca a week after leaving Yuma. To cover the same ground in 1929 it took me five days of hard driving with truck and automobile. Fray Thomás spent a month with his friends, left Caborca on April 9, and reached his mission on April 15, after an absence of about six weeks.

For nearly two months more Eixarch continued his sojourn at Yuma. His daily routine was much the same as before. The season, however, had changed. On May 3 he wrote, "These last few days have so used me up with heat that I have already bathed a few times." Perhaps it was he who started the story of the Yuma man who found it so cold by comparison in Hell that he called for his blanket. Eixarch noted with interest the rise of the Colorado till it became truly majestic. He recorded an earthquake on the 25th of April, frankly saying that he was frightened. Palma, ever accommodating, in order to comfort his friend told him that there were always earthquakes when the river began to rise.

The Indians still generously supplied Father Eixarch with provisions, and he was sincerely grateful. "This kindness cannot be repaid, for such care is not shown even by children toward their parents," he wrote. Instruction in the Christian doctrine continued to be Fray Thomás's major interest. Palma was faithful, as always, in attendance at Mass, and Eixarch did not tire of extolling the chief's virtues and his piety.

Pablo, on the other hand, fell out of favor. While Palma's stocks went up, Pablo's went down. Indeed, ere long he was definitely blacklisted, and this in spite of many favors, including those two arduous journeys, totaling a thousand miles, which he had made to Sonora at the

friar's request. Only something radical could explain such a change. The trouble was that Pablo was a medicine man. He resisted Father Eixarch's influence over his people; he ceased to attend Mass, and no longer listened to Christian teaching. "Pablo is a wizard," said Eixarch. "In short, I must say that Pablo has a bad heart, slight love for the fathers, and less for the things of God." Fuel was being laid for a fire.[1]

[1] Father Thomás Eixarch, diary of his winter on the Colorado, December 4, 1775–May 11, 1776.

LVIII

GARCES'S PEREGRINATIONS

In the meantime, the intrepid Garcés had been making one of the epic journeys of all North American history. With him was that other peregrino, Sebastián. Garcés had several notions in his ingenious head. He had long hoped to find a more northern route than Anza's from the Colorado to San Luís Obispo or to Monterey. He was also confident that a direct road could be opened from Monterey to Santa Fé. Which of these problems most tantalized him at the time when he set forth alone from Yuma it is impossible to say.[1] Before he returned to civilization he had partly realized both of his dreams.

"February 14. Having taken leave of my companion I departed from Puerto de la Concepción in company with two interpreters, Sebastián, and a Jamajab." In these laconic terms Garcés records his start for the north and west.

The first night out some of his horses stampeded and ran back to Yuma, and the faithful Sebastián returned next morning to recover them. For two weeks Garcés's general direction

[1] The day that Garcés left Yuma, Eixarch wrote in his diary that he intended to visit the Jamajá, Yabipay, Cosninas, Chemegue, and other tribes upstream and in the mountains.

was northward, parallel to or along the Colorado River, but for a time he swung well to the westward of the stream to avoid the Jalchedunes, for they were hostile to the Jamajabs (Mohaves), whom he especially wished to visit. Besides, he had already been among the Jalchedunes during that lone ride from Upasoitac nearly two years before, and need not call on them now.

A few days out he met a party of some eighty Jamajabs on their way to the Yumas, and from them he ransomed two Jalchedun girls "for a poor horse and some other presents." To the surprise of the vendors, no doubt, he sent the girls home. A poor business man they must have thought him. Farther north he met about forty Chemebets (Chemehuevi), a band whose chief habitat was the beautiful Chemehuevi Valley, above Bill Williams Fork. He signalled, and six of them came down from a hill "with the speed of deer." In fact, he thought this tribe the swiftest footed Indians he had ever seen—and he had seen many.

At the end of fifteen days' travel, over arid desert, rugged mountain, and fertile valley, Garcés reached the Jamajab settlements, in the vicinity of Needles. His reception was effusive, and he thought the people superior to the Yumas and all other tribes down the river. The Jamajab women especially he thought the most comely of all. "They are less molestful and none are thieves," he said.

The friar was visited here by about two thousand souls. According to his custom he showed them his cartoon-like banner that never failed. Their reaction was characteristic. The picture of the Virgin pleased them greatly, "but they did not like to look at that of the lost soul." Among many signs of good will, the head chief "said that he would be baptized and married to a woman, adding other good things of like tenor."

Garcés now made known his desire to visit the fathers living near the sea. Very well. They would gladly accompany him, for they already had heard of the missionaries, and they knew the way. Indeed, they had long been trading with the coast Indians.

Since he was short of provisions, Garcés urged that they start at once, promising to visit them more at leisure on his return. To this they also agreed. Leaving most of his baggage in the care of an old interpreter, with Sebastián and three Jamajabs he set forth on his bold journey across the Mojave Desert. He left the head chief's village near Needles on March 4. This was the very day that Eixarch and Pablo started for Caborca.

For six days Garcés's direction was generally west, parallel to or along the line of the Santa Fé railroad, which was built a century later. On the third day out he met four naked Jamajabs coming from the California coast, where they

had been trading for shells. To Garcés's astonishment they carried no provisions and no weapons for hunting. Such things were an unnecessary burden, for these fellows could travel across a desert four days without food or water. "Valiant men," the friar calls them. Valiant, indeed!

On March 9 they reached the sink of Mojave River, in the vicinity of Crucero. The worst of the trail was conquered. Swinging southwest now, Garcés followed the stream, encountering Indians of the Beñemé or Panamint stock. One of his three Jamajabs now turned back on account of the cold. They could snap their fingers at hunger and thirst, but their bare, brown skins were not altogether winter proof. Of the two other Jamajabs, named Luís and Ventura, Garcés covered one with a blanket and the other with a shirt—which got which history does not record. On March 12 it was necessary to kill a horse for food. In order not to leave any of the dead animal unused, the guides forced him to remain here three days. "Not even the blood thereof was wasted." Probably the natives of the vicinity helped consume the carcass and thus shortened the delay.

Southwest up the Mojave they toiled. Once the pack mule mired, the baggage became wet, and Garcés had to halt for another day. While in camp here five more Jamajabs passed eastward, returning from a trading trip to San

Gabriel. They had seen the missionaries, and to prove it they imitated the bleating of a calf. This trade connection was reassuring, for it would facilitate opening a route, thought the friar.

Next day Garcés reached a thrifty village in the vicinity of Daggett or Barstow. Thinking he was getting below latitude 35°—and he was right—he urged his guides to lead him west, but they refused. "They simply responded that they knew no other road." Garcés desired to go directly to San Luís Obispo. He insisted. The guides refused and he had to yield. So he continued up the Mojave River.

The customs of the Indians always interested Garcés and he observed interesting ones here. A chief presented him with a string of white sea shells two varas long. The chief's wife sprinkled him with acorns, and "tossed the basket," a sign among these people of great veneration. Later the women sprinkled him with sea shells, a still greater honor. Garcés reciprocated "as best he could." He does not tell us how, but he probably gave the lady a couple of glass beads.

Now, as he ascended the slopes of San Bernardino Mountains, villages became numerous and the people more prosperous. Instead of leaving the river and entering Cajón Pass to the west, as the railroad now runs, he continued south, following the stream to its source. The trail ran that way. On March 22 he reached the

crest, beheld the ocean in the distance, breathed new inspiration, and began the descent into San Bernardino Valley. He felt at home now for he had been here with Anza two years before. In the vicinity of Ontario he joined Anza's trail and followed it to San Gabriel, where he arrived on March 24. He had opened a new road for white men. Every passenger who rides in a Santa Fé Pullman or drives over the boulevard from Needles to Los Angeles is but a follower in the footsteps of this hardy trailmaker.

Garcés's aim in proposing to go west from the Mohaves had been to open a direct route to San Luís Obispo. The guides had failed him, so he decided now to go along the Santa Barbara coast to San Luís, and from there eastward to the Tulares, returning thence to the Jamajabs.

To this end Garcés asked the corporal of the guard at San Gabriel for an escort and supplies. The soldier replied that he could not furnish them. Garcés then appealed to Rivera, who was still at San Diego. By letter he likewise said no, giving his reasons. A few days later Rivera himself arrived at San Gabriel on his way north. Fate was pushing him forward to that grotesque interview with Anza for which he will ever be ludicrous. Garcés appealed again for help. There were horses enough at San Gabriel, he said; the friars would furnish provisions if Rivera would but write an order. Garcés even proposed to accompany Rivera to the end of the

Santa Barbara Channel, when they would separate. Rivera admitted the friar's arguments, but insisted that he had no authority from the viceroy and therefore could furnish nothing. This was piffle. To his credit be it said, he did let Garcés have one of Anza's horses.

Garcés remained nearly two weeks at San Gabriel. Rivera continued on his way north. Close behind him, on April 9, Garcés set forth west with Sebastián, his two Jamajabs, and a new guide. Entering San Fernando Valley, he skirted its northern edge. Anza had always followed its southern edge. The friars had warned Garcés of danger for so small a party by the Santa Barbara Channel, so he left the valley, swung over the Newhall pass and entered the Santa Clara Valley. One of his Jamajabs was taken sick here, and he was delayed ten days. Meanwhile he visited the villages in the vicinity of Castiac and baptized a famous chief.

While Garcés was camped here, Indians came from the northeast. When he told them what he was doing, they volunteered to lead him to their country. New visions now filled the explorer's head. The sick guide recovered and they all started north. The route was eastward of the modern automobile highway, the Ridge Route. Crossing the mountains Garcés struck Fages's trail. Continuing north and then turning west he crossed the Tehachapi Mountains. On the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, at San Pasqual,

he visited and graphically described a Cuabajay settlement.[1] There he was "entertained" by a lone old woman, for all the young people on hearing that a Spaniard was coming had fled to the woods.

The explorer now entered the vast plains of San Joaquin Valley. On its fringe he left Sebastián and his Jamajab guides, for they refused to go further, fearing the Nochi tribes who lived beyond. Undaunted, with a new guide Garcés continued north to Kern River, which he called Rio de San Felipe. He struck it near the site of Bakersfield.

Here the friar got a refreshing bath. The water was high. Garcés could not swim, and he suggested making a raft, but the Indians did not know how. "At last they ordered me to undress, which I did, down to shirt and drawers; they insisted that I should put off every garment, but this I refused to do." But he had confidence in the strangers. "They conveyed me across between four of them swimming, two taking me by the arms, and the other two by the body; whereupon I took advantage of the occasion to bathe at my pleasure in the water so limpid and beautiful. The mule crossed by swimming, with the clothing and saddle in baskets."

[1] Garcés evidently crossed the mountains by Cottonwood Creek and Tejón Canyon. San Pasqual was apparently in the vicinity of the later Tejón Ranch.

From here the Indians wished to take Garcés west, but he insisted on going north. He evidently had given up his plan to go to San Luís. The Indians were obdurate, but he knew how to convince them. He had not wandered alone among Indians for nothing. "I produced the compass-needle, and seeing that for all they moved it about it always pointed in the direction that I said, they left me, all alike lost in amazement." They were not disposed to resist the white man's magic.

White River, near the edge of Kern County, was Garcés's farthest north. He could go no farther because he had no more presents for the natives, and without them he could make little progress. Here, as everywhere, he saw many things of interest, and he gives us our second description of the southern end of the great valley. He met an old Indian with beard "grown so long and gray that he resembled an anchorite, much to be revered; and even more so when, having begged of me the crucifix, he hung it upon his breast." He saw an Indian who could speak Spanish and said he lived on the coast. He was perhaps from San Luís Obispo. Garcés was told of soldier deserters in the vicinity, some of whom the Indians had killed, and one of whom was still with them, married to a native woman. Here likewise he heard of a larger river to the north —doubtless the San Joaquin.

But he must turn back. So, heaving a sigh, for the limitless plains challenged the adventurer within him, on May 5 Garcés began to retrace his steps. At San Pasqual he found Sebastián and his other guides awaiting him.

If Garcés had gone by the coast instead of turning north, he would have met Anza and Font, for they were now homeward bound.[1] When they reached the Los Angeles River Garcés had just entered San Joaquin Valley.

At San Gabriel Father Font took Rivera to task for his shabby treatment of Garcés. The conversation started casually. They were eating some fine lettuce, and Font remarked,

"In a few days, at the Colorado River, I shall remember this place very well."

"Perhaps Father Garcés will already be there when you men arrive," said Father Paterna.

Thereupon Rivera, who had not been on speaking terms with Font, remarked that Garcés "must have had a hard time of it on the road which he took." The captain had made an opening and Font now sailed into him.

"Please tell me what reason you had for refusing Father Garcés what he asked you for."

[1] The very day after Garcés turned aside from San Fernando Valley Anza started from Monterey. One of the letters handed Anza by Rivera in that dramatic meeting at Buenavista was from Garcés, written at San Gabriel, and from it Anza expected to meet the friar at San Luís Obispo. The very day that Garcés left the Santa Clara Valley Anza set forth from San Luís Obispo.

"Your Reverence, Father Garcés asked me for saddle animals, one or two soldiers as an escort, and provisions, but I refused to furnish them because I had no orders from the viceroy to give them to him, since that order was sent to Señor Ansa."

"For such trifles no order was necessary," Font remarked.

"I had no saddle animals," Rivera continued. "Those of the expedition were not in my charge and so I could not dispose of them. Could your Reverence dispose of this mission, which is not in your charge?"

"Well, then, we will leave aside the saddle animals. But perhaps you could have granted him the other things," said Font.

"The father asked me for one or two soldier guards, but these were not enough, and I could not give him more because I did not have them," Rivera replied. "If something had happened to the father with so small an escort I should have been responsible."

Font maintained that he would not have been responsible, any more than he was responsible for Garcés's starting out without any escort. "For," he added, "you are not unacquainted with the spirit of Father Garcés."

Rivera admitted that he had heard of that friar's bravery. Then he added,

"I said to the Father, 'Your Reverence had better wait for Captain Anza, who will soon be

here, and consult with him as to what can be done in those matters.' "

"Well, this would not have helped Father Garcés at all," put in Font, "because if he had awaited us, either he would have had to come out of the country with us, or we should have had to leave him in the country."

Rivera had a champion in Father Paterna, who was getting weary of the rather peppery debate.

"Don Fernando did right in not giving him what he requested, for the viceroy does not order Father Garcés to go into these regions." The discussion continuing, with no end in sight, Paterna finally said,

"Oh, well, let us drop this," and left the table. But Font and Rivera continued the argument to their hearts' content.

Anza and Font rather expected to find Garcés at Yuma when they arrived, but he was not there. So they compared notes with Eixarch and speculated as to the wanderer's whereabouts.[1] A "con-

[1] On April 25 a Jalchedun had told him that Garcés was in his tribe. Thereupon Eixarch sent him a letter (April 27). From Garcés's note to Anza written at San Gabriel and delivered by Rivera Anza expected to meet Garcés at San Luis Obispo. In the same letter the friar had said that he must return to the Jamajabs, whence, if prospects were good, he would "go forward," otherwise he would return to Yuma to await Anza. Before setting out from San Gabriel Garcés told the friars that if he found Indian guides he planned to "go on" to explore a road to New Mexico.

fused report'' had come that Garcés was among the Jalchedunes. So Anza sent an interpreter with a letter telling the explorer that they had arrived and would await him three days. He instructed the messenger, if he found Garcés's horses and not the friar, to bring the animals along, ''not thinking,'' says Font, ''that Father Garcés might be near there or farther inland, and that when he returned he would need them.'' The letter was sent on May 12. Three days went by and no Garcés appeared, nor likewise the messenger.[1]

[1] Garcés, Diary, in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, February 14–May 10, 1776; Font, *Complete Diary*.

LIX

FOUNDING SAN FRANCISCO

Meanwhile more important events were happening in the north. Two days after Anza left San Gabriel, Rivera started for San Diego, arriving there on the 7th of May. Further opposition to San Francisco was bootless. Besides, he had to have something constructive to report to the viceroy. So he wrote Sergeant Grijalva to proceed at once from San Gabriel to Monterey with the families which Anza had left there. To Moraga he wrote at the same time, ordering him to go with twenty families of soldier colonists, and found a presidio on the site selected by Anza, postponing for the present the founding of the missions. The rest of the colonists were to remain at Monterey. This order was entrusted to Grijalva.

Things moved forward now. Grijalva set forth promptly with the twelve families and arrived on May 28 at Monterey. Moraga read Rivera's dispatch with satisfaction. *Al fin!* At last there would be something doing. Without loss of time he set the middle of June for starting with the colony for San Francisco Bay. To the waiting people the order was like a new breath of life.

Next day Moraga rode over the ridge to Carmelo and conferred with Serra. The president was disappointed—perhaps secretly disgusted—at Rivera's decision to postpone the founding of the missions. But he would make the best of it. Preparations could be made, at least. He had already named Palóu and Cambón as ministers for the prospective mission of San Francisco. They would accompany the colony to their destination, give them spiritual aid, get acquainted with the Indians, and be on hand when the time should come for establishing the first mission.

In the founding of San Francisco the little *San Carlos* played an important part. In her, Ayala had made that historic first voyage through the Golden Gate. It was her pilots, Cañizares and Aguirre, who had made the memorable reconnoissance of the bay. On the same voyage Ayala had brought up from San Blas part of the equipment and supplies for the new establishment. They were stored in the warehouse at Monterey to await the arrival of Anza's colonists and Rivera's order to go ahead.

Having returned to San Blas, in the spring of 1776 the busy *San Carlos* was equipped for another voyage to California. Not Ayala, but Captain Fernando Quirós was her commander now. José Cañizares and Cristobal Revilla sailed as pilots. The chaplains were Vicente Santa María and José Nocedal. Santa María and Cañizares had been with Ayala on that his-

toric cruise in San Francisco Bay. In her hold the *San Carlos* again brought supplies for the presidios of Monterey and San Francisco. More important still, Quirós bore orders, after unloading the Monterey freight, to take two cannons and sail with the San Francisco supplies to that harbor to assist in the founding of the new presidio. Bucareli's solicitude for the safety of the great port never flagged.

After a slow voyage, on June 3 the *San Carlos* dropped anchor in Monterey harbor. But she came in the nick of time, just a week after Moraga received his order, and in the midst of preparations. Somebody perhaps noted, too, that this was the seventh anniversary of the founding of the settlement. It was exactly seven years before that Portolá and Serra had formally established both presidio and mission. Quirós greeted Lieutenant Moraga, and inquired for Rivera. Learning that he was in San Diego he asked for a courier to carry to him a request for the two cannon for San Francisco. Two days later the courier was deepening the trail that led to the Southland. If Quirós had orders from Bucareli to take the cannons, why should Moraga have lacked authority to deliver them, without all this wearing out of men and mules?

Monterey and Carmelo now hummed with new life. Action took the place of idle waiting. Moraga directed the preparation of the colony; Father Palóu assembled equipment for the pro-

spective mission. Stock was rounded up, saddles were repaired, household things packed, and supplies sorted out in the warehouse ready for loading on ship or pack mule. Friars, soldiers, and servants rode back and forth between Carmelo and Monterey. Launches plied between the shore and the *San Carlos.*

In the harbor, beside the *San Carlos,* the *Príncipe* was also anchored. Under Diego Choquet she had brought a cargo of supplies for Monterey and San Diego. Francisco Castor and Juan Bautista Aguirre came as pilots and Fray Benito Sierra as chaplain.

While awaiting a reply from Rivera, Quirós unloaded the Monterey freight. Then, in the space thus made vacant, he stowed the San Francisco supplies that Ayala had brought the year before, adding them to the new consignment. In the *San Carlos* he loaded also the greater part of the equipment of the colonists which Anza had brought overland by pack train. "In this way the expense of mules was saved," remarks the thrifty Palóu, "and the same advantage was gained by embarking the vestments and utensils for house and field belonging to the first mission that was to be founded in the neighborhood of the harbor of San Francisco upon the arrival of the *San Carlos.*" It looked as though Serra and Moraga were intending to ignore Rivera's order to defer the mission founding, or at least that they meant to interpret it "liberally."

Moraga did not wait for the *San Carlos* to sail. The people were anxious to be on their way and the season was glorious. On June 17th everybody was ready and the lieutenant set forth with his colony. He had accompanied them all the way from Sonora to Monterey, and he knew them everyone. Second-in-command before, Moraga now was leader. Under the orders of Serra, Palóu headed the missionary enterprise and recorded its story. To Fray Francisco, as he rode the last time down the long pine covered slope from Carmelo to the presidio, the blue of the bay must have seemed more than ever enchanting now that it was to be left behind, and his enthusiasm for the new venture, so longed for in anticipation, must have been tempered by sadness at the prospect of separation from the master and the scenes he had so learned to love.

Let this great chronicler tell us who comprised the immortal band. There were "Lieutenant Don José Joaquín Moraga, a sergeant, two corporals, and ten soldiers, all with their wives and families except the commander, who had left his in Sonora. In addition there were seven families of settlers, rationed and provisioned by the king; other persons attached to the soldiers and their families; five servant boys, muleteers, and vaqueros, who conducted about two hundred of the king's cattle and some belonging to individuals, and the mule train which carried the provisions and utensils necessary for

the road. All the foregoing belonged to the presidio."

Thus San Francisco did not begin purely as a military colony. Not to mention the mission, seven of the twenty-one heads of families were civilians.

"And for whatever concerned the first mission that was to be founded," Palóu continues, "we two ministers, Father Fray Pedro Cambón and I, went with two servants who conducted the loads, and three unmarried Indian neophytes, two of them from Old California and the other from the mission of Carmelo, who drove the cattle for the mission, numbering eighty-six head, which were incorporated with those for the presidio."

The start was made the occasion for a ceremony in which everybody took part. It was as if they foresaw the meaning of the event. For a short distance the caravan was accompanied by the two ship captains, their pilots, and chaplains. Quirós and Choquet, Cañizares, Revilla, Castro and Aguirre, Santa María, Serra, and Nocedal, joined the parade. After going half a league—about to Del Monte—Choquet and the pilots turned back, but Quirós and two chaplains continued with the procession to the Salinas River, where camp was made for the first night. Next day, "having watched all the people cross the river and seen the line formed on that broad plain by all those people, the pack trains, cattle,

and horse herd, they returned to Monterey after taking farewell, in the hope that we should meet in the port of Our Father San Francisco."

The colony followed the same trail that Palóu and Rivera had taken two years before. "But the day's marches were shorter, in order not to fatigue the little children and the women . . . and for this reason it was even necessary to make several stops. On the whole way there was not a single mishap." So writes Palóu. As a colony leader Moraga was a worthy successor of Anza.

The way led across lake dotted Salinas Valley, over brown coated Gabilán Range to hill encircled San Benito Valley, down marshy Gilroy Valley, through the narrow pass at Coyote, along the foothills that skirt the western edge of oak covered Cañada de Santa Clara, and then up the sea-bound Peninsula.

The natives peered out at the visitors with wondering eyes. "We were well received by all the heathen whom we met on the road, who were surprised to see so many people of both sexes and all ages," writes Palóu, "for up to that time they had not seen more than a few soldiers, on the occasions when they went to make the explorations. And they were astonished at the cattle, which they had never seen before." Well might they be astonished.

In Gilroy Valley Moraga's larder was replenished by three elks which the men killed "without leaving the road." At Las Llagas Creek

three days were lost through the illness of a woman. Two more were spent at San Matheo, while cautious Moraga went ahead to make sure of good water. These details we learn from the Lieutenant's own account.

The journey consumed ten days. On June 27 Moraga halted with his colony on the banks of the lagoon called Dolores by Anza, and by him and Father Font selected as the site for the mission of San Francisco. Moraga chose this place as headquarters while waiting for the *San Carlos,* and as a base from which to make preparations for founding the presidio. There was fine water, good pasturage, and fuel in plenty.

Dolores became the cradle of the city erected to the honor of St. Francis. At once a shelter of branches was made to serve as a temporary chapel. This little bowery, built on June 28, 1776, was San Francisco's first building—the ancestor of the great sky-scrapers and the majestic temples that now rise above the magic city. Next day, June 29, feast of San Pedro and San Pablo, the first Mass was said. For an entire month the little colony remained here at Dolores, camped in field tents or in temporary shelters. For both colonists and missionaries Dolores was the first San Francisco home.

In the meantime, while the pack train went to Monterey for more provisions, Moraga and his men made preparations for building the presidio, on the spot chosen by Anza. He explored the

land in the vicinity for springs, fields, and pastures. "Near the white cliff (Fort Point) he found two springs of water sufficient for the use of the presidio, and not far from them he found a good plain which is in sight of the harbor and its entrance, and also of its interior. As soon as he saw the spot the lieutenant decided that it was suitable for the presidio; but he delayed moving the people there, as he was waiting day by day for the arrival of the packet." He could not complete his work without the aid of Quirós and the equipment he was bringing. Especially was he short of competent carpenters.

Learning through the returned pack train that the *San Carlos* had left Monterey, Moraga moved most of his colony from Dolores to the presidio site, so that they might prepare huts for use while erecting their more permanent homes. This removal from Dolores to the presidio site was made on July 26. Immediately some tule huts were constructed. Soldiers though they were, the first house built was designed to serve as a chapel, "and in it," says Father Palóu, "I said Mass on the 28th of the same month."

At the mission site plans for permanency went forth. Palóu and Moraga regarded orders as something to be construed with reason and not blindly obeyed. Rivera had said 'for the present defer the founding of the missions.' But, writes Palóu, "notwithstanding that the order

of the commander, which was sent from San Diego to the lieutenant, was to found the presidio only, yet, seeing that he had plenty of men, among soldiers and settlers; that the site of the first mission was so near the presidio; and that as far as he had observed the heathen in the vicinity there was no reason at that time to fear them, as they had shown signs of friendship, the lieutenant decided that we two missionaries should remain, with a guard of six soldiers, all the cattle, and the other things belonging to the mission, so that hand might be put to cutting timbers for a dwelling; and he charged the soldiers and one settler to do the same, so as to have a place to live in with their families."

Everything now awaited the arrival of the *San Carlos.*

It was August 18 when the little bark entered the harbor. Captain Quirós had an exciting story to tell. As soon as the courier returned from San Diego he had set sail bound for San Francisco. But Boreas intervened. Quirós had scarcely started when he encountered north winds so furious that he soon found himself in the latitude of San Diego and far out at sea. From that point he beat his way against contrary winds to latitude 42°, the latitude of the southern border of Oregon. Approaching the shore now, he descended to Point Reyes, anchored outside, and next day entered San Francisco harbor. To go from Monterey to San Francisco he had sailed

some two thousand miles. Such were the hazards encountered by those little pioneer vessels on the stormy ocean called the Pacific.

The *San Carlos* anchored on the south shore, near the presidio site, and in full view of the white cliff, but hidden from the huddle of huts by a point of the plateau. As soon as the bark was made fast the commander, pilots, and chaplain went ashore amid a resounding welcome of "vivas." They were pleased with the superb site.

Work on the presidio was begun at once. "A square measuring ninety-two varas each way was marked out for it, with divisions for church, royal offices, warehouses, guard house, and houses for the soldier settlers, a map of the plan being formed and drawn by the first pilot." This pilot of course was Cañizares, the explorer. To expedite the work, Quirós detailed a squad of sailors and two carpenters to assist in building a warehouse for supplies, a house for the commander, and a chapel, leaving the soldiers free to erect their own dwellings.

By the middle of September the soldiers had built for themselves a little village of log houses with flat roofs; the commander had a log residence and office, and the warehouse of the same materials was finished. The settlement must have resembled some of its contemporaries in the Ohio Valley.

When Moraga went to begin work at the presidio site he left Palóu and Cambón at the Laguna de los Dolores with three servants, a guard of six soldiers, a civilian settler, and the families of all seven. These were the pioneers of the Dolores settlement. Timber was now cut for a chapel and dwellings. By the time the bark arrived they had plenty of logs assembled. When the presidio was under way, Quirós went to the mission site with a carpenter and a squad of men to aid in the building there. Soon the little mission took form.

"In a short time a house ten varas long and five wide, all of wood, covered with clay and with a roof of tule, was finished," Palóu tells us. "Immediately afterward a church, eighteen varas long, was built of the same material with a room for the sacristy behind the altar, and adorned as well as possible with cloths and drapery and with the banners and pennants of the bark." The ship carpenter made the doors of the church and house, and a table with two drawers for the altar.

It was now time to formally dedicate the presidio. Named in honor of San Francisco, the day chosen for the ceremony was the 17th of September, feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis. Everybody who could get there was present. There were four friars, Palóu, Cambón, Nocedal and Peña, the last named having come to look for a site for a second mission on the bay. From the

ship came Captain Quirós, the pilots, and most of the crew; "and with the people from the presidio, troops as well as citizens, they made up a goodly number of Spaniards."

The friars sang a solemn Mass. Next the officers performed the ceremony of taking formal possession. This over, the procession entered the chapel singing the *Te Deum,* "accompanied by peals of bells and repeated salvos of cannons, muskets, and guns, the bark responding with its swivel guns, whose roar and the sound of the bells terrified the heathen, for they did not allow themselves to be seen for many days."

To complete the celebration Moraga invited everybody to a feast, "conducting himself with all the splendor that the place permitted, and supplying with his true kindness what would have been missed in other parts, for which all the people were grateful, expressing their gratitude in the joy and happiness which all felt for the day." In this way the presidio of San Francisco came into being.

The warehouse being finished, the unloading of the *San Carlos* was now begun. While the men were engaged in this task, Quirós and Moraga set forth "to explore the rivers"—that is, Carquinez Strait and its affluents. Quirós went by water and Moraga by land. They set forth on September 23, having agreed to meet at the end of three days at the head of Carquinez Strait.

Father Cambón went in the launch to say Mass, but the vestments and most of the provisions were taken by Moraga on pack mules. Moraga went round the bay, crossed the mountains and entered San Joaquin Valley at a point so far east that he failed to keep his appointment. Quirós was soon short of provisions and after waiting a day he returned to San Francisco. Moraga, realizing that he had missed his appointment, turned southeast and explored for a long distance up San Joaquin Valley, far beyond the point which Anza had reached a few months before.

On October 3 the mission chapel was blessed, it being the intention to dedicate it with full ceremony next day, the feast of San Francisco. But Moraga had not returned, so the formal founding was postponed till he should arrive. He reached the presidio on the 7th. On the 8th the ceremony was performed with everybody present from presidio, bark, and mission. Palóu gives us this picture:

"I sang the Mass with the ministers, and at its conclusion a procession was formed, in which an image of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco, patron of the port, presidio, and mission, was carried on a frame. The function was celebrated with repeated salvos of muskets, rifles, and swivel guns that were brought from the bark for this purpose, and also with rockets."

As with the presidio, the function at the mission was followed by a barbecue. "All the people who were present at the ceremony remained at the mission to dine, two beeves having been killed for their entertainment. In the afternoon the men returned to the presidio and the crew went on board, the day having been a very joyous one for all."

The *San Carlos* now took on ballast, weighed anchor, and sailed away. Before leaving, Quirós made the mission a present of a cayuco and a net for fishing. Four sailors remained as laborers at the mission, making six of this class. Work on the buildings continued, "crops were put in, and a good stream of water for irrigation was conducted by a ditch which passes close to the houses."

San Francisco, the northwestern outpost of Spain's great empire, was at last on the map.[1] Anza, Font, Moraga, and Palóu had placed a "sign of occupation" at the portal, and a nucleus of civilization on the shores of the harbor of harbors. The city by the Golden Gate is their monument.

[1] "Palóu's Account of the Founding of San Francisco, 1776" (*Anza's California Expeditions*, III, 383–405); "Moraga's Account of the Founding of San Francisco, 1776" (*Ibid.*, 407–420).

ANZA AND PALMA IN MEXICO

LX

FERRY MAIDS AND COSMETICS

We left Anza at the Yuma junction on his homeward trail. While waiting for Garcés he set about crossing the Colorado, a problem which he found more difficult now than at any previous time. Twice he had arrived at low water, but now the stream was a raging flood. Where he had last crossed, it was now eight hundred varas, or nearly half a mile, wide. It was fairly shallow there, but was bordered by great marshes and dense thickets. So he decided to take men and baggage across on rafts at the Concepción narrows, in spite of the rapid current and violent whirlpools there. The horses would swim across higher up the stream.

The day after the arrival, therefore, Anza, his men, and the Indians, led by Capitán Feo, the ugly featured Pablo, assembled logs for a raft. Next day a load of people and baggage was taken across, steered by twenty-two Yuma swimmers. Most active and energetic among them was the same Captain Pablo. With difficulty they reached the other side and it was even more difficult to return with the raft. In the

afternoon another cargo was taken successfully over, but in order to get the raft back it was necessary to dismantle it and take it over in pieces.

Next day the river was higher than before, and the native raftsmen shrugged their shoulders. Anza decided, therefore, to send the small articles across in the mud and willow baskets and trays which the Yuma women made and managed with such skill. For the rest of the passengers and the heavy baggage, rafts were again used. Captain Pablo was once more the hero. Evidently Father Eixarch had judged him too harshly.

Font describes this day's ferrying and the next in most graphic terms.

"Tuesday, May 14.—While the raft was being made, resort was had to the expedient of having the Indian women swim over with various things in their *coritas* and their large *caretes*, and they spent the whole day making their voyages in this way. The raft being finished, at noon a raft load, including some men, was taken over. They again took the raft apart and made two others, which were finished about six o'clock in the afternoon; and now the commander decided that we should cross the river. The rafts were loaded with baggage, and on one of them we embarked, the commander, Father Fray Thomás, I, and others, making thirteen in all. But as

soon as we entered the river the raft began to ship water." The number of passengers was unlucky. "Two persons precipitately jumped ashore, and we eleven who remained on the raft saw ourselves in no small peril; for aside from the fact that the raft could not be steered well because of its heavy load, and that it sank badly, just at the moment when it left the land a very strong whirlpool came and submerged it.

"The Indians now thought that we ought to leap ashore, but Captain Pablo, who at the head was steering the raft with great courage, thought otherwise. He considered the idea of going back an insult, and according to what he said one would think that he wished alone to carry us in his arms to the other side. Finally Pablo's view prevailed; they pushed the raft from the shore and shoved us into the river, so submerged that I, although seated on top of a box, became wet to the calf of my leg; and it is to be noted that the raft must have been something more than a vara and a half high. Many of the Indians who were on shore and saw what was happening, immediately jumped into the water, and some forty of them, surrounding the raft, took us over to the other side in twelve minutes,[1] with a great hullabaloo and noise, especially when we were in the middle of the river and a soldier fired his musket, a thing that they greatly liked, and with no

[1] Anza says twelve and one-half minutes.

other mishap than that we got a little wet and came out on the other side below the other rafts, which were not as heavily laden as this one.

"Certainly these Indians are great swimmers and are very friendly with the Spaniards. And they are most worthy of appreciation for their love and loyalty, for all our lives and all the baggage were in their hands. In so many voyages as the Indian women made the only thing that was lost was the shoe iron for the mules which an Indian woman was taking over in a *corita,* for, because of the weight, the *corita* began to leak and went to the bottom, the woman being unable to save the *corita,* much less the shoe iron."

Champion of all the swimmers was a daughter of Palma, Font tells us. "There was one woman," says Anza—perhaps she was the same one—"who carried a fanega[1] of beans, and asked for her labor only two strings of glass beads, although five would not have been excessive . . . For this pay they swam in coming and going more than fifteen hundred varas . . . In twelve trips they finished the carrying."

Camp was pitched that night about a quarter of a league from the crossing, almost in the heart of the present day Yuma. Font continues with the next day's ferrying.

"Wednesday, May 15.—I said Mass. The rest of the baggage and the few men who remained

[1] About two bushels.

were brought over on a raft. Thus, with six raft-loads and the voyages made by the Indian women, everything was brought over and we had crossed the river, the saddle animals having swum over yesterday at midday, a considerable distance above the pass. The commander distributed glass beads to everybody to repay them for their labor, and we bade them goodbye; but such is the affection of these Yumas that many of them refused to leave until we ourselves should depart."

Of the importance of the Yumas in maintaining communication between Sonora and California Anza now wrote with prophetic vision. "I have said on another occasion that by keeping the tribes which dwell on this large-volumed river attached to us, we shall be able to cross it without great difficulty, but that otherwise it will be almost impossible, and now I assert this still more emphatically, since with the aid of their native experts it has cost us four days of toil. Nearly everything has been done voluntarily by these natives, and yet I am able to testify that in all this journey I have not been so overheated or so tired out anywhere else as here in effecting the crossing, and without their help it probably would have taken me twice as long."

With all his mathematical skill Father Font nearly met his Waterloo here. He attempted to measure the width of the Colorado at the Concepción crossing. He first tried it with a rope which he had pieced together. To carry the rope

he employed three women swimmers. But the current was too swift, the rope snagged on a log and broke, and the women narrowly escaped a mishap. Having failed to measure it, Font estimated that the channel there was about a hundred varas wide, but he could not be sure. "What I do know," he said, "is that an Indian fired an arrow from the top of the hill and it fell on the opposite bank very close to the water. Therefore, in its narrowest part the river must be about an arrow shot wide." This sounds convincing.

There was a stir in camp. While Anza was at dinner on the 15th, just after the crossing had been completed, the Indians reported Spaniards on the other bank. It must be Father Garcés, someone suggested.

"Assende Jecó," a Yuma shouted.

It was indeed a lone Spaniard. Anza ordered him brought across, so the tired raftsmen had to make another voyage. The visitor turned out to be one of the deserters from Anza's expedition at San Gabriel—one of the fellows whom Moraga had chased nearly to the Colorado and recaptured. Rivera had taken him to San Diego, left him free, and he had fled. Equipped with only half a dozen tortillas, he had traveled over the mountains, past the Wells of Santa Rosa, across the sand dunes, to Santa Olaya, and through the Cajuenche tribe to Yuma. He had been ten days on the way. For three of the ten he had been lost.

Statue of Father Garcés, at Fort Yuma, near the spot where he was martyred in 1781.

Anza clapped the Jecó into service and took him along. His case could be settled in Sonora.

Father Font never forgot his ministry, even though it extended beyond mere Scriptural teaching to manners and customs. *Ministerium tuum imple* was his motto. The cosmetics of the Yuma women—and of the men also—worried him, and on the eve of his departure he had a set-to over the matter with Palma's daughter, the swimming champion. He charmingly relates the incident.

"Among the Indian women who yesterday made their voyages there was a grown-up daughter of Captain Palma, a great swimmer, and the one who went at the head of all the rest. But she was painted with red ochre, according to their custom, and they stick this paint on so securely that although they may be in the water all day, as was the case yesterday, it does not come off. I had formerly told her and others that it was not good for them to paint themselves, because the Spaniards and Christians do not do it; and today, when she bade me goodbye, I told her the same thing, and suggested that she wash herself with water which she had there, because in this way it would be better. She replied that she did not know how to wash herself and that I should wash her."

Here was a challenge that the good friar could not resist. "To her great pleasure and that

of those assembled I did give her a good soaping, and succeeded in removing the paint. Then I gave her a mirror in order that she might see that this was good, and looking at herself, she broke out laughing, 'Ajot! Ajot!' which means 'Good! Good!' I relate this incident as a significant circumstance, because those Indians are so enamored of their paints that it will be very difficult to succeed in taking them from the men, with whom I was not able to succeed so well; for they consider it gala dress to go around painted and dirty like devils.'"[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza and Font, entries for May 11–15.

LXI

A LEFT HANDED ADIOS

Palma was as happy as Father Eixarch to see Anza and Font on their return to the Colorado. He was warmly attached to Anza, and he was counting on his promise to take him to Mexico to see the Great Father, Viceroy Bucareli, before whom he wished to plead for baptism for himself and missionaries for his people. Here was a serious question. Anza and Font considered the wisdom of such a plan, the responsibilities, and the danger of trouble in the chief's absence. To discuss the matter a conference was held in Anza's tent the night before the crossing was begun. Present were the commander, Font, Eixarch, Palma, and three or four Yuma headmen. In the flicker of the fire-light they talked long and earnestly, as so important a matter deserved. Anza reminded the chief of the long journey and of the many moons he might be absent from his people.

"How long would it be?" Palma inquired.

"Not more than a year," the Colonel replied.

"Very well," said Palma; he would gladly go even if it were twice as long.

Would his people consent, and who would rule in his absence?

Yes, he had consulted them. They greatly favored his going, and he had chosen two men to rule in his place—two of those present—confident of their power to please Anza and to carry out his precepts, for he had carefully instructed them, said Palma.

Anza now consented to take the chief, but not alone. Some one must go with him. To this also Palma agreed. Several men volunteered, and from them Palma chose two companions, a brother of his and a son of Captain Pablo. Besides these, Anza consented to take a Cajuenche youth who, ever since Garcés's first visit, had wished to go to the great capital of New Spain.

As soon as the crossing was completed Anza prepared to set forth for Sonora. No reply had come from Garcés, but he could wait no longer. A throng of natives came to say goodbye, "for they know how to do this, as well as to salute by shaking hands," says Anza. Tearfully they begged the commander to return to Yuma Land, bringing "fathers and Spaniards." Anza had a final word of good advice. "I charged them not to forget to obey my orders and those of their general, so that thereby they might prove themselves deserving of the favor which they were asking, and which . . . I promised to solicit for them from the charity of his Excellency."

The last embrace and the last handshake were given. At five o'clock in the afternoon[1] the start was made. The company now comprised forty persons, ten having been added at Yuma. Among them was Father Eixarch. He had wished to remain, but this was not permitted. So he had packed up his belongings, left his little mission desolate, and with his household joined the return march. Palma and his companions, the deserter, Fray Thomás's interpreters, his servants, and his boy—the little Nifora captive whom he had ransomed, I take it—made up the forty.

On the second day out Palma gave his people a parting reminder of his authority. A number of Yumas had followed Anza's train, determined to go with their chief. By dint of coaxing and scolding they were all sent back but one. This fellow held on, as it turned out, "to see if he could get his claws on something." He having been caught stealing a machete, Font took him by the hand, gave Palma his quirt, and told him to show the thief "how to use it." All too vigorously the cofot complied. "Very angry, with his left hand, for he is left-handed, he gave him three blows so briskly that on the third he brought blood." Font now interceded, for, "judging from the zeal with which he began he would have flayed him." This might be called a left-handed farewell.

[1] May 15.

Following the old trail through Gila Range to Laguna Salobre (near Wellton), Anza turned southeast and retraced the trail of his first journey through the Papaguería. The route was varied by leaving at one side inaccessible Aguaje Empinado. At Caborca Father Eixarch returned up the Altar valley to his mission of Tumacácori. Anza continued with the rest of his entourage by a direct southeastern route to Horcasitas, where, after an absence of eight months he arrived on June 1, 1776. Doña Ana was awaiting him. His return there was celebrated by a dinner at Governor Crespo's house, and a fandango given by Anza himself. The old church looked down on a scene of rejoicing in the huge hillside plaza.[1]

[1] Diaries of Anza and Font, entries for May 15–June 1.

LXII

THE SERMON THAT WAS NEVER DELIVERED

When they arrived at Horcasitas Father Font suggested to Anza a special service in the church, with the Mass of the Most Holy Trinity as an act of thanksgiving for the successful journey and the safe return. But the church was being repaired, and services were now held in the arbor of Governor Crespo's residence. Anza, apparently not enthusiastic over Font's proposal, offered the pretext that the Governor might not like it, so the special Mass was not said.

An opportunity was missed, for Font had planned, after Mass, to "say a few words" appropriate to the occasion. But it was not a total loss. He noted down in his diary what he had intended to say, and it has thus been saved for posterity. It is another nice example of the numerology of which Font was so fond.

In order to show clearly the divine favors enjoyed throughout the long journey by the aid of the principal patroness, the Virgin of Guadalupe, Font planned to combine the texts of the last three days—this for good measure—and concerning them "to say whatever God might

prompt" him. It was to be a sort of a prepared impromptu sermon.

After briefly recounting the journey, its trials and successes, he would illustrate it all by the number of days spent on the long itinerary. This time was 248 days, "numbers of a geometrical progression with which the divine mercy of God manifested . . . the blessings, . . . multiplying them in proportion as were multiplied the days of the marches."

Of actual travel there were 145 days. Note carefully. This number symbolized the three patrons of the expedition. Number 1 stood for the principal patroness, the Virgin of Guadalupe; number 4, for Prince San Miguel, Standard Bearer and Chief of Souls; and number 5, for Our Father San Francisco, under the symbol of his five portentous wounds.

Note also the time spent on the journey, expressed in another way—eight months and three days—"very mysterious numbers representing an enigma." This mystery Font had penetrated, and he would explain it for the edification of his audience. To him its meaning was plain. The Most Holy Trinity, represented by the number 3, granted the safe return. The 8 might stand for the feast of Guadalupe, in allusion to the figure 8 discovered by the painter Cabrera between the paintings and flowers of the miraculous garment of the Virgin preserved at her shrine in Mexico

City. But Font saw a still deeper meaning in the number. "In the present discourse," he says, "I wished to call her the Virgin of Eight, for the eight months during which she as our principal patroness so plainly favored us."

Unfortunately the chance never came. "But now that I was not able to say this in public," says the friar, "I note it down here in order that I may not forget it, and that I may always be thankful for so merciful a mother, universal patroness of America, and since she deigned to appear in the shape and color of an Indian woman, more especially the principal patroness of the promotion of spiritual conquests."

Four days after reaching Horcasitas Font continued over the mountains to Ures, where he wrote up his short or official diary. In July he reached his own mission of San José de Pimas. In subsequent months at Tubutama he wrote a longer version of his diary, adding for the benefit of his fellow Franciscans the human incidents of the historic episode, and making his record one of the great diaries of all North American history. We shall always admire him for the excellence of his observations, sympathize with him for his chills and fever, smile at him for his querulousness, and love him for his chatty gossip.[1]

[1] Font, Complete Diary, entry for June 2.

LXIII

GARCES RETURNS TO CIVILIZATION

During all this time Garcés had not been heard from. When Font left the Colorado without any word from the wanderer he was a little worried. "From this," he says, "I inferred either that Father Garcés had found a road and means to go to New Mexico, as he desired, or, on the other hand, that he had encountered some great mishap in his apostolic wanderings, since he was now traveling somewhat ill, if indeed he had not died or the Indians had not killed him."

The former conjecture was nearer the facts. On the day that Anza and Font reached Yuma, Garcés was still at San Pasqual, at the southern edge of San Joaquin Valley. That very day, in fact, he set forth eastward with his same three guides, Sebastián, Luís, and Ventura. He was seven days crossing the Tehachapi Range and reaching the border of the desert. His exit was evidently by the Tehachapi Pass, now followed by the Santa Fé Railroad. Another day took him to Mojave River. Eleven more and he reached the Jamajabs, by a route close to but somewhat north of the one he had followed west. He arrived at the Mohave settlement on the Colorado on May 30, two weeks after Anza had left Yuma for Sonora.

It was like a home-coming. "Inexplicable are the expressions of delight which said nation made to see me again in their land." To welcome him they had summoned Yabipais, Walapais, Chemebets, and Jalchedunes, that they all might make peace in his presence. The pact was effected and was ratified with much eating, long harangues, and extravagant promises.

Garcés looked toward the east. From the Walapais present he inquired carefully about the road to Moqui and Santa Fé. It was one of his ambitions to go there, but to his sorrow the Jamajabs handed him letters from Eixarch and Anza. The time for Anza's departure was long past, but the letters "obliged" him to descend to the Yumas. So, regretfully he started down the river.

But chance favored him. In spite of the recent treaty, when the Walapais started for home some of the Jamajabs set upon them. Order was restored and the trembling Walapais taken to Garcés. The friar now saw his opportunity. Duty and inclination coincided. He could continue his wanderings with a clear conscience. "Seeing them so terrified and mistrustful—as I likewise was, having little faith in the Jamajabs —I instantly told them to have no fear, for I was determined to accompany them myself. Nothing could dissuade me from this resolution." The wanderer's heart was again singing the songs of the beckoning trail.

Garcés now traveled under a new aegis. The Jamajab guides, Luís and Ventura, left his company, "mistrustful" doubtless of the Walapais. Sebastián, too, was unwilling to follow Garcés "for all that I begged him to do so!" El Peregrino had evidently had enough, so, not expecting to return by way of the Jamajabs, Garcés ordered Sebastián to go down to the Jalchedunes and await him.

With strange guides the fearless friar now set forth on a journey even more remarkable than the one from which he had just returned. Over incredible paths and almost bottomless canyons he reached the Moqui pueblo of Oraibe. There his trail joined an oft traveled road from Santa Fé. He had opened a route from California to Moqui, connecting there with a known road to New Mexico.

The Moquis were unfriendly and Garcés could go no further. But before facing about he dispatched by an Indian a letter to Zuñi, addressed to the missionary there, whoever he might be. He told briefly of his own explorations and urged that efforts be made in New Mexico to open a still more northern route to Monterey. The original of this letter is in the archives of Mexico. When I discovered it I wished for sentimental reasons that Garcés had written it one day later. It bears the date July 3, 1776! But Garcés could not know of events then occurring in far away Philadelphia, and he could not know that the mission-

ary of Zuñi, Father Escalante by name, was at that very moment preparing to set forth on an historic journey in an attempt to do just what Garcés himself was urging.

Having dispatched his letter, Father Garcés returned safely to the Colorado. His reappearance at the Jamajab settlement was like an apparition from the grave. His old friends ran to embrace him, "leaped for joy, and knew not how to express their delight." They had thought him dead, killed by the Moquis. But their joy was tempered by bad news for the friar. They told him that Sebastián "had a bad heart, for he had given away the shells and other things" that Garcés had left in his care. This is the last we hear of Sebastián, and, with this charge against him, El Peregrino disappears into what Diedrich Knickerbocker calls the voracious maw of history.

Garcés reached Yuma on August 27, and arrived at his mission of San Xavier on September 17,[1] welcomed, doubtless, by a throng of neophytes overjoyed to see their "Old Man." He had been in the wilderness almost continuously for eleven months, and had covered more than two thousand miles. He had opened long trails that are now highways.[2]

[1] A week later (September 24) he sent a brief report of his wanderings to the viceroy, and a long one to his prelate, Father Ximénez.

[2] Garcés, Diary, in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer.*

LXIV

THE NEWS BACK HOME

Bucareli kept close watch of Anza's expedition and anxiously awaited the arrival of couriers from the north or west bringing news. His anxiety carried him faster than Anza's unwieldy caravan could travel. Writing to Serra on January 20, 1776, he assumed that San Francisco was already founded. Of course, Anza at this time was still a long way from his destination, as Bucareli soon learned.

Through Arriaga and Gálvez, the viceroy forwarded promptly to King Carlos summaries of all news of Anza's progress. In March he reported the Colonel's arrival at the Colorado. Shortly afterward he received and forwarded the report of Anza's arrival at San Gabriel, and of the uprising at San Diego. Anza's advent at that time Bucareli regarded as "so opportune that to me it appears miraculous, or like one of those accidents which Providence disposes for our confusion, for . . . the aid which Anza was taking was like a visitation from heaven."

Anza reached Horcasitas on June 1. It was nearly three months later when Bucareli re-

ported the event to Spain. He informed Gálvez that Palma and his Yumas were with Anza on the way to Mexico; he was happy to state that the uprising at San Diego had no serious consequences; he told of Garcés's explorations down the Colorado and from the Mohaves to San Gabriel; he expressed regret at the delay in founding San Francisco, and irritation at the unseemly quarrels between Rivera and Anza, as he informed them both with "displeasure." He did not know that San Francisco was already founded.[1]

Each item of news reached Spain long after it crept into Mexico. It was six months after the event (July 9) when the king learned that Anza had crossed the Colorado on the way north. Another five months had passed when he learned of the Colonel's return to Sonora.

[1] Bucareli to Serra, Mexico, January 20, 1776; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, March 27, 1776, No. 2183; Bucareli to Arriaga, Mexico, March 27, 1776, No. 2186; Bucareli to Gálvez, Mexico, August 27, 1776, No. 2428; Bucareli to Gálvez, Mexico, October 27, 1776, No. 2429.

LXV

PALMA BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL ALTAR

Palma waited patiently at Horcasitas. At last Anza got his affairs in shape, and in August he was ready to continue with his Yuma friends to the capital. On the 20th they passed by Font's mission of San José, and chatted with him of old times. As they made their way south Palma admired the many churches which met his gaze, and in imagination perhaps he saw a like one on the heights at Concepción towering above the Yuma fields by the Colorado.

Late in October they reached the City of the Montezumas, and on the night of the 26th Anza made military salute and knelt before the viceroy. With soldier-like directness he informed Bucareli that Palma was with him, and he spoke with enthusiasm of the project, already under consideration, of missions and a presidio in Yuma Land. This was Anza's new dream.

Bucareli was interested in what Anza had to say, but he was more anxious to see the Yuma chief of whom he had heard so much. So Anza took Palma and his men to call on the viceroy. Palma carried his cane of office and was dressed in his best.

The Cathedral at Mexico City, dating from the 16th century, and one of the most imposing churches in North America.

"When they appeared before me," says Bucareli, "they were already decently clothed, wearing capes in the style of the province of Sonora, Captain Palma being distinguished from the others, both by the suit which last year I ordered given him as a recompense for his friendliness . . . as well as by the cane which Lieutenant Colonel Anza delivered to him on the first expedition as a distinction in the name of the King."

A few days later Palma put "his mark" on a most interesting document, the original of which can still be seen in the archives of Mexico. It was a fervent plea for baptism for himself and missions for his people. It summed up all his yearnings and hopes of the past two years. The document fills some six pages, and bears the date November 11, 1776. It is composed in Anza's best style, and is signed by him "at the request of the Yuma captain, Salvador Palma." Just above Anza's signature there are three crosses. These rude marks were made in ink with unpracticed hands by Chief Palma, his brother, and Pablo's son. The document breathes a tale of devotion whose sequel was disillusionment and tragedy.

In this historic paper Palma recited a most interesting story. He reviewed his whole life—his accession to the office of cofot, his deeds as head of his tribe, his wars on his neighbors, his early heathen notions of *Duchi* or *Pa,* a shadowy

creator who lived in the clouds. He then told of the great moment when Anza came into his life, the time when for him began a new dispensation. He reviewed their first meeting, Anza's talks with him about God and the King, his gracious gift of a bastón and a picture of his Majesty. He told how he had aided Anza in crossing the Colorado, of his care for the captain's stock, and for the fathers left at his village. Palma assured his Excellency that he had carried out Anza's every order, putting an end to wars, and stamping out polygamy, not exempting even his own brother, whom he had required to put away seven of his wives. He reviewed his travels to Sonora to ask for missions, Anza's promise to take him to Mexico, and now his long journey thither with the full consent of his whole nation.

Having thus sketched his own life, Palma proceeded to the objects of his visit, baptism for himself and missions for his people. His motives were not material; he desired only to be a Christian. He loved the Spaniards, he recognized their great power, and he had even resigned his office of cofot in order to have the honor of becoming a vassal of the greatest of monarchs. His people would welcome missionaries and Spanish settlers. His country was rich, and Spanish colonists there would flourish. He and his allies would keep open for the Spaniards the roads to California and New Mexico.

"This, Sir, is a most brief resumé of my life, of the fatigues and cares with which I have come to beg your Excellency that I be given baptism, and that, extending your liberality to my country, you may afford equal benefits for my children, brothers, relatives, and countrymen, by means of missionaries or settlements."

Palma's personal plea for baptism was of first concern, and it was the most easily granted; the missions would require longer deliberation. With paternal kindness Palma was taken with his petition to the Archbishop of Mexico, and in him he found the same fatherly interest. By him he was put under the ministrations of Father Juan Campa, who gave him daily instruction in the catechism. Soon the left-handed chief was reported to be showing "notable application and progress." His head was not so hard as he had once told Font it was; and besides, Father Eixarch had given him a good start.

In their Sonora suits the Yuma visitors were presentable for ordinary occasions, but there were important functions ahead. So Bucareli, at royal expense, had more decent clothing made for Palma, his three companions, and the interpreter whom Anza had brought along. All were given the "most necessary" articles. But Palma's must be something special. Bucareli therefore ordered that "the suit for him be a uniform with coat and breeches of shiny blue

cloth with similor buttons, and a vest of fine scarlet cloth trimmed with gold braid."

Palma now cut a brave figure—one sees in him a sort of a Ben Franklin presence. And when the next Court Day came he was prepared. In November Bucareli invited the whole Yuma delegation to a reception at the palace in honor of King Carlos's birthday. They were quite the sensation, causing a stir like that occasioned by Pocahontas at the court of wizened King James. Palma, gorgeous in his blue and scarlet raiment, was beaming but dignified. "Thus decked out," says Bucareli, "they came before me on the 4th of the present month when we were celebrating the birthday of the King our Lord." To heighten the effect, in the midst of the reception Bucareli ceremoniously presented Palma with a new rod of office. The Yumas marveled, but they did not lose their poise. "The faces of these faithful heathen reflected the internal contentment which they breathed," continues Bucareli, "and this was greatly augmented when they saw the love with which I received them, my gift of another cane to Palma, the benevolence which I showed them, and the appreciation for them manifested by the brilliant concourse of people who were present that day in this palace."

In these words Bucareli wrote of the Yuma chief to Carlos III, one of the greatest monarchs of Europe. Palma's dream of seeing the viceroy had more than come true.

But worldly pageantry in no way turned the cofot's head, or lessened his zeal for baptism. Father Campa, in the meantime, was having notable success with his unusual pupils. "They are all being instructed in the first rudiments of the religion," Bucareli wrote to Gálvez a few days after the Court reception, "and according to the aptness which they all show I think that within a short time they will be ready to enter the fold of our Holy Church. And I shall be disposed to encourage such wishes, because they promise the reduction of many tribes, the extension of the dominions of the king in these regions, and the spread of the Gospel, which is the principal object of his Majesty and the one which has inspired his conquests." He adds, "The petition of the Indian Palma is now going through the regular channels, and I am disposed to hasten arrangements in order to take advantage of this opportunity." The cofot had proved to be a weighty ambassador.

And so Palma's name and fame reached the Court at Madrid. And it is clear that the viceroy, in his generous treatment of the chief, but anticipated the royal will. When Bucareli wrote that Palma was on his way to Mexico, Gálvez replied, "It is his royal wish that I charge your Excellency, as I now do, that Captain Salvador Palma and others of the Yuma tribe who may accompany him to that capital of Mexico be given a very friendly welcome, regaled, and dis-

tinguished, in order that they may return to their country satisfied and content."

The very special favor with which Carlos looked upon Palma is shown in a later dispatch from Madrid. "His Majesty has heard the petition of Salvador Palma with the greatest benevolence and tenderness, and orders that his just request be heeded by that government; that the comandante general of Sonora be ordered to distinguish him always and protect him in the peaceful possession of his rule and chieftainship, and that no one of his tribe or of the other tribes whom Palma may attract, or who may voluntarily recognize vassalage, shall be injured in any way in their goods or their lands with a view to giving them to Spaniards; and that this same conduct shall be observed with the heathen who may only accept friendship, commerce, and dealings with us, although they may not wish to be vassals of the king, so that the friendly treatment and relations may go on attracting and drawing them gently to the true knowledge of our sacred religion."

And now, at last, Palma received the boon which he had craved ever since Anza spoke to him that night by the river. On February 13, 1777, with the approval of his Grace the Archbishop, Palma was baptized. And it was no ordinary baptism. The ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Mexico, the finest temple in

all North America. Palma knelt before the same altar where sons of viceroys and heirs of the Montezumas had been received into the fold of the Church. No ordinary priest sprinkled Palma's chiefly head. The rite was solemnized by a full-fledged canon, the Licenciado Don Agustín de Echeverría y Orcolaga, prebendary of Durango. This was an honor and a happiness greater than when, naked by the Colorado River, Palma could ever have dreamed of. The canon's record reads:

"I . . . catechised and anointed with holy oil and baptized an adult catechumen, sufficiently instructed in the Christian doctrine and its mysteries, captain and chief of the Yuma tribe of heathen Indians on the banks of the Rio Colorado in the interior provinces of Sonora in North America. To this Indian, known commonly as Palma, I gave the name of Salvador Carlos Antonio." Carlos, of course, was in honor of the king, and Antonio was for the viceroy. "As sponsor and godfather stood Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Bautista de Ansa." Nothing else would have been appropriate.

At the same time, by the same canon, the three other Indians were baptized. One was named Joseph Antonio Marcelo, the second Ignacio Joseph, and the third Pedro.

Having finished their major business, Anza and Palma faced about and rode back to Sonora.

They had spent four months in the capital. On February 24 Bucareli wrote to Gálvez that Palma and his companions had already been baptized, and that Anza was about to depart with them. He had presented a bill for expenses in bringing them to Mexico—food and lodging on the way, personal care, living expenses and clothing in the capital. It all amounted to 664 pesos, 5½ reales. This did not include the cost of transportation (horses) which Anza bore himself, or the salary of the interpreter whom he had brought. If this charge was a fair sample, Anza would never be suspected of graft. Bucareli gladly approved the bill and advanced four hundred pesos more to pay the interpreter and the return expenses. Any balance left over Anza was to refund to the royal treasury at Alamos as he passed by. As they jogged back home over the long, rough trail, both Anza and Palma must have felt the calm assurance that rightly attends success.

Bucareli was pleased with the result. "The arrival of Salvador Palma with his companions in their own country," he wrote, "can do no less than promise an increase of the hopes entertained for the reduction and vassalage of those tribes, and all these reports can not fail to be pleasing to the King."

His Majesty was equally well satisfied. Gálvez replied in his royal name on June 3, approving the expenses incurred, "And his Majesty,

being informed of the zeal and efficiency with which Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Bautista de Anza has served in promoting these affairs, he wishes your Excellency to thank him in his royal name." Meanwhile the king had already shown his appreciation in a more substantial way. But of this Anza had not yet heard and evidently had no inkling.[1]

Palma returned to Yuma, and by persistent effort eventually obtained for his people the missions for which he had labored so hard. Garcés and Díaz were two of the four friars sent to carry on the work so well begun by Eixarch. In the tragedy that occurred there they were central figures. But that is another story. Anza had hoped to go back to Yuma as commander of a presidio. Instead he was made governor of New Mexico. There he labored for nearly a decade and won added renown. But that, too, is another story.[2]

[1] Bucareli to Gálvez, Mexico, October 27, 1776, No. 2584; Palma to Bucareli, Mexico, November 11, 1776; Arangoyte to Bucareli, Mexico, November 18, 1776; Anza to Bucareli, Mexico, November 20, 1776; Bucareli to Gálvez, Mexico, November 26, 1776, No. 2592; Gálvez to Bucareli, Madrid, December 24, 1776; Gálvez to Bucareli, El Pardo, February 3, 1777; Gálvez to Croix, El Pardo, February 10, 1777; Gálvez to Bucareli, El Pardo, February 10, 1777; Dr. Alonso Velázquez Gastelu, Certificate of baptism of Palma and his companions, Mexico, February 13, 1777; Gálvez to Bucareli, El Pardo, February 13, 1777; Gálvez to Croix, El Pardo, February 14, 1777.

[2] After leaving New Mexico Anza returned to Arizpe, where he died suddenly on December 19, 1788. He was buried next day at the church of Nuestra Señora de la Asunción. Certificate of Miguel Elías González, Arizpe, February 5, 1789. MS., A.G.I., 103–5–8.

EPILOGUE

Anza's Yuma projects went awry. But San Francisco proved to be an enduring monument to his heroic endeavors. When he and Father Font looked out on the placid waters of the matchless harbor that March morning in 1776, the friar's prophetic vision was stirred. His words will bear repeating.

"The port of San Francisco," he wrote, "is a marvel of nature, and might well be called the harbor of harbors. . . . And I think that if it could be well settled like Europe, there would not be anything more beautiful in all the world, for it has the best advantages for founding in it a most beautiful city, with all the conveniences desired, by land as well as by sea, with that harbor so remarkable and so spacious, in which may be established shipyards, docks, and anything that might be wished."

Font's dream has come true. San Francisco has grown to be more, perhaps, and doubtless something different, from anything that he could have imagined. But from then to now it has been true to its original character—an outpost of empire. It began as a buffer community, on the very northwestern margin of Spain's vast

realm. It grew up on the borderland of competing powers and varied civilizations. Its career was determined by this composite of forces. It was on the fringe of Russia's austral domain and on the edge of Britain's fur trading sphere. It lay in the path of the young-blooded people whom Manifest Destiny sponsored in their relentless march from Ocean to Ocean. In the days of gold it beckoned that astounding medley of races drawn from the ends of the earth. One flag succeeded another. Under its latest emblem the City of St. Francis still stands as it began, a borderland community, an interpreter between diverse faiths, a nexus between Nordic and Hispanic cultures, a Western Hemisphere outpost toward the vast world that lies beyond the Pacific, a link between the restless Occident and the patient, mighty Orient.

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